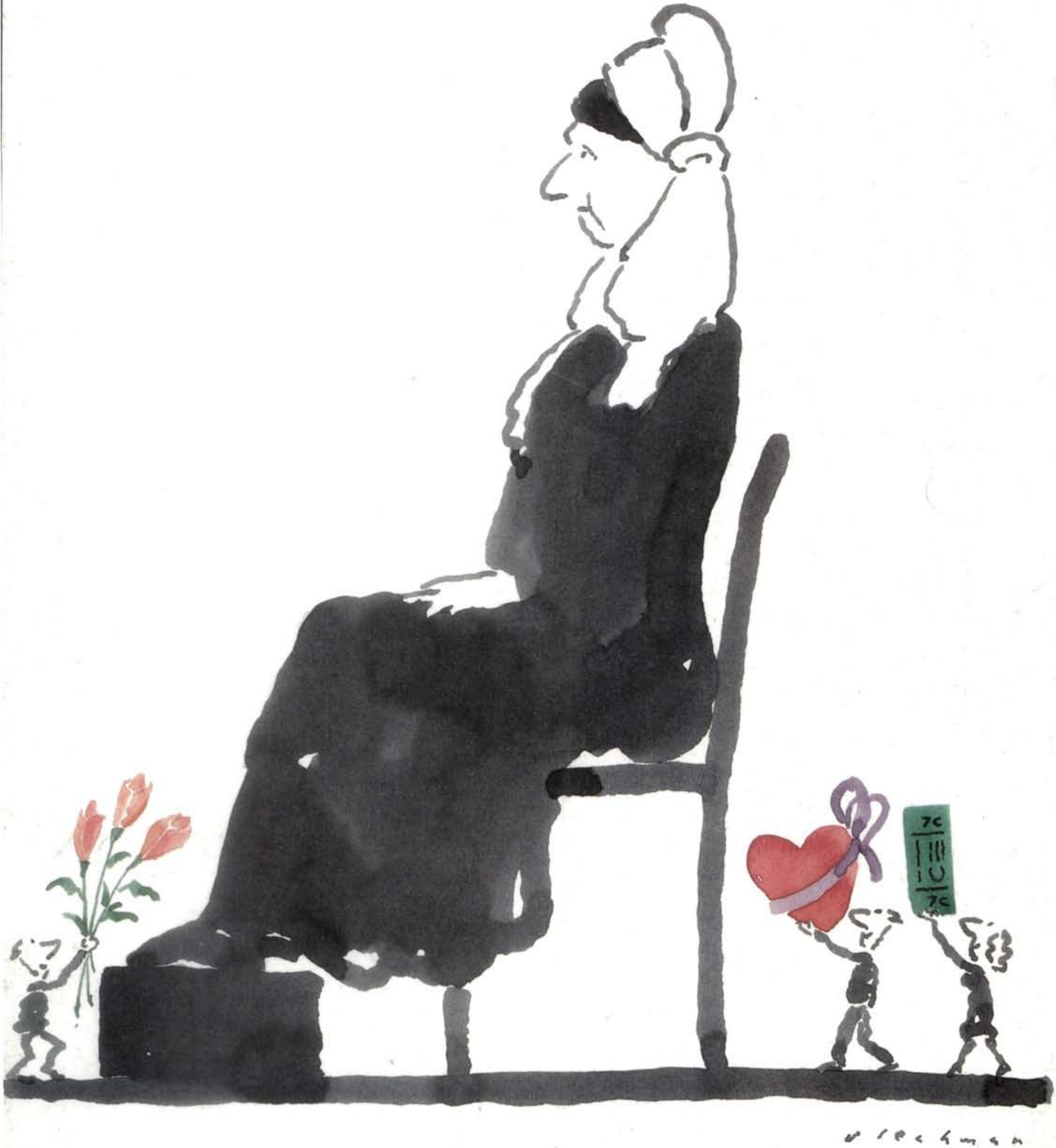
May 14, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75



How to select an independent Financial Advisor.

Why do so many investors who make their own decisions do business with Schwab? They choose Schwab to take advantage of our low commissions and excellent service.

But many other investors need some investment advice to help them keep up with today's fast-changing market. They also want to avoid the conflicts of interest created when full-commission brokers provide "advice." That's why we wrote *The Charles Schwab Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor.*

Independent advice

So if you're looking for objective advice, Financial Advisors are a good resource to consider because they won't pressure you to buy any specific investments. Our free *Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor* explains why we think you'll get the best investment advice from an independent Financial Advisor. An independent Financial Advisor works for you—not Schwab, or any other brokerage firm.

Questions to ask

But how do you find an Advisor who's right for you? This *Guide* can help you find an Advisor whose investing styles and strategies are compatible with your financial goals.

The Charles Schwab Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor gives you key questions to ask Advisors. And it includes practical tips on what you should look for when selecting an Advisor.

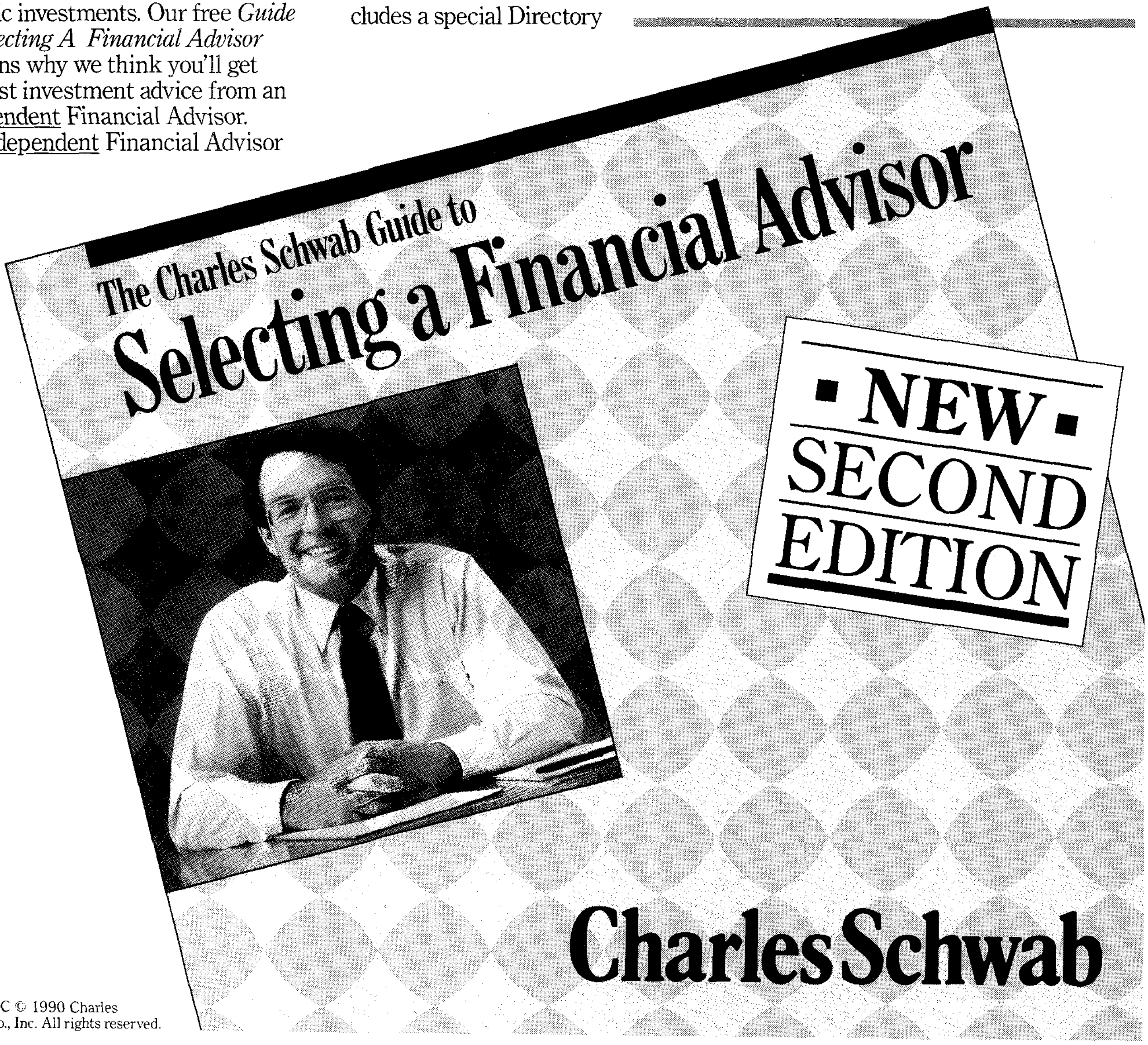
A convenient resource

Our *Guide* also includes a special Directory section for your convenience. As a starting point, you'll find a listing of many professional Financial Advisors in cities all across the country.

So, if you're one of those investors who'd appreciate some independent advice, call now for your free copy of *The Charles Schwab Guide To Selecting A Financial Advisor.* It's an easy way to find a professional who can help you achieve your investment objectives.

Call now, toll-free:

1-800-962-2900



ember SIPC © 1990 Charles
chwab & Co., Inc. All rights reserved.

GAGOSIAN GALLERY

JACKSON
POLLOCK

BLACK ENAMEL
PAINTINGS

APRIL-MAY 1990

980 MADISON AVENUE NY

RECEIVED
MAY 10 1990

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBR
Big Sandy, Texas

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MAY 14, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 33
"WILLING" . . . . *Lorrie Moore* 39
"FAITH" (POEM) . . . . *David Baker* 42
A REPORTER AT LARGE (THE PACIFIC FOREST) . . . . *Catherine Caufield* 46
"PLAYGROUND" (POEM) . . . . *Katha Pollitt* 48
"SAYING YES TO A DRINK" (POEM) . . . . *Deborah Gottlieb Garrison* 68
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 85
THE ART WORLD . . . . *Adam Gopnik* 88
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 93
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 94
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 105

COVER: *R. O. Blechman*

DRAWINGS: *Richard Cline, Peter Steiner, Donald Reilly, William Steig, Leo Cullum, Robert Mankoff, Warren Miller, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti, George Booth, Danny Shanahan, Mischa Richter, Edward Koren, Robert Weber, Michael Maslin, Roz Chast, Sam Gross, Henry Martin*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulde Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscriber should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Stuart H. Jason, vice-president an treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president an circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-pre ident and advertising director; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Olde vice-president and director of manufacturing. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Il 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 9003 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publish ers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, Fla. 3313 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503, Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol O & Co., Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVI, No. 1 May 14, 1990. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorize as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cas

© 1990 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The magazine's name, logo, an various titles and headings herein have been registered with the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Printed i U.S.A.

Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one yea $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

BECOME A
JAL KIZUKI
AND GET YOUR
OWN 747.

At JAL, we don't just have mechanics. We have kizuki: An elite corps of engineers who are assigned to their own 747s.

Because each plane is worked on by one kizuki team, each kizuki is obsessed with its performance.

JAL
SME
JAL
JAL
JAL
JAL

Unique to the business, this system has helped us maintain the on-time departure record year after year.

And helped us maintain a very comfortable relationship with our passengers.

JAL
Japan Airlines

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

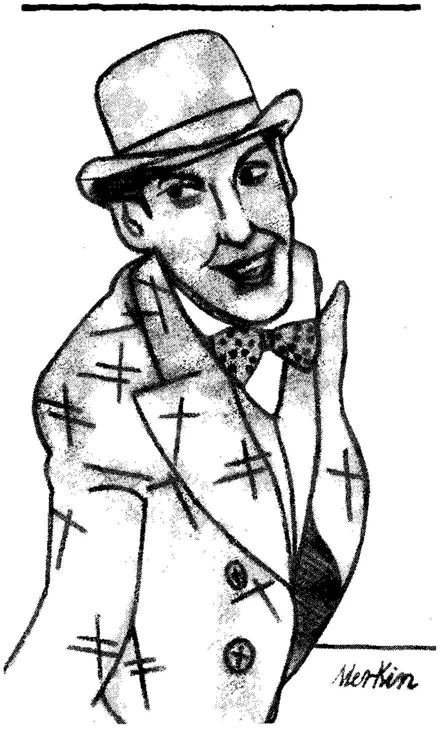
THE THEATRE

LAST Sunday, the first part of David Mamet's "The Revenge of the Space Pandas" was broadcast on National Public Radio's "Weekend Edition" (from 8 to 10 A.M., on WNYC-FM in New York), in a version adapted for radio by Karen Kohlhaas and performed by members of the Atlantic Theatre Company. In it Binky Rudich (Neil Pepe), a native of Waukegan, Illinois, was heard to tamper unwisely with a deceptively primitive-sounding time machine and was transported—along with his friends Vivian Mooster (Mary McCann) and Bob the Sheep (Jordan Lage)—to another planet in another galaxy, where natural fibres are scarce and pandas patrol the state in the name of a totalitarian leader.

Students of Mamet's work may wish to tune in this Sunday and next, when NPR will air the remaining two parts of this rarely produced play, one of the lesser known in the canon. Often dismissed as one of Mamet's "slight" dramas, "The Revenge of the Space Pandas" has been widely misunderstood, most typically as a reworking of Milton's "Paradise Lost." One scholar has gone so far as to describe the play as a revisionist version of "Sexual Perversity in Chicago." To be sure, Waukegan is not far from Chicago; moreover, it is the protagonist's failure to obey his mother that gets him into trouble in the first place. But to reduce "Space Pandas" to these elements (or to characterize it, as one recent commentator has done, as "a string of jokes from beginning to end . . . just a time to be silly") is surely to miss the fundamental point about its place in the body of Mamet's work. "The Revenge of the Space Pandas" is, of course, a political allegory. As Lars Hoel, who produced the play for radio and likens its misguided tyrant, Topax (Clark Gregg), to Nicolae Ceausescu, points out: Mamet "loves to poke fun at" anyone who thinks he's boss.

Ms. Kohlhaas, who directs the play in the true W. H. Macy spirit of deadpan, has assembled an able cast that includes Robin Spielberg and Robert S. Ostrovsky in the title roles, and an almost unrecognizable Steven Goldstein in the role of a has-been actor. "One of the most challenging things," Ms. Kohlhaas said, "were the sound-effects cues. . . . For instance, to create the sound of space terrain we filled a box full of cornflakes and used our hands to create gravelly, crunching footsteps—like you'd expect to hear when you walk on a planet."

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16			



Vernel Bagneris in "Further Mo'"

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Cemetery Club—Eileen Heckart, Elizabeth Franz, and Doris Belack head the cast of this play by Ivan Menchell. Previews through May 13. Opens May 15 at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting EACH DAY DIES WITH SLEEP, by José Rivera. With Erica Gimpel, Alex Colón, and Randy Vásquez. Staged by Roberta Levitow. Previews through May 15. Opens May 16 at 8. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The 1990 festival of one-acts—twelve plays in all—opens on May 9 at 8, with performances of "Two War Scenes: Cross Patch and Goldberg Street," by David Mamet; "Captive," by Paul Weitz; "The Second Coming," by Bill Bozzone; and "Match Point," by Frank D. Gilroy. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

FOB—David Henry Hwang has directed this revival of his 1980 play, which is presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. Previews through May 12. Opens May 15 at 8, and will run through June 2. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660.)

Further Mo'—A musical about the demise of black vaudeville, put together by Vernel Bagneris, the man behind 1979's "One Mo' Time." In previews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Hamlet—Kevin Kline has directed and stars in the thirteenth production of Joseph Papp's Shakespeare Marathon. Dana Ivey, Brian Murray, Diane Venora, and Josef Sommer are also in the cast. Opens May 8 at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Hannah . . . 1939—Julie Wilson stars in a new musical by Bob Merrill. Directed by Douglas Aibel. In previews. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

The Tower of Evil—A production of the 1832 historical drama "La Tour de Nesle," by Alexandre Dumas *père*. Translated from the French by Michael Feingold. Previews through May 8. Opens May 9 at 7. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

What a Man Weighs—A play by Sherry Kramer, with Richard Cox, Christine Estabrook, Harriet Harris, and Katherine Hiler. Directed by Carole Rothman. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Zoya's Apartment—Bronson Pinchot, Linda Thorson, and Robert LuPone have the leads in Mikhail Bulgakov's farce. Staged by the Soviet director Boris Morozov. Previews through May 9. Opens May 10 at 6:30. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Accomplice—A comedy-thriller by Ruper Holmes, with Jason Alexander, Pamela Brüll Michael McKean, and Natalia Nogulich. Th show was directed by Art Wolff. (Reviewe in this issue.) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46t St. 221-1211.)

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett' frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires t good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats o trains) but ends up being a sort of monumen to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett' triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Away Alone—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about youn Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being overl pretentious. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it create in the audience becomes infectious, a littl like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—AUDIENCE—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had menial job in a brewery; "for"—CATASTROPH—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Have when he was in prison. Together, they mak an evening that is both comic and stirring With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Carbondale Dreams—Steven Sater's trilog about a family of Ugly-American Jews in th Midwest began life as a pair of one-act entitled "Beth" and "Bradley." (A third "Arnold," has since been added.) "Beth" i so full of Jewish self-loathing and hostilit toward one's parents (the work reeks of autobiography) as to be unendurable. Perhap Sater needs to be reminded that the bes revenge is living well, not writing poorly (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—As Maggie the Cat Kathleen Turner seems in desperate strait in this limp and hapless revival of Tennesse Williams' most playable family melodrama (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St 246-0220.)

A Change in the Heir—A musical by George H Gorham and Dan Sticco, with Brooks Almy Judy Blazer, and Jeffrey Herbst. Directe and choreographed by David H. Bell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Edison, 240 W. 47t St. 302-2302.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to th heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The pla is about an elderly couple who pay a visit t the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directe the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Closes May 20.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; C Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director are all in top form in this sharp, joke musical satire about Hollywood in the forties The plot concerns the making of a private eye movie (and the unmaking of its author) The spectacular settings and costumes wer designed by Robin Wagner and Florenc Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89 (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer Than Ever—This charmer amounts to a anthology of songs and sketches by Richar Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music) as sung and performed by Sally Mayes Lynne Wintersteller, Jim Walton, and Scot Hayward Eck. They are a gifted quartet, an lucky to have such attractive, humorous, an tender songs to sing and words to speak. Th fact that there is no amplification is an extr boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller' 1953 drama, with Justine Bateman, Gordan Rashovich, and Randle Mell. (Roundabout 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes May 13.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meet "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaro Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and mo

TIMES MAY CHANGE. THE BASICS ENDURE.

Spartan®: How To Save In the 1990s.

Compare Spartan® Money Market Fund's Yields to Your Bank's.

Spartan Money Market Fund offers **Fidelity's highest money market yields**, as an alternative to bank savings accounts. In fact, Spartan's yields are significantly above those offered by bank money market accounts and CDs.[1] Of course, unlike CDs, which lock you into a fixed rate, Spartan's yield varies with market conditions.

And, while not FDIC insured like bank accounts and CDs, Spartan is designed for long-term investors looking for a secure way to build their savings.

Spartan® Money Market Fund

8.70%

Effective Yield*

8.35%

Current Yield*

Take Advantage of Spartan's Exclusive Low-Cost Guarantee.

Other things being equal, lower operating expenses can mean higher current yields. That's why **Fidelity guarantees that Spartan Money Market Fund's expenses will not exceed 0.45% through 1995!**

Plus, **your Spartan Money Market Fund yield is getting an extra boost** while Fidelity temporarily pays for a portion of the Fund's expenses.*

And, you pay only for the transactions you make.[2]

Get the Added Benefits of Investing with Fidelity.

The nation's largest privately held investment management firm, Fidelity manages more than $40 billion in money market assets, making us uniquely qualified to handle your savings needs. For more complete information on any fund, including management fees and Spartan's transaction expenses, call or write for a free prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. (**Minimum Investment: $20,000.**)

Visit our Nationwide Investor Centers or call 24 hours

1-800-544-8888

Fidelity Investments®

Fidelity Distributors Corporation (General Distribution Agent), P.O. Box 660603, Dallas, TX 75266-0603.

*Annualized historical yields for the 7-day period ending 4/23/90. Effective yield assumes reinvested income. Yields will vary. Fidelity is temporarily paying for a portion of the Fund's expenses. If the adviser had not paid a portion of the fund's expenses, the current and effective yields would have been 7.95% and 8.27%, respectively. The expense limitation may be terminated or revised at any time, at which time expenses will go up and yield will go down. (Through 12/31/95, the Fund's expenses will not be more than .45%.) [1]Based on average annual yields for 100 leading banks and thrifts as reported weekly 2/1/89-4/25/90 in BANK RATE MONITOR. [2]These transactions will reduce your yield depending on the number you make.

2r

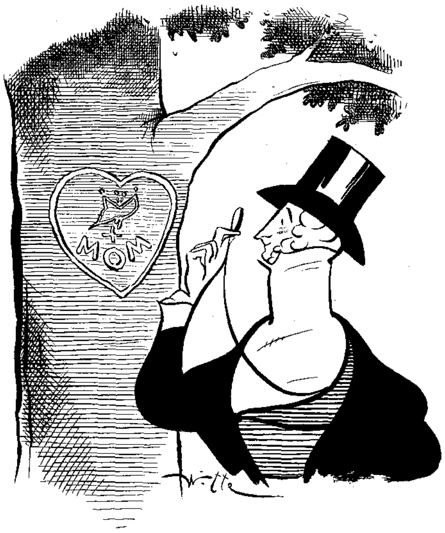
CODE: NYR/SPM/051490

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

rality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)



Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Ice Cream—A play by Caryl Churchill, first seen last year at London's Royal Court Theatre. **HOT FUDGE,** a new work by Ms. Churchill, is the curtain-raiser. Both with Jane Kaczmarek and Margaret Whitton. Les Waters was the director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Mountain—Len Cariou is Justice William O. Douglas, and Heather Summerhayes and John C. Vennema play multiple roles as the people he encountered every step of the way, from his boyhood, in Washington State, through his thirty-six-year term on the Supreme Court. Though perhaps a bit over-reverent, the play, by Douglas Scott, is as interesting as the history it portrays. The acting is fine; Mr. Vennema's thumbnail Nixon is especially striking. (4/23/90) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting **LIFETIMES ON THE STREETS.** The streets are the streets of Harlem, and this "theatrical collage" is a set of monologues by Gus Edwards, who has an acute ear and imagination. Douglas Turner Ward is both director and performer. (4/13/90) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

Once on This Island—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score). (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company in a revival of Charles Ludlam's 1977 play. Directed by Everett Quinton. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Closes May 20.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—All manner of hypocrites, fakes, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Closes May 20.)

Some Americans Abroad—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of the performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. You could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and K. Todd Freeman, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Truly Blessed: A Musical Celebration of Mahalia Jackson—In this show of her own devising, Queen Esther Marrow, herself a gospel singer, appears as the great Mahalia. She is a pleasing singer and a beauty, but she lacks the artistry and religious passion of the original. The songs, however, almost carry the evening. The four splendid backup singers are Carl Hall, Doug Eskew, Lynette G. DuPré, and Gwen Stewart. Robert Kalfin directed. (5/7/90) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

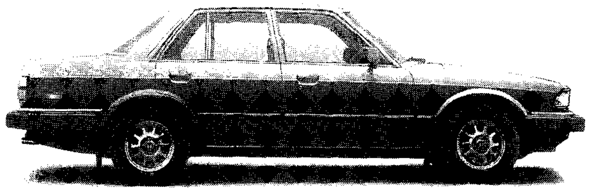
BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

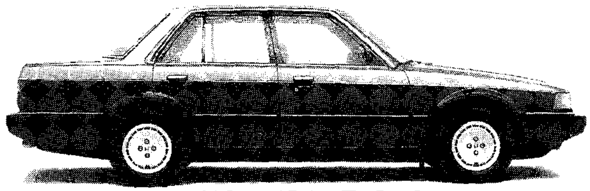
WINGING IT

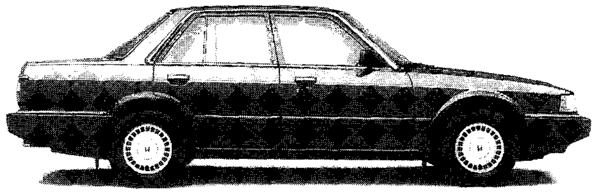
New York City is on the Atlantic Flyway for migratory birds. Not surprisingly, a great many of them end up in Central Park. Perhaps as a nod to this fact, the Parks and Recreation Department long ago established the Bird Sanctuary, north of the 59th Street lagoon. In 1986—as a plaque across from the Wollman Rink attests—the enclosed four-acre promontory was renamed the Hallett Nature Sanctuary, after the civic leader and naturalist George Hervy Hallett, Jr. But over time this area hasn't served birds very well, and the sanctuary is now more notable for the groundhogs who make it their home.

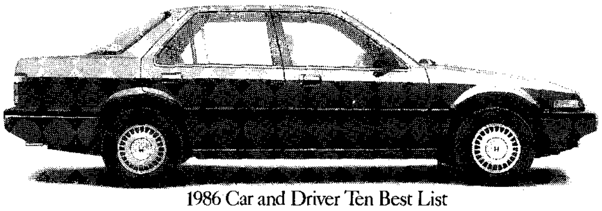
There are other spots in the Park favored by birds, particularly the Ramble and the North End. Relatively secluded and near to water, each supports a diversity of species. The Central Park Conservancy and the Park Rangers sponsor walks through these areas year-round (call 427-4040 for information). Or you can do some exploring yourself, looking for the darts of color that are orioles, scarlet tanagers, and rose-breasted grosbeaks.

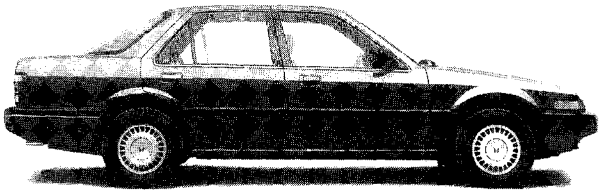
©1990 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

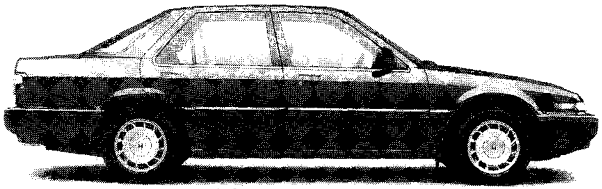

1983 Car and Driver Ten Best List

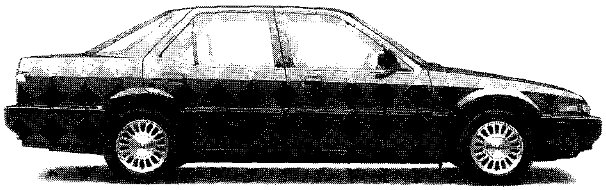

1984 Car and Driver Ten Best List


1985 Car and Driver Ten Best List

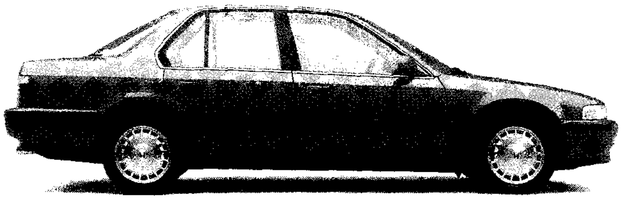

1986 Car and Driver Ten Best List


1987 Car and Driver Ten Best List


1988 Car and Driver Ten Best List

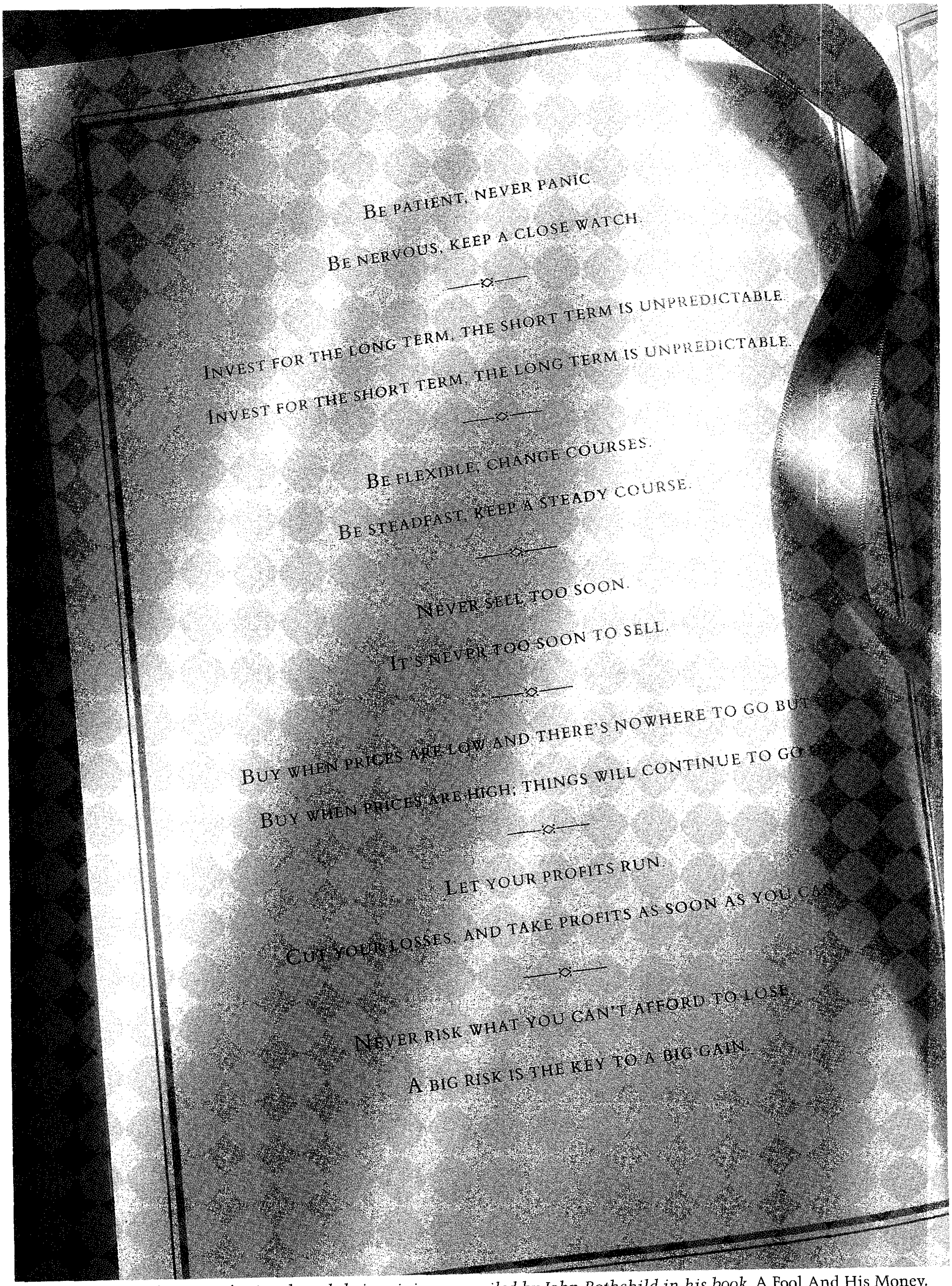

1989 Car and Driver Ten Best List

We could go on and on.


1990 Car and Driver Ten Best List

In the eight years *Car and Driver* magazine has presented its Ten Best list, only one car has been chosen every time. The Accord.

HONDA



BE PATIENT, NEVER PANIC.

BE NERVOUS, KEEP A CLOSE WATCH.

INVEST FOR THE LONG TERM, THE SHORT TERM IS UNPREDICTABLE.

INVEST FOR THE SHORT TERM, THE LONG TERM IS UNPREDICTABLE.

BE FLEXIBLE, CHANGE COURSES.

BE STEADFAST, KEEP A STEADY COURSE.

NEVER SELL TOO SOON.

IT'S NEVER TOO SOON TO SELL.

BUY WHEN PRICES ARE LOW AND THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BUT

BUY WHEN PRICES ARE HIGH; THINGS WILL CONTINUE TO GO

LET YOUR PROFITS RUN.

CUT YOUR LOSSES, AND TAKE PROFITS AS SOON AS YOU CA

NEVER RISK WHAT YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE.

A BIG RISK IS THE KEY TO A BIG GAIN.

A survey of industry professionals and their opinions compiled by John Rothchild in his book, A Fool And His Money.

The Secrets Of Investing, Finally Revealed.

AS AN INVESTOR, once again you ave our sympathy.

With so many experts offering advice, 's hard to decide which advice to heed.

After all, investing for one's future is ot a trivial matter. There are educations) pay for. Retirement to plan. The nest g to build.

With so much at stake, it's easy to nderstand why so many people yearn r some "mystical solution."

But nearly a hundred years experi-ıce has told us there are no "secrets" to curity. You simply need a plan.

Our mainstay has always been hard ork, a singlemindedness of purpose, nd the kind of wisdom that can only me from many years in this business.

Specifically, the business of munici-al bonds. It is our specialty.

We have an insight into the bond usiness that, in our opinion, few other mpanies can match.

This being the case, it should come no surprise to you that we review bil-ons of dollars worth of bonds each year. And only after a painstakingly thorough process of research do we invest in a select few (including some that other investment companies have overlooked).

All of which are tax-free.*

Which means you keep more of the money you earn (something that adds up quite nicely over the years).

Of course, this is only the beginning of the things we have to tell you.

To find out more, we suggest you contact your financial adviser or personal banker and ask about Nuveen tax-free investments (for current and future income).

Or call us toll-free at 1-800-524-6500. We'd like to send you a free booklet.

You may find it all quite revealing.

For more complete information on Nuveen tax-free open end mutual funds, or unit trusts, including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

**Income may be subject to state and local taxes. Capital gains, if any, will be subject to capital gains taxes.*

NUVEEN

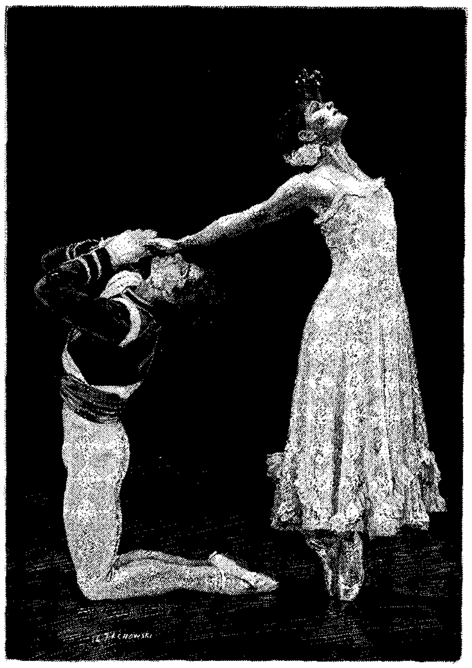
Specialists In Tax-free Investments Since 1898.

DANCE

THIS spring, two of the Kirov's leading coaches—Irina Kolpakova and Ninel Kurgapkina—have been in town to analyze elements of style in "The Sleeping Beauty" with New York dancers. Both were Kirov ballerinas (we value Kolpakova as one of the Auroras of the century) and both were students of Agrippina Vaganova (1879-1951), the "queen of variations" at the Maryinsky Theatre and the most influential pedagogue in Soviet ballet.

We went over to the School of American Ballet a couple of times to watch Kurgapkina work with girls from two advanced classes, part of a monthlong teaching residency for her at the school. Much of her instruction was conducted in body language, either through her hands-on corrections of the students or through her accurate mimicry of their errors. Kolpakova will be working with American Ballet Theatre through the entire spring season. We watched her coach Cheryl Yeager and Wes Chapman in the adagio and a variation from the "Beauty" wedding pas de deux, which the couple will be dancing in the A.B.T. production at the Met on Saturday afternoon, May 19. Kolpakova was in agreement with Kurgapkina about the importance of Aurora's presenting her face and throat to the audience at a slight angle and about the phrasing of steps to surprise the viewer with unexpected connections between an action and its final pose. "Free!" said Kolpakova, indicating fifth on point and suddenly parting her arms overhead. "You are free, free, free!"

Over a pasta dinner in a restaurant near Lincoln Center, we asked Kurgapkina how one makes a ballerina. She answered, through a translator, the writer Elizabeth Kendall, "You can't. A ballerina makes herself. If she has good equipment, the repertoire, and character, you can help her. She also has to be healthy; it's a second talent. And she has to find people who say 'good' when everyone else says the opposite. There were all these people who said of my student Zhanna Ayupova that she was soft, she wasn't going to make it. I said, 'It's O.K. if you're soft, because to be soft is your character.' If I were born again, I'd like to be more like her."



Ricardo Bustamante and Leslie Browne in A.B.T.'s "Jardin aux Lilas"

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—May 8 at 8: "Square Dance," "Fearful Symmetries," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Fearful Symmetries," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Les Gentilhommes," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ May 11 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Fearful Symmetries," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ May 12 at 8: "Square Dance," "Prague Symphony," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ May 13 at 1: "Square Dance," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ May 13 at 7: "Concerto Barocco," "Fearful Symmetries," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ May 15 at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "Prague Symphony," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through July 1.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances of the season, which will run through June 30. May 7 at 8: A reprise of January's fiftieth-anniversary benefit, with excerpts from thirty ballets and with film footage of the troupe's early years. . . . ¶ May 8 at 8: "Birthday Offering," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pas de Deux" from "Swan Lake," and "Brief Fling" (New York première). . . . ¶ May 9 at 2: "La Bayadère (Act II)," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: "La Bayadère (Act II)," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ May 10-11 at 8, May 12 at 2 and 8, and May 14 at 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ May 15 at 8: "Push Comes to Shove," "Nine Sinatra Songs," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ May 16 at 2: "Birthday Offering," "The Leaves Are Fading," "Pas de Deux" from "Don Quixote," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: "Airs," "The Informer," "Some Assembly Required," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement. May 8 at 8: "Arden Court" and "Speaking in Tongues." . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: "Polaris," "Minikin Fair," "Split Whiskers," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rehearsal)." . . . ¶ May 10 at 8 and May 13 at 7:30: "Of Bright & Blue Birds & the Gala Sun." . . . ¶ May 11 at 8 and May 13 at 3: "Brandenburgs," "Snow White," "The Sorcerer's Sofa," and "Danbury Mix." . . . ¶ May 12 at 8: "Images," "Curbs and Corridors," and "Musical Offering (A Requiem)." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

ISO DANCE THEATRE—In "Psycho Killer," "Night Thoughts," "Captain Tenacity," and "Foreign Tails." With the Bobs, an a-cappella quartet, on opening night. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 8 at 7:30, May 9-12 at 8, May 13 at 2 and 7:30.)

DOWNTOWN DANCE COMPANY—A Baltimore-based contemporary-dance troupe in three premières: "Ikon," choreographed by Mark Taylor, and "Binding Ties" and "Birthwall," choreographed by Diane Ramo, the group's director. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. May 12-13 at 8.)

PARSONS DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a one-week engagement that will run through May 20. May 15 at 7:30: "Scrutiny," "Sleep Study," "Incandescence" (New York première), "Caught," and "Nascimento" (New York première). . . . ¶ May 16 at 8: "The Envelope," "Radio NYC," "Three Courtesies," "Elysian Fields" (New York première), "Caught," and "Nascimento." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

TWO recent back-to-back shows offer a study in contrasting performance styles: the Feelies at the Bottom Line and, one night later, the Smithereens at the Ritz. Both are guitar-based New Jersey rock bands but to judge from their performances they might as well be from different planets. The Feelies, who formed in the late seventies in Haledon, are famed for their bookish appearance their lack of rock pretensions, and their seeming indifference to commercial success. The essence of their music isn't so much the songs as the way they play them: the incantatory strumming; the droning, pulled-back vocals; the furious tempo accelerations that sometimes drift off absentmindedly. Their distinctive sound makes them a brilliant cover band too. They can ingest a song by, say Neil Young or Patti Smith and spit out a Feelies song. In concert they are unassuming and introspective: they look almost apologetic for presuming to be onstage, and they don't acknowledge the audience; in fact, they barely acknowledge each other. Still, they manage to connect with the crowd through the intensity and restrained passion of their performance. They don't have to say anything.

The Smithereens, who are from Carteret, are a more traditional rock band. They've put out three major-label records, each of which is filled with memorable, classically balanced pop songs, and each of which (along with the requisite videos) has brought them closer to stardom. Whereas the Feelies played to a seated audience at the Bottom Line, the Smithereens played to a packed, standing crowd at the much larger Ritz. They diligently ran through their hits, which sounded more or less like the recorded versions and spiked the performance with an earnest, enthusiastic dose of rock showmanship, complete with fist pumping, call and response, and "Now you sing it" prompting; they even got the audience to count off the lead-in to each song. But if this style of performance is calculated and a little clichéd, you wouldn't have known it from watching the crowd who matched the band fist for fist chorus for chorus.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change it is therefore always advisable to cal ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**TOVAH FELDSHUH** finishes up her stand in the Oak Room on May 12. **MARGARET WHITING**—whose father, Richard Whiting, wrote a string of fine pop numbers in the twenties and thirties—will be here for a monthlong engagement beginning May 15. Ms Whiting's biggest hit came back in 1948 with "A Tree in the Meadow," but her voice doesn't sound much worse for wear since the day Johnny Mercer told her, "You sing like a trumpet." Her shows continue to be funny chatty, and uplifting. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—*A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz* house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. The blues, jazz, and pop singer **JOE WILLIAMS** is now in his seventies, but his vocal power remains intact. This might be because throughout his long career he has used that power sparingly, opting instead for a restrained elegance. Mr. Williams, who grew up in Chicago, got his big break when he joined Count Basie's orchestra in 1954 (he left in 1961), and since his Basie days he has been considered one of the foremost male jazz vocalists around. He'll be here May 8-13, followed by **PHYLLIS HYMAN,** who begins on May 15. Music from nine. Dining.

OTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. Everybody loves the Florida-spawned **SILOS,** because they don't seem to want much. With a pair of independent efforts behind them—including the watershed record "Cuba"—the group recently released their self-titled major-label début. The album was produced by Peter Moore, who also produced the first Cowboy Junkies record. Needless to say, it's a spare, understated effort—"I'm doing the dishes/ Leave 'em in the rack to dry"—with not a few country inflections. The group will play here May 8. **BUSTER POINDEXTER,** who seems to have obtained some sort of illegal sublet on this place, will be leading his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** on May 9 and May 16. There'll be a fine country show here on May 10, with performances by **KATHY MATTEA** and **GUY CLARK,** and a quartet belonging to guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** takes over May 12-13. Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

RADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. The avant-garde saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN**—who once said of his father, the Chicago-based sax player Von Freeman, "He didn't want me to sound like him, and he didn't want me to sound like anybody else"—is here through May 12. Playing with him are **JOHN HICKS** and **DAVID WILLIAMS.** Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **DON PATE** start up on May 14. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

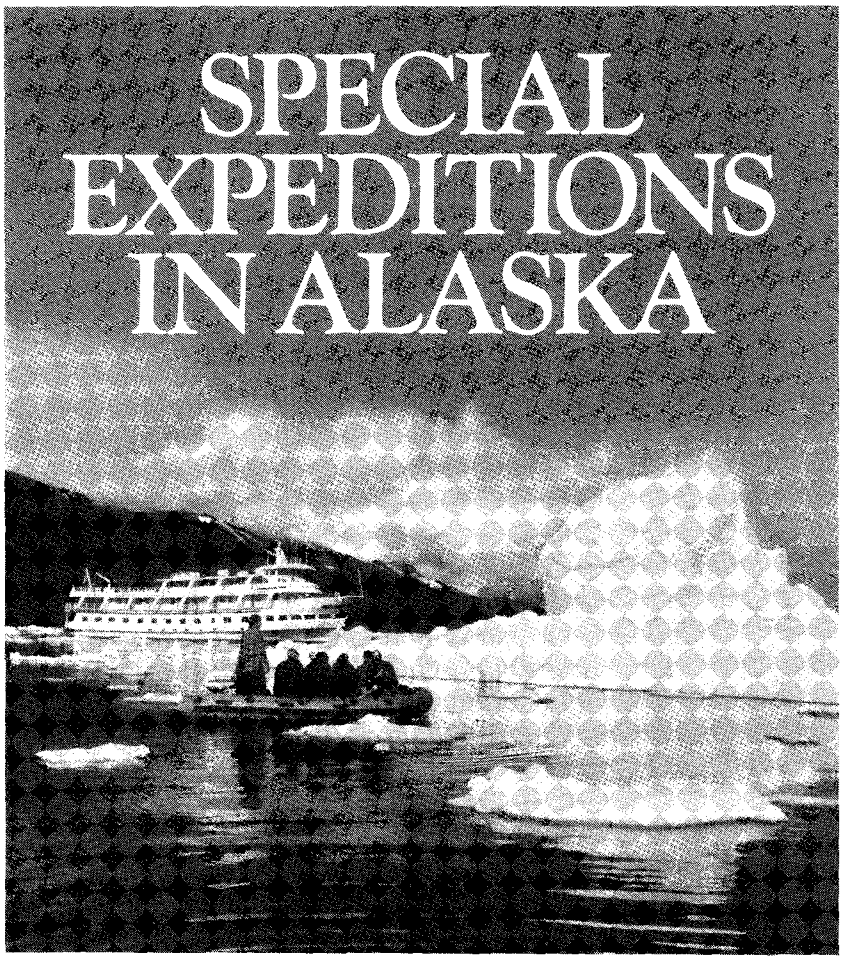
ARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—A Caribbean restaurant-bar that serves banana flambé, Miss Hilda's Fish Fritters, and jazz. It has been around for more than twenty years, but it wasn't until 1985 that the owners added music to the menu. The saxophonist, composer, and arranger **BENNY CARTER,** whose "Cow-Cow Boogie" was Capitol Records' first hit, and who was one of the leading sax men of the pre-Charlie Parker era, will be in action from May 8. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

ARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is once again home to patron saint **BOBBY SHORT.** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, Mr. Short's longtime associate **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

BGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffitied walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene. Local rock has since diminished, but while other clubs of the era have fizzled, CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. The strange rock collective **TRIP SHAKESPEARE,** who have been known to mount the stage wearing giant dorsal fins, horns, hooves, and purple angel wings, will be here May 15. One of the guys in the band said recently of drummer Elaine Harris, "She definitely flies out yonder. . . . I think she actually comes from the places they go on 'Star Trek.'" Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

ONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. Pianist **ROLAND HANNA** leads a quartet May 8-13; the fine, glib trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** holds forth with a quintet as of May 15. Music after ten.

AT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which



This summer thousands of travelers will visit Southeast Alaska. Most will come on large cruise ships. And most will only catch a glimpse of this magnificent state.

Special Expeditions offers an alternative–two small ships. Our voyages are perfect for those who prefer a more intimate approach, who want to immerse themselves in the wilderness and still be comfortable, who like traveling with knowledgeable naturalists, and who long for a travel experience that provides memories to be savored long after returning home.

We will operate several 11-day voyages in Southeast Alaska this June to September aboard our two 70-passenger sister ships, the *SEA LION* and the *SEA BIRD* (formerly the *Great Rivers Explorer* and the *Majestic Explorer*). With their shallow draft and maneuverability, these vessels can go almost anywhere. And where they can't go, our motorized rubber landing craft can.

If you would like to be part of this special experience, call us or your travel agent or send in the coupon below.

Ships' Registry: United States

Sven-Olof Lindblad's

SPECIAL EXPEDITIONS

Special Expeditions, Inc.,
720 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.
Toll Free: **800-762-0003.**
In New York: **212-765-7740.**
Please send me your 1990 ALASKA brochure.

Name________________
Address________________
City________ State______ Zip______
NY51490

is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. The sparkling bebop pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** leads a trio through May 13; singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** holds forth as of May 15. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An unpretentious second-floor jazz retreat where a bandleader was once heard to say, "I wanna introduce my drummer first, on account of because he has to go put a quarter in the meter." On Tuesdays the club has a guitar festival going on. On May 8, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **JAMES CHIRILLO** do the honors; **HOWARD ALDEN, FRANK VIGNOLA,** and others come in on May 15. Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **DICK SUDHALTER**—who plays cornet and flugelhorn, and whose rather involved résumé includes serving as a U.P.I. correspondent, writing a biography of Bix Beiderbecke, and reviewing books for the British magazine *Punch*—is here on May 8. **BARBARA LEA,** who has a free and easy voice and a whistle that could knock a bird out of a tree, will be on hand on May 11, with **WES MC AFEE** on piano. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201-798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost. **STRANGE CAVE,** ex-Bongo James Mastro's band, has several strong points: a repertoire of catchy, lyrical pop songs; a strain of psychedelia; and a string section. The group will be here on May 11.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled ladies. **SID CAESAR AND IMOGENE COCA** are currently in residence, offering routines they made famous in Caesar's hit fifties TV series "Your Show of Shows," as well as new material. The engagement, called "Together Again," marks the fortieth anniversary of the début of "Your Show of Shows," whose writing staff included Woody Allen, Mel Brooks, Carl Reiner, and Neil Simon; according to Mr. Caesar, the reunion marks the passing of "a forty-year weekend." Dining. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a lot. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Singer **JACK JONES**—"Lollipops and Roses," "Wives and Lovers," "Impossible Dream"—is currently in action. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—There's usually a good reason to go to the Ritz, but there's almost always a better reason to stay away. Leaving aside its new midtown address—the sort of neighborhood you wake up in after you've been kidnapped—there's still the club's distressing pack-them-in, get-them-the-hell-out management tactics, and the fact that the atmosphere is something between those of a high-school gym class and a police state. **RICKY SKAGGS,** a neo-traditionalist country singer and multi-instrumentalist, is here on May 11. The **CRAMPS,** who perform on May 12, have been called "the Addams Family of rock." The group, which formed in the late seventies in New York (by way of Cleveland), has a stripped-down sound (they don't have a bassist), a singer named Lux Interior, and a predilection for jokey, demonic songs about sex, horror films, and trash culture. May 16 belongs to **LISA STANSFIELD,** the twenty-four-year-old British blue-eyed-soul singer whose recent début album, "Affection," has hit the upper reaches of both the soul and pop charts. Shows begin at eight or nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** is in residence with a sextet through May 13. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, an indoor miniature-golf course, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. The New Orleans funk band the **METERS** had their heyday in the sixties and seventies. They broke up in 1977, and one of the group's members, Art Neville, went on to form the Neville Brothers. The Meters have been giving it another go recently; they'll be here May 10-12. Another big name in New Orleans music, the pianist and composer **ALLEN TOUSSAINT,** begins a four-nighter on May 16.

The Silos at the Bottom Line

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. **MILT JACKSON,** the vibist, composer, and Modern Jazz Quartet member, leads a foursome May 8-13. Guitarist **JIM HALL'S** quartet begins work on May 15. Mondays are reserved for the late Mel Lewis's big band. Music after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. **HENRY KAISER,** a modernist, psychedelic guitar man from the West Coast, holds forth May 8-9.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

ATTENTION, rock stars who contend that a smoke machine is as essential to stage presence as a tattoo: Ella Fitzgerald has neither. Her concerts also lack giant video screens, echo chambers, Lycra, choreography (unless you think of pre-Abdulian toe-tapping as dance), and two dozen Midleresque jokes by Bruce Vilanch. She refrains from entering on wires, disappearing in flames, or appropriating year-old dance crazes.

Long past being the newest kid on the block, and without a hit record for years, how does Ella keep attracting an audience? She sings; she rests her frail, brocade-clad figure against a high-backed stool and sings. Like no one else in this world.

She recently electrified Radio City Music Hall with a lilting, soaring, *whooping, soothing, wailing, scatting* display of her art, singing as if it were as natural as breathing. So unsentimental and uncalculated were the renditions of her favorite Ellington and Porter classics that the audience reacted atypically. They didn't screech, rush the stage, or "do da butt" in the aisles. After each number they simply made sure that Ella knew they loved her madly. Whether she was a sophisticated lady or a satin doll, she left no doubt that she still gets too hungry for dinner at eight; and when she surprised her listeners with special lyrics to "The Lady Is a Tramp" ("Tell Lizzie Arden to leave me alone/ My shape's not hot, but at least it's my own") they made it perfectly clear they only had orbs for her.

Attention, rock stars who run through lasers, sporting fresh hair extensions and jeans with hand-tailored inseams: The next time Ella is singing within a hundred miles of your entourage, tell the limo driver to step on it. Then watch how an audience adores talent when smoke doesn't get in their eyes.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"DRAGON'S NEST"—Final performances of Lee Nagrin's new work, which includes twenty-one performers and forty trees imported from Maine. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. May 10-13 at 7.)

VESELKA FESTIVAL AT P.S. 122—Co-produced by the pierogi and the performance people. May 10-13 at 8: Celeste Miller in a work about suburbia. . . . ¶ May 10-13 at 9:30: *Tim Miller* in "Stretchmarks," about a cross-country train ride. . . . ¶ May 10-13 at 10: Peggy Pettitt's "Women Preachers." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ROBERT WHITMAN—In a new, evening-length performance work, "Black Dirt." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. May 10-13 at 8:30. Through May 19.)

BENEFIT—The Kronos Quartet, Molissa Fenley, and Ann Magnuson with her band, Bongwater, in benefit performances for the Kitchen. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 9 at 7:30.)

ART

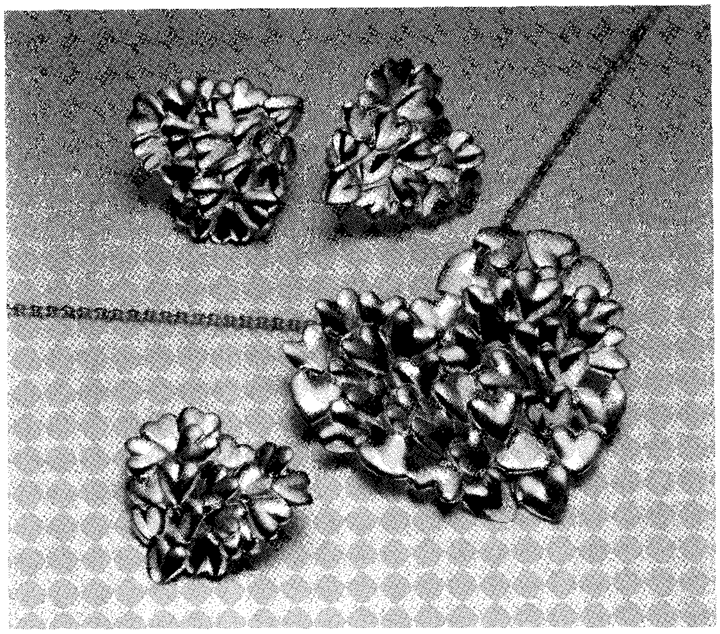
IT is not every day that so volatile and virulently Baudelairean a presence as Rene Ricard makes itself felt in the gallery system of New York City. In fact, his début as an artist, in a profuse and captivating show dubbed "Mal de Fin"—a veritable *bouquet du mal*—at the new Petersburg gallery (130 Prince St.; through May 23), should probably be viewed as a meteorological event of singular importance.

Some observers may have first glimpsed the comet Ricard during the middle and late sixties, when he appeared as more or less himself (a very young, bratty, loose-limbed, tightly wired, louche, and infernally charming upstart who had already "done" Boston) in now classic Andy Warhol films, such as "Kitchen," with Edie Sedgwick, and "Chelsea Girls," with just about everyone else in the Factory gang. Others may have sighted him during the seventies as a *poète maudit,* a period that culminated with the publication, in 1979, of an impeccably elegant, slim volume of his verses, full of urbane aperçus, scabrous longings, cris de coeur, and spleen, and bound in Tiffany-box blue. And shortly thereafter he "occurred" as an art critic—one whose style was part guerrilla, part bitch goddess, part publicist, and part defrocked priest—in time to help ignite the careers of Julian Schnabel, Keith Haring, and Jean-Michel Basquiat.

Ricard's handwriting—in painted poems and poetic paintings on found objects or paper—is scrawled on the walls at Petersburg, dispatching acid thoughts in sweet Warholian pastels and turning swinish thoughts into haiku-like pearls. The work is brilliant. It's sweet. It's corrosive. In this show, the artist behaves like Caravaggio even as he flirts with Zen; he speaks from the dead, then hustles a date; he entertains the Devil, then insults Edith Piaf. Ricard has nothing if not range.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

ETROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No artist of this century could match Louis Comfort Tiffany's decorative creations in glass, bronze, and mosaic, but this show of lamps, chandeliers, windows, ceramics, and paintings does little more than confirm the razzle-dazzle taste of the marketplace: the emphasis is on the garish, gaudy extravaganzas—the Art Nouveau updates of Victorian bad taste. The featured lamps, for instance, are the rarest ones, which are usually the trickiest—and sometimes the tackiest. Still, there is a glorious "Dragonfly" chandelier in deepest blue and green, with glass globules attached, and a "Hydrangea" chandelier, whose sophisticated massing is articulated with magnificent coloration. The experimental surfaces of a "Cypriote" vase make it look like a chunk of the moon, and the "Lava" vases are fluidity itself; these humbler masterworks still look fresh. . . . ¶ "Folon's Folons" is the self-explanatory title of a slim, simple show of works—fifty-odd watercolors, plus about a dozen found or transformed objects—made and owned by the well-known illustrator Jean-Michel Folon. Through June 3. . . . ¶ A show of master drawings from the collection of Ian Woodner, a real-estate developer, architect, and painter whose extraordinary procession of European works on paper extends from the fourteenth century to the early twentieth. The sections devoted to the German and French schools are especial-



The Arman Heart...jewelry created exclusively
for Movado by world-renowned artist Arman. Available
in 18 karat gold, sterling silver and 18 karat gold, or
all sterling silver. From $95.

MOVADO®
Design Collection.
625 Madison Ave. at 59th Street, New York. (212) 688-4002 or 1-800-366-8236
Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Monday thru Saturday

A Louis XV commode for those who appreciate the finest:
double bombé shape with deep side profile, in cherry solids,
veneers, and cast brasses. Circa 1745.
Baker

For your catalogue of the entire McMillen Collection, send $8.50 to Baker Furniture, Dept. 692, 1661 Monroe Avenue, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49505. Shown through the trade at 200 Lexington Ave., NY, and in showrooms in all major cities.

ly strong. "Hare Beneath a Tree," by Hans Hoffmann (1500-1591/92), for instance, and the assortment of drawings and pastels by Odilon Redon are first-round knockouts. Through May 13. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Throughout this century, it has seemed that every kind of abstract painting, even the most radical, has been coöpted by commercial design. What a pleasure, then, to see an inversion of this formula in a small exhibition of fabric samples by Gunta Stölzl, the Bauhaus master weaver, and her student, the perhaps better-known Anni Albers. Both designers took advantage of the period's industrial advances and applied a purist approach to the technology of weaving to create undeniable classics. Stölzl and Albers helped form the craft tradition of the Bauhaus, where the distinctions between fine and applied art were blissfully blurred. Through July 8. . . . ¶ "Photography Until Now," a show of nearly three hundred works, examines the technological, commercial, and creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

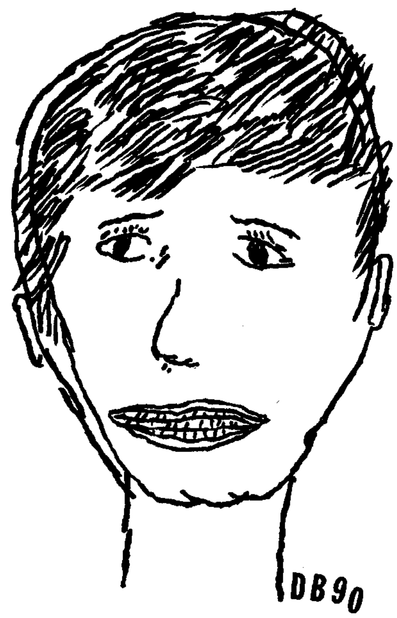
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—In "New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture," marvel of cool panache follows marvel of drop-dead elegance—all sprawled in perfect, if at times narcissistic, indolence over two monumental floors. The radical spirit of these works by Alan Saret, Lynda Benglis, Barry Le Va, Keith Sonnier, the late Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Richard Tuttle, and the late Eva Hesse has apparently evolved into a state of profound and impeccably pomaded art-historical grace. The many triumphant pieces here have not lost their potency; on the contrary, they now appear seminal. Through May 20. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The exhibition "Facing History," a pure example of art illustrating history, traces the image of blacks in American art from 1710 to 1940. More often than not, as one might suspect, the images are primarily of servitude and the method used is caricature. And even when reverence appears to be the intention, blacks are usually presented as property, of secondary importance to, say, a Thoroughbred. The clichéd observation that few of the works are great art in the traditional sense seems irrelevant, because the show is so fascinating, and the messages so distressingly familiar. The paintings, drawings, and occasional sculptures are best viewed from an iconographic point of view, and the purpose of the black man in John Singleton Copley's "Watson and the Shark," the best work on display, continues to be the source of heated disagreement. Through June 25. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred weavings by Lenore Tawney, including pieces with feathers, shells, and paper, from the fifties through the eighties. Through June 17. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—A show of paintings that attempts to look at the parallels between artists of African descent in the United States and Brazil, two formerly slave-dependent nations that abolished slavery at roughly the same time. The most moving part of the exhibition is a display of various grotesque iron shackles from Brazil, reproductions of old prints of slaves wearing them, and the startling statistic, printed on a wall label, that six per cent of the African slaves were shipped to the United States and sixty per cent to Brazil. Mel Edwards' "Lynch Fragment" series of sculptures, which is installed nearby, are the richer for this historical material. Through May 28. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Clear as Crystal, Red as Flame" is an excellent primer on glassmaking in China from the fourteenth century through the early twentieth. It illustrates the native traditions of the craft, as well as the methods the Jesuits introduced when they centralized the industry in China—particularly their cameo-carving techniques, which developed into the highly prized Peking glass. Curiously, glass seems to be the only medium the Chinese used to mimic other materials. On view are vessels that look like porcelain, beads that approximate stones, and vases that ape celadon ware; the last have the lovely inner glow that can be achieved only with glass. Through June 16. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)



Self-portrait by Donald Baechler

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An examination of the Danish porcelain industry from 1760 to the present, including vases, figures, and original pieces from the first Flora Danica table service, on loan from the Danish Royal Family. . . . ¶ Fabrics designed by large textile companies or by individual artisans in the past decade are presented on a grand scale—floor-to-ceiling lengths of cloth, for instance, and dramatic walk-through environments. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"In the Court of the Sultan." Most of the objects in this comprehensive display on the life of the Sephardic Jews of the Ottoman Empire—even the ornate ones—are unspectacular. The period documented is from the mid-nineteenth century through the early twentieth, a time of decline for the Ottomans, of increased Western influence, and of growing intolerance toward Jews. From the velvet bedspreads that were remade into ark curtains to the ceremonial and everyday costumes (some decreed by law), the menorahs, the furniture, and the decorations, a homespun aesthetic dominates. But it is nonetheless a fascinating exhibition, one that effectively captures the spirit of daily life. Through June 28. . . . ¶ A loan show from Düsseldorf of paintings and drawings by German artists whose works protested against the First World War and the Weimar Republic. The best known of the artists represented are Otto Dix, Käthe Kollwitz, and Max Ernst. Through May 23. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—Cynthia Carlson's engaging, playful, and smart show consists of re-creations of many of the site-specific installations she made throughout the eighties. Most of the works are structured around patterns—thick painted flowers, wood plaques of architectural details, delicate drawings of weeds, a wall of painted fish. There's an elusive, sombre quality behind the decorative playfulness, an aspect amplified in the most recent works: an installation of curved-edge drawings of monumental tombstones that manages to be memorial rather than funereal, and an especially penetrating wall drawing with reliefs inspired by the makeshift shrines left at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington, D.C Through May 27. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays noon to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Hans Arp (1886-1966)—Collages, wood reliefs bronzes, marbles, watercolors, and drawings from the fifties and sixties by the important Dadaist. (Hans to some, Jean to others.) The very lateness of these works in Arp's career constitutes the newsworthy aspect of the show. But, unfortunately—and with the exception, perhaps, of a few biomorphic and figurative works on paper that are quite charming—they are simply smoother, weaker reprises of the earlier, epochal stuff Through June 2. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Vincent Gallo—Paintings on found metal, with small yet mounmentalized bowls of fruit lovingly, romantically, and somewhat violently scratched into the surfaces of the distressed-metal sheets. Through May 19. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Eight large "black enamel paintings" and a group of works on paper, including notebook drawings, make up an extraordinarily good show For one thing, it is an enormous relief to walk in and not find drip paintings. The paintings are full of speeding calligraphic lines blotches, Tachiste stains, action, and, yes drips. But they are also implicitly figurative and specifically psychological (anxious fraught, valiant, and probably paranoid) and in their compositions we immediately sense Pollock's deep admiration for and involvement with the tradition of history painting from, say, David and Delacroix up to Thomas Hart Benton and Orozco, with whom Pollock worked during the W.P.A. era Through June 2. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Group Shows—At **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St. An exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. Most of the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings here are substantial in size and subject but are nonetheless dull, the exception being a Bonnard of a woman bathing. Two luscious windowed interiors by Matisse, an extraordinary early Mondrian painting of a chrysanthemum, and a fine Lichtenstein drawing of a ball of twine also make the show worthwhile. Through May 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Most of the works in this exhibition of Latin-American masters are very minor, but there is a fine small 1933 oil, with pictographs by Torres-García; a quintessential Rivera watercolor of a worker that displays great humanity; a charming Klee-like child's fantasy of ascending pyramids by Xul Solar; and a romantic portrait of a man in a Surrealistic landscape by Juan Battle-Planas that borrows heavily from Dali but also has its own style. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER** 21 E. 70th St.: This display of eighteenth- nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art works and furniture, many of them museum quality, is a study in contrasts There are, for example, two Hartley paintings of a bud in a vase, both from 1917 which are hung side by side. One is a tender Cubist painting; the other is in the artist's colorful, mystical style inspired by the German Expressionists. Dominating the nineteenth-century department is Sargent's exquisite "Portrait of Countess A," with all the glorious bravura brushwork characteristic of the artist. Through June 8.

Short List—**JUAN BORDES,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St (through May 26); **SUSAN CRILE,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through June 2) **VASILY ERMILOV,** Hutton, 33 E. 74th St (through June 8); **ODD NERDRUM,** Martina Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St. (through June 15) **MICHAEL STEINER,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through May 31); **DONALD SULTAN,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through May 24).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Enzo Cucchi—Some perfectly attractive drawings on bits of paper with crumpled edges, a few set into circular trays with mirrors. The artist, the most mysterious of the "three C's," has a very appealing touch, but this selection is woefully slim. Through June 2. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arnulf Rainer—A large group of paintings on photographs or on old engravings depicting scenes from Shakespeare. Rainer's embellishments consist of abstract smears of paint over existing imagery. Yet many of these works have an offhand charm and, especially when it comes to the history plays and to "Cymbeline," considerable poetic nuance. Through June 2. (Ulysses, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Wegman—An exhibition of works in various mediums by the art world's most sophisticated child. Wegman's newest paintings—washed-out renderings of towns and Indian wall pictures with broad vistas—are luscious and very strange. They have a simplistic narrative structure, but they are also subtle, with a high level of finesse. They are dreamy, in a primal, underwater sense, and inexplicably humorous—but not funny in the way the artist's drawings are. A good selection of drawings is on view, as are some of the more restrained large-format Polaroids, from the early eighties, of the artist's famous collaborator, the late weimaraner Man Ray. Through June 9. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**ANNE ABRONS** and **DAN RIZZIE,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through May 16); **PIERRE ALECHINSKY,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 25), and Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through June 1); **BENNY ANDREWS,** Deutsch, 29 W. 57th St. (through May 23); **JAMES APONOVICH,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 23); **LARRY BROWN** and **MATTIE BERHANG,** Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St. (through May 26); **HELEN FRANKENTHALER,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 19); **ARNOLD FRIEDMAN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 26); **GILBERT & GEORGE,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 2), and Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through May 26); **RON GORCHOV,** Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. (through June 2); **ROBERT GWATHMEY,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through June 15); **BRYAN HUNT,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through May 26); **ANSELM KIEFER,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 16); **LARRY RIVERS** and **JEANETTE LEROY,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 21); **DAVID SAUNDERS,** Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through May 30); **PHILIP SMITH,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 2); **JOHN TORREANO,** Shea & Beker, 20 W. 57th St. (through June 2); **JOYCE TREIMAN,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 19); **JOHN VAN ALSTINE,** Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 9); **MARC VAUX,** Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through June 23); **TOM WESSELMANN,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through June 2).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Tony Berlant—Large collages made up of small strips of folding TV trays, cookie tins, and other sources of metal, tooled into place with thousands of tightly spaced steel brads. There's great style and wit to these landscapes and scenes of boats on the water—which are the craft-kit version of Warhol's "paint by numbers" paintings—and a sophisticated contrasting of the wide sweeps of imagery with the obsessively tight means of production. But in the end, the pictures themselves offer so little to ruminate over that the experience ends in a big "So what?" Through May 19. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

David Bowes—Acrylic paintings that feature images—a chinoiserie vase, the model of a Roman ruin, a figure that could be an Elizabethan sibyl—against painted patterned backgrounds. Despite their dry feel, these works are almost interesting. Through May 19. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)

Alberto Burri—Very accomplished paintings, from the early eighties, on painted Cellotex in beige, black, and orange by the somewhat anomalous Italian. Their primary forms with curved edges demonstrate a faith in abstraction one usually associates with Motherwell, Youngerman, and the like. Through May 26. (Ala, 560 Broadway).

Self-portrait by Edwin Schlossberg

Gregory Botts—Large and very peculiar cruciform oil paintings that are both awful and compelling. The colored vertical panels depict weepy sunflowers and winter moons set against idyllic landscapes, and the black-and-white horizontals that bisect them contain landscape elements presented as symbols. There's a cartoonish quality to all the generalized depictions, but the mood—a kind of mourning for the sublime—is anything but silly. Through May 26. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—This exhibition of work by a very good and somewhat underrated abstract artist carries a disturbing message. The show includes several attractive small reliefs from the thirties, with diagrammatic shapes pressed and scratched into plaster and an occasional little area painted in a rich color. Although the forms are reminiscent of Duchamp's chocolate grinder, the works have an independent personality. The focus of the show, however, is a series of large paintings from the fifties of vases, covered with skeins of Pollocky drips in ridiculous colors—clearly a result of the artist's jumping on the bandwagon of a stylistic change. The paintings are drearily programmatic, the transformation sad and undignified. Through May 24. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Each of the sculptural works in this show is determined by the shape of fibres found in the artist's handmade paper; the artful, three-dimensional interpretation of these forms can be geometric or organic, or whatever else the artist is inspired to do. The sculptures are from 1979 to 1982 and are somewhat dated. Some of them are installation-oriented; many are reminiscent of recognizable forms (a hoof, a drip). The most compelling ones are less deliberate versions of the small, densely packed sculptures by the other Joel (Shapiro). Through May 31. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

Günther Förg—Had the nearly mythic German painter Blinky Palermo not died in 1977, there might not have been much room for his bad-boy younger compatriot. Taken as a series, the twelve paintings on display are reminiscent of Palermo's magnum opus "To the People of New York," and in several ways they recall the paintings of Barnett Newman. These geometric works in gorgeous, luminous colors—a juxtaposition of bottle green and orange, for example—are a triumph of painting. Through May 26. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

April Gornik—This show of about a dozen large meteorological landscapes is the artist's strongest in many years. In these portraits of "pure" weather, Gornik sets about to control the elements in at least two different ways. First, she subjects the most dramatically various climatic conditions imaginable—ominous clouds, cosmic moonbeams, Biblical floods, etc.—to the neutralizing effects of her cool, level, proficient, and meticulously withdrawn painting technique. Then, quite perversely, she makes these even-keeled sublimities serve big thematic and historical ends. Scenes of certain kinds of weather, for instance, are implicitly didactic studies of the Romantic and the Wagnerian, while others propose the platonic constructs of, say, seventeenth-century French neoclassicism. Gornik's work is exemplary in its lucidity—which is no small feat, given the scale of her endeavor. Yet she seems to be enamored of academicism itself, and perhaps for this reason her work is apt to leave one with a little lurking doubt: O.K. . . . I get the picture . . . but *now* what? Through May 26. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Michael Gregory—Landscapes with low horizons and dark, stormy skies. The artist works with the format of Boudin and the palette of Innerst, while at the same time conjuring up a slew of academic landscape painters. Through May 30. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mike Kelley—Kelley has strewn bed throws on the gallery's main, ground-level floor, where the ambience is of an abandoned foundlings' ward in which shabby playthings, now animated, have taken over. The blankets and afghans, referred to as "arenas" by the artist, function as playgrounds for toy tableaux of stuffed animals and yarn toys. Downstairs, in wall reliefs such as "Four Sock Dolls" and "Double Flaccid Cat," the yarny critters fully realize their destinies as fetishes and objects of psychosexual parody. Through May 12. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Susan Rothenberg—The artist's toughest paintings in years. Rothenberg has chosen to work with the ugliest, muddiest colors imaginable, and most of the nimble figures are loaded with scatological associations. Even with her furious brushwork, these paintings are not seductive, yet somehow they work. When Rothenberg's subject is painting and the relationships depicted are those between figure and ground—as is the case with most of the work here—the artist can be fiery and intoxicating. Through May 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Ryman—This painter of white brushstrokes has come to "represent" pure painting and is being treated as if he were an endangered species. But such currently popular readings miss the subtle wit of this workmanlike artist, who violates the purity of a painted rectangle by putting bolts through it or by breaking a white field with a brute, autobiographic "image," such as the letter "R" or the number "89." Through May 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Chéri Samba—A thirty-three-year-old Zairean morality painter whose vital, mordant, often hilarious parables of daily life in the capital city of Kinshasa are free of puritanical judgment and prudish evasion. In one painting, a group of cavorting schoolchildren make balloons out of *capotes* (condoms) that are being hurled recklessly from the windows of a "honeymoon" motel called the Hotel Prudence. And in another lovely, wordless painting the image of a wandering eye, with a dripping faucet and a blossoming flower, tells male viewers to cultivate their own gardens. Through May 15. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Cary Smith—Bold paintings of simple geometric forms that might make you think of a jockey's silks or the Tantric flag of some tiny Buddhist nation. There's a strong sense of familiarity to these paintings—they look easy—but that's primarily because of their good-natured, outgoing character and their simple gorgeousness. Through May 19. (Koury Wingate, 578 Broadway.)

Andrew Spence—New oil paintings by an artist whose clean, flat, abstract works are consistently good-looking, intelligent, and unexciting. These have schematic, quasi-Constructivist designs that correspond to such real-world models as a remote control, subway doors, and a tent. Through May 12. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Hiroshi Teshigahara—The filmmaker, ikebana master, and artist has created two canopied corridors out of arching, split bamboo. They are broad yet intimate boulevards that seem better suited to a fashion show than an art gallery. Organic, clay sculptures placed at various points around the installation fail to impress. Through May 12. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

James Turrell—A truly awe-inspiring exhibition. From a distance, the main installation looks like a deep-purple rectangle painted on the wall of a darkened room. As one approaches it and one's eyes adjust to the low light levels, the rectangle becomes a dematerialized area of deeply saturated light, a palpable, slightly pulsing, slightly claustrophobic space. The mass, color, and depth of this "rectangle"—actually a window—keep changing. Sticking one's head through the window is like entering a Rothko. All that exists is the void, you, and this intensely colored, jaw-dropping light. Through May 31. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Michele Zalopany—Big new charcoal drawings. Zalopany is an interesting and talented artist whose individual works are still a bit overdependent on subject matter. When *what* she depicts is mysterious—hard-to-place period interiors, for instance, or scenes that suggest ineffable hotel fantasies or theatrical décors—so are her drawings, and when her subject is literal so is the work. This show includes one very ambitious piece that is wonderfully hard to figure out. It looks like an unusual two-tiered perspective of an industrial laundry on an epic scale—there are clothes on conveyor belts and pulleys. It has a nightmarish magic. Through May 19. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Short List—**JEFF ADAMS,** Facchetti, 476 Broadway (through June 2); **DOTTY ATTIE,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through May 12); **DONALD BAECHLER,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (starts May 15); **BETSY BERNE,** Esman, 70 Greene St. (through June 2); **LOREN CALAWAY,** Viafora, 568 Broadway (through May 31); **ALAN DAVIE,** Gimpel, 415 West Broadway (through May 26); **JAN DIBBETS,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through May 26); **HAMISH FULTON** and **ALICE AYCOCK,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through May 19); **RODNEY ALAN GREENBLAT,** Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway (through May 25); **FEDERICO GUZMÁN,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through May 26); **MARCIA HAFIF,** Pretto, 251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St. (opens at 1, through May 19); **KEITH HARING,** Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St. (through June 2); **JANE HASKELL** and **SUSANNE MUEL,** A.I.R., 63 Crosby St. (through May 10); **NANCY HAYNES,** Good, 532 Broadway (through June 2); **CHRISTOPHER HEWAT,** Munroe, 130 Prince St. (through June 9); **CLINTON HILL,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through May 16); **PERRY HOBERMAN,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through May 19); **TOM HOLLAND,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through May 26); **ALFREDO JAAR,** Brown, 560 Broadway (through May 26); **DONALD JUDD,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through May 26); **LIZ LARNER,** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through May 26); **SUSAN LAUFER,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through June 2); **RICHARD MERKIN,** Helander, 415 West Broadway (through May 26); **ALDO MONDINO,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through June 2); **ROBERT MORRIS,** Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway (through June 2); **ROSS NEHER,** Beitzel, 113 Greene St. (through June 2); **BARNETT NEWMAN,** Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through May 26); **JOHN NEWMAN,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through May 26); **THOMAS NOZKOWSKI,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through June 9); **DENNIS OPPENHEIM,** Gibson, 568 Broadway (through May 26); **SIGMAR POLKE,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through May 26); **DAVID RABINOWITCH,** Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through June 30); **RENE RICARD,** Petersburg, 130 Prince St. (through May 23); **TAKAKO SAITO,** Harvey, 537 Broadway (through May 19); **EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through June 9); **JULIAN SCHNABEL,** Pace, 142 Greene St. (through June 29); **HAIM STEINBACH,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through May 19); **JAN VERCRUYSSE,** Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through June 2); **CECILIA VICUÑA,** Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through May 26); **ISAAC WITKIN,** 112 Greene Street Gallery (through May 26); **MICHAEL YOUNG,** Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. (through May 26).

OTHER GALLERIES

John Chamberlain—Low-lying, horizontal pieces from the artist's rarely exhibited "Gondola" series, among the most lyrical and animated works by one of our best sculptors—traditionally speaking. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Alice Neel (1900-84)—This is the first time Neel's very homemade-looking etchings and lithographs have been the subject of a show. Like her paintings, these portraits never look exactly like their sitters, yet they capture a charged exchange between artist and subject that at times brings to mind a deer frozen by a pair of headlights. The show includes Neel's first print, her last print, and many in between, including several of her granddaughter, Olivia, whose personality is somehow given free rein, a privilege granted to no other subject. Through May 31. (Sragow, 73 Spring St. Opens at 1.)

Charles Saxon (1920-88)—Original watercolors for *New Yorker* covers, plus cartoons and sketchbooks. Through June 29. (Butler Library, Columbia University, 6th floor, Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

IN the past, William Klein's photographs have had so much punch they've knocked us out. And the books of photographs he made in the fifties and sixties offer the most dynamic use of photographic layout we've ever seen. Klein's sensitivity to disjunctions and conjunctions, and his ability to capture energy in his photographs, have made this earlier work an incomparable paradigm of photographic jazz. The show currently at the Zabriskie gallery (724 Fifth Avenue)—made up mostly of pictures Klein took in the eighties—has the same volatile, filmic quality as those books; the work brilliantly exposes the mechanism of photography.

In this show, Klein, who is also a filmmaker, has blown up strips of contact sheets to reveal sequences of shots, and he has also marked up the sheets (with big bold strokes and crosses) the way one does when editing images. The subjects are varied, ranging from action-packed backstage scenes of runway models changing clothes to political demonstrations in France and America. Often the shots include evidence of the media—cameras, microphones. All in all, Klein has given us a remarkable exhibition that does two things at once: it shows everything that goes into the production of images, and it fills our eyes with the nitty-gritty of modern life. For more of Klein's work, ask to see the film "Contacts" (it's on video in the back room). There's also his new book, "Close Up," published by Thames and Hudson.

David LaChapelle—Sentimental, religious, and sexual themes are conjoined in this show of mostly large and elaborately framed photographs. A big, dark grid of photographs depicting isolated body parts, for instance, seems both a modern-art-world homage to the late Robert Mapplethorpe and a traditional Catholic ex-voto. Through May 12. (Trabia, 54 Greene St.)

Lee Miller (1907-77) / **Marion Post Wolcott**—Miller's photographs are proof of the remarkable life she led, of the fantastic company she kept, and of the role she played in documenting both the most creative and the most horrible aspects of twentieth-century history. Her pictures of artists (Picasso, Cornell, her onetime lover Man Ray) are warm and knowing, and her concentration-camp photographs bear witness to human evil and superhuman courage. Through June 10. / The photographs Wolcott took during the Depression, under the auspices of the Farm Securities Administration, add significantly to our vision of rural America of that time, but her most personal shots are those of her family: they are casual and full of warmth and feeling. Through June 24. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8. . . . ¶ There is a complementary show of Miller's work is at Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Short List—**TINA BARNEY,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through May 24); **BILL BRANDT** and **GRAHAM NASH,** Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (through June 16); **BARBARA ESS,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through May 26); **VICTOR FRIEDMAN,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through May 26); **WILLIAM KLEIN,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through May 26); **EDWARD MAXEY,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through June 9); **JAN STALLER,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through May 23); **DOUG AND MIKE STARN,** Stux, 155 Spring St. (through May 26).

MUSIC

OMUS HIRSCHBEIN, the director of Arts and Humanities at the 92nd Street Y, runs one of the few concert operations that are consistently concerned not just with presenting desirable performers but with matching them thoughtfully with programs and colleagues to provide an interesting contribution to the musical season. Not that it takes particular insight to engage Rudolf Firkušný for Janáček—the seventy-eight-year-old pianist is one of the only living musicians who were personally associated with the great Czech composer. (He got to know Janáček when, as a seven-year-old prodigy in piano and composition, he had lessons with the venerable musician, and sat in his box for the premières of operas whose moral content worried the boy's mother not a little.) Mr. Firkušný has specialized in playing Janáček's music—but his concert on Tuesday evening is typical of the Y. Mr. Firkušný will preside over a distinguished group of younger colleagues (most of them are regulars at the hall) in chamber music of Dvořák, Martinů, and Janáček. The Dvořák piano quintet is heard fairly often; the other pieces (Dvořák's Sonatina, Opus 100, Martinů's "Madrigals," and Janáček's "Pohádka," or "Fairy Tale") are relative rarities; the whole is uncommonly inviting.

Another recital this week tempts investigation. Sanford Sylvan, whose smooth, sweet baritone and personal style we have enjoyed repeatedly in Mozart and John Adams (Mr. Sylvan sings regularly in Peter Sellars' opera productions), will be at Merkin Concert Hall on Thursday, May 10. He will be singing Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin," accompanied by David Breitman, who will be playing a piano built to Schubertian specifications. We once heard Mr. Sylvan sing Schubert in support of a lecture given by the early-piano specialist Malcolm Bilson; he did so beautifully.

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. May 8 at 7:30: Yuri Temirkanov conducts music by Beethoven, Prokofiev, and Sergei Slonimsky. With John Lill, piano. . . . ¶ May 10-12 at 8: Zubin Mehta conducts an all-Brahms program. With Alfred Brendel, piano.

Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts a Berg-Schoenberg-Richard Strauss program. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 9 at 8.)

Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra—Ton Koopman conducts works by Bach, Handel, and Mozart. (Alice Tully Hall. May 13 at 3.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Gordon Wright conducts a program entitled "Music of Forgotten Romantics": works by von Reznicek, Moór, and von Weingartner. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. May 10 at 8.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "La Bohème," in the final performances of the season. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. May 11-12 at 7:30 and May 13 at 2:30.)

"Rimshot"—A new opera by Russell Currie, with the ORRA Chamber Ensemble and five singers. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St.

© 1979 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

In just two minutes, this man's face is going to look terrific.

face
scrub
CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES
FOR MEN

He'll look bright. Brisk. Rested. Ready to start a good day.

Because his face got a brand new start. With Clinique's Face Scrub.

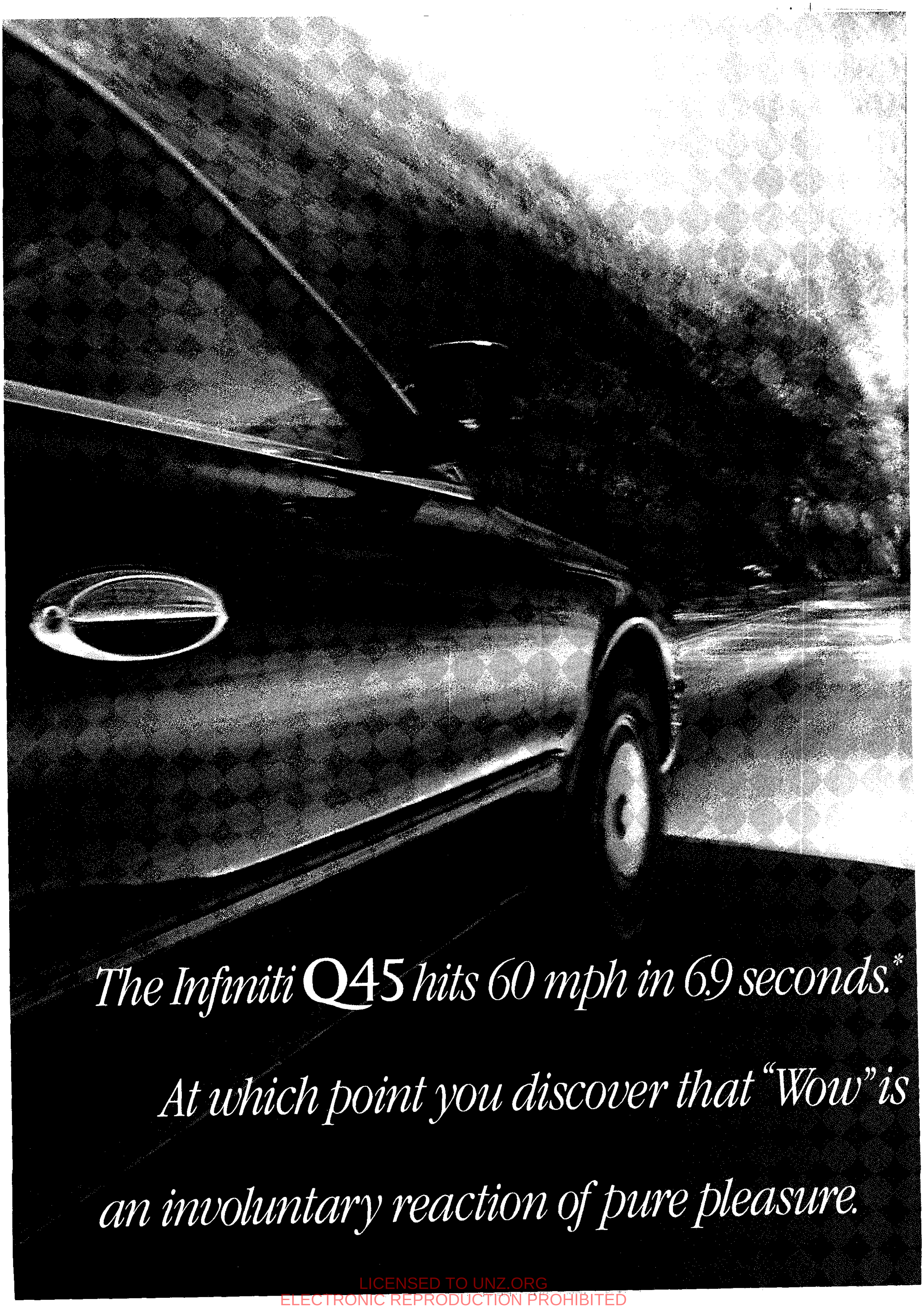
Face Scrub is a tube of fine grains in a non-greasy base. A small amount, rubbed into wet skin, clears away the skin's daily trash: Dead skin cells. Flakes. Excessive oil. Grime.

Face Scrub is the quick dependable way to revive a man's looks. To give his face a younger-looking freshness.

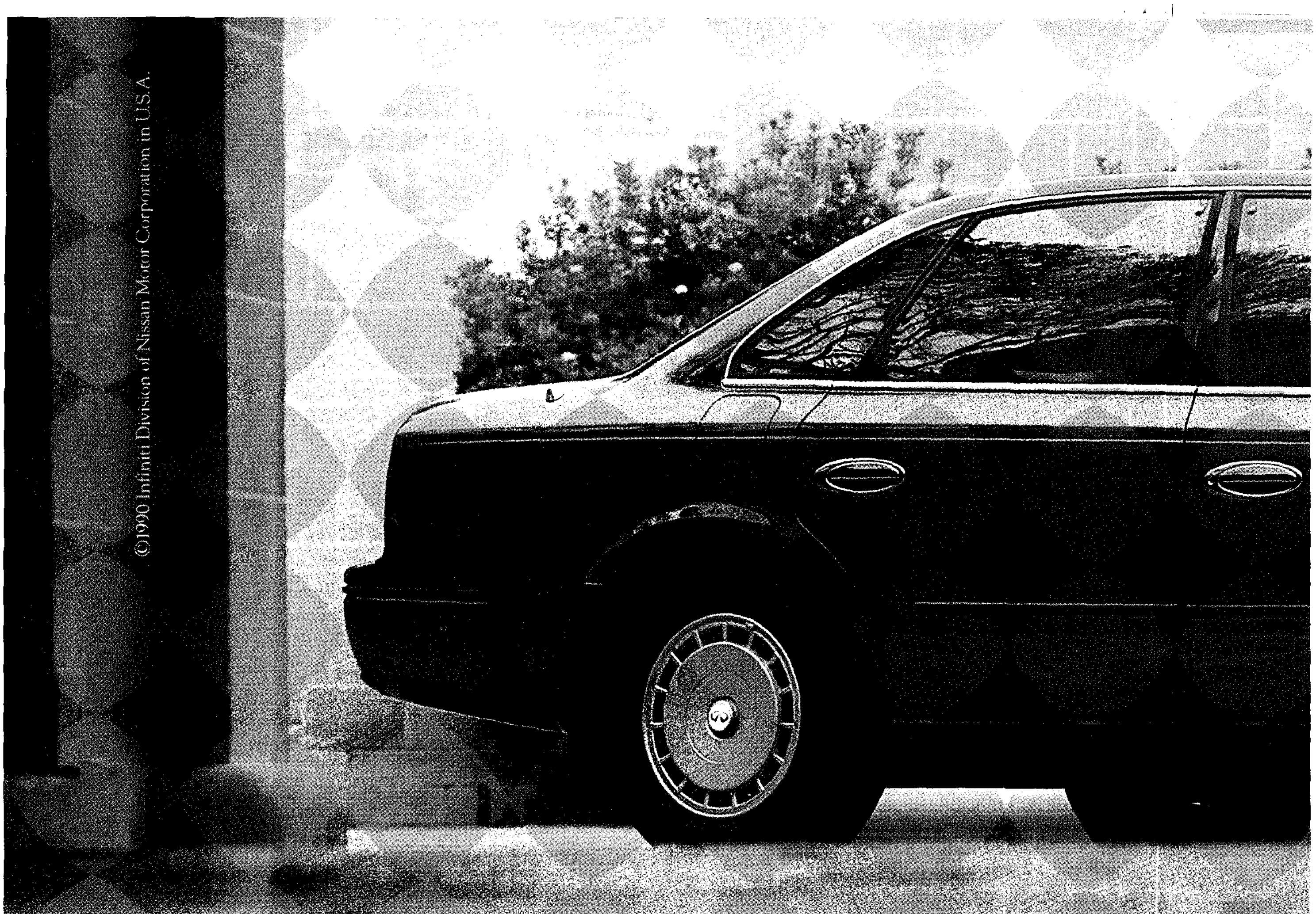
Like all Clinique, Face Scrub is allergy tested, 100% fragrance free. Find it—along with a fast, free skin analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Face Scrub. You'll look good as new again. In just two minutes.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN


The Infiniti Q45 hits 60 mph in 6.9 seconds.*
At which point you discover that "Wow" is
an involuntary reaction of pure pleasure.

OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE
CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR



©1990 Infiniti Division of Nissan Motor Corporation in U.S.A.

The Infiniti Q45 performance luxury sedan can be enjoyed from many viewpoints.*

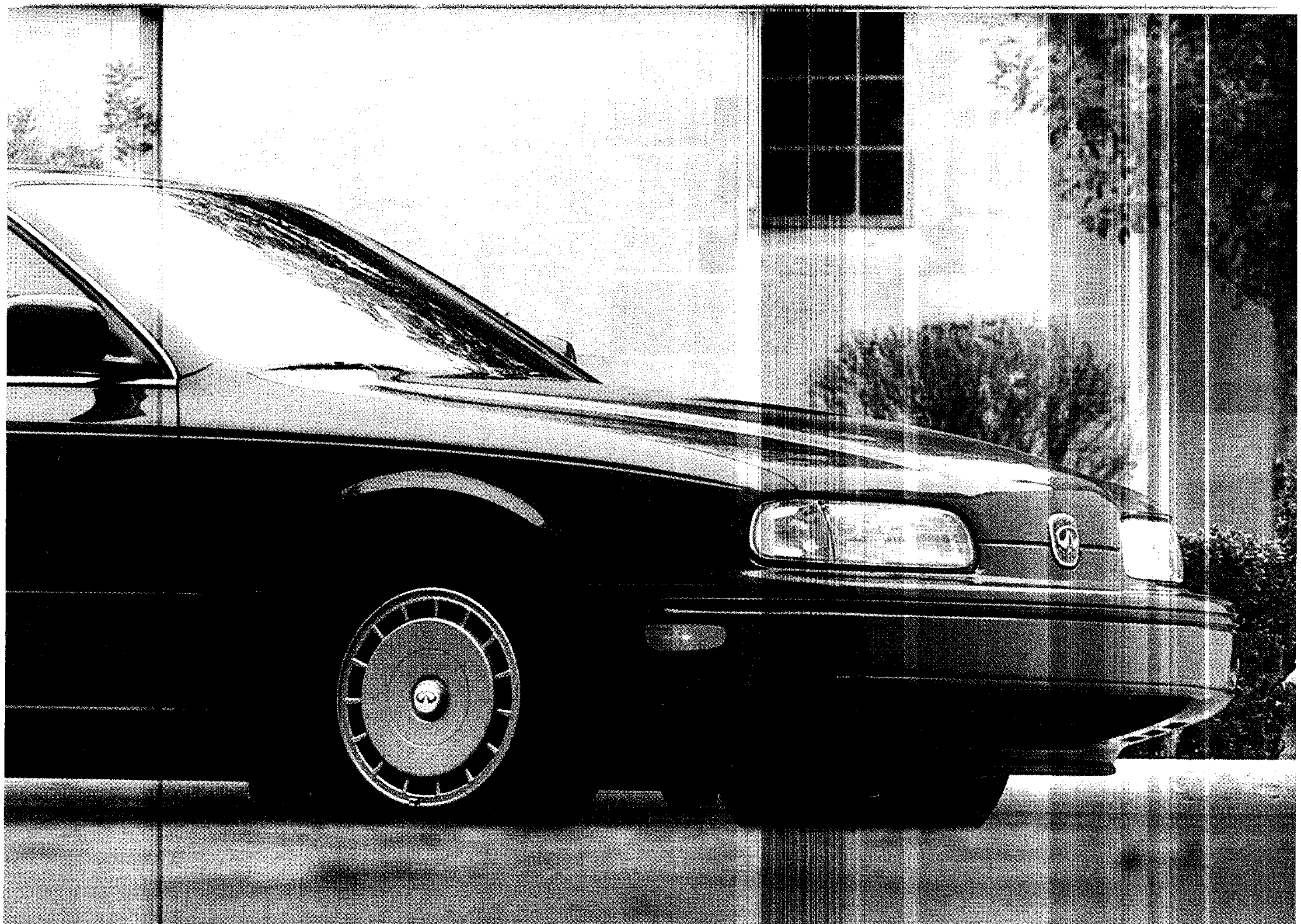
Since it's a car based on innovation instead of imitation, you are immediately taken, for instance, by the creature comforts. An automatic, tilt-up, tilt-down steering wheel that telescopes to your ideal driving position. Leather-covered seats with vertical seams that accommodate the shape of your back, or, more specifically, your backbone.

In the midst of amenities, however, you also note a decided lack of clutter. In the Q45, what's there is there for the

Created by Nissan

*Road & Track, 1/90

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



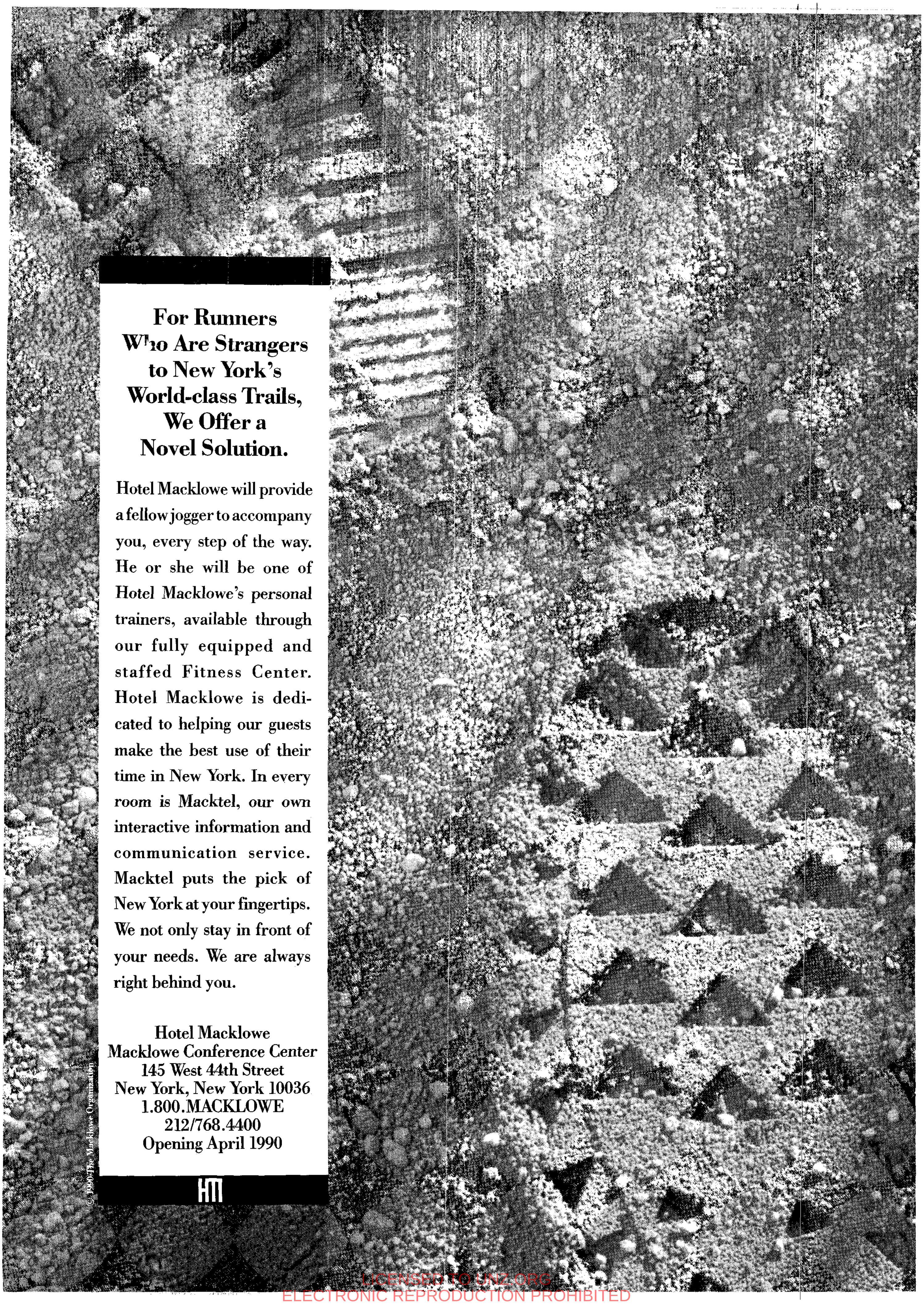
enhancement of a truly luxurious driving experience.

Speaking of which, it's time to start the engine. "Hey does this feel good." (278 horsepower, 4.5-liter, V8 engines, perhaps because of their rarity, tend to evoke reactions like this.)

6.9 seconds later, you find yourself going 60 mph. That's where the "Wow" comes in.

To find out more about, or test drive the Infiniti Q45 performance luxury sedan, call 1-800-826-6500 for the name of your nearest Infiniti dealer.

INFINITI.



For Runners Who Are Strangers to New York's World-class Trails, We Offer a Novel Solution.

Hotel Macklowe will provide a fellow jogger to accompany you, every step of the way. He or she will be one of Hotel Macklowe's personal trainers, available through our fully equipped and staffed Fitness Center. Hotel Macklowe is dedicated to helping our guests make the best use of their time in New York. In every room is Macktel, our own interactive information and communication service. Macktel puts the pick of New York at your fingertips. We not only stay in front of your needs. We are always right behind you.

Hotel Macklowe
Macklowe Conference Center
145 West 44th Street
New York, New York 10036
1.800.MACKLOWE
212/768.4400
Opening April 1990

© 1990 The Macklowe Organization

MUSIC—Cont'd

between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. May 10-12 at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting works by Mendelssohn, Stravinsky, and others. With Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. May 12 at 8 and May 13 at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducts a program that includes works by Mozart and Villa-Lobos. (Alice Tully Hall. May 14 at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale and New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra—Robert Bass leads a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Poulenc's "Gloria." (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. May 11 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—A performance of works by Czech composers. With Rudolf Firkušný, piano; Jaime Laredo and Carmit Zori, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. May 8-9 at 8.)

"Vivaldi's Venice"—Opening concert of a five-year festival of works by Vivaldi and his musical heirs and forebears. With Ruggiero Ricci, violin; Eugenie Grunewald, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; a chorus and the Little Orchestra Society, led by Dino Anagnost; and Claire Bloom reading sonnets by Vivaldi. (Alice Tully Hall. May 9 at 8.)

Sanford Sylvan—Baritone, with David Breitman, fortepiano, performing Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Merkin Concert Hall. May 10 at 8.)

Sylvan Winds—With Michael Tree, violin, in a program that features works by contemporary composers. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. May 10 at 8.)

Clamma Dale—Soprano. Performing songs of Mozart, Kurt Weill, and other composers. (Alice Tully Hall. May 11 at 8.)

Kronos Quartet—Performing the New York première of Terry Riley's "Salome Dances for Peace." (Alice Tully Hall. May 12 at 8.)

Diane Chaplin—Cello. Performing works by Janáček and Elliott Carter, among others. (Weill Recital Hall. May 12 at 8:30.)

New York Virtuoso Singers—With Ilana Vered, piano, and Marya Martin, flute, in a program of works by William Schuman. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 12 at 9.)

Virtuosi Quintet—In a program that features the première of Milton Phibbs' "Quintet Based on American Indian Themes." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. May 13 at 2. No charge beyond the Society's ordinary entrance contribution.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Chamber music by Brahms, Hindemith, and Ludwig Thuille concludes the season. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 13 at 3.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano, in a program that includes works by Haydn, Liszt, and Scriabin. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 13 at 8:30.)

Chamber Sound—In a program of works by Mozart, Paul Epstein, Sofia Gubaidulina, and other composers. (Weill Recital Hall. May 14 at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducts a program of contemporary music. With Lisa Saffer, soprano. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. May 14 at 8.)

Jubal Trio—Performing three premières as well as works by Stravinsky, Britten, and Jacques Ibert. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 14 at 8.)

Chamber Music Concert—With Cho-Liang Lin, violin; Matt Haimovitz, cello; and Jeffrey Kahane, piano, playing works by Beethoven and Mozart. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. May 15 at 8.)

Evelyne Dubourg—Piano. In a program of works by Mozart, Mendelssohn, Scriabin, and Schumann. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 15 at 8.)

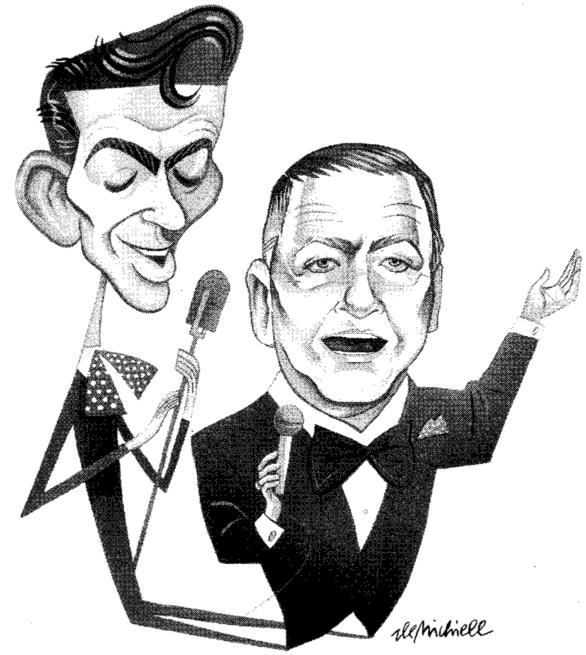
Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Alice Tully Hall. May 16 at 8.)

Kyung Wha Chung—Violin. With Phillip Moll, piano, performing works by Handel, Grieg, and other composers. (Avery Fisher Hall. May 16 at 8.)

Chamber Players of the League / ISCM—In a program of contemporary music. (Weill Recital Hall. May 16 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Taylor Dayne—A big marketing push, along with some heavy-duty video-image shaping, has allowed Taylor Dayne's forgettable pop confections to do spectacularly well on the charts. The people at Arista, her record label, have an uncanny knack for producing stars like Dayne (or Whitney Houston, or Milli Vanilli) who seem to do very little for themselves. The record company selects the material, cues up the producer, and makes glossy, assembly-line music. But Dayne is a big, brassy performer with a terrific, powerful voice, and if she cut herself loose a little she could belt out a few great songs. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. May 15 at 8.)



Frank Sinatra

Frank Sinatra—"Why are there people like Frank?" asks Kyle MacLachlan, about another Frank, in "Blue Velvet." To answer the question in the matter of Sinatra: surely, among other reasons, to give deep pleasure, not all of it nostalgic, to a great many swingers and sad hearts; and surely to create a mood that somehow encompasses both the spirit of a sunny-blue sail with J.F.K. and the silence of the back seat in a limo on the parkway to Atlantic City on a rainy night. In 1983, President Reagan told him, "You have spent your life casting a magnificent and powerful shadow," a judgment that even Frank's detractors would have to agree with. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. May 15-19 at 8.)

Barbara Cook—With the Oratorio Society of New York. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 9 at 8.)

Sinéad O'Connor—Beacon Theatre. May 9-10 at 8.

Christy Moore—With the Refugees. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. May 10 at 8.)

Cher—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. May 10 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. May 12 at 8.

Carlos Ward—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. May 11 at 8. Admission by contribution.

Chick Corea Elektric Band and the Branford Marsalis Quartet—Beacon Theatre. May 11 at 8.

"Mother's Day Classic"—With Curtis Mayfield and the Dramatics, among others. (Beacon Theatre. May 12 at 8 and midnight.)

Billy Eckstine—With the Count Basie Orchestra and Panama Francis & the Savoy Sultans. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. May 13 at 3.)

All-Bass Concert—With Curtis Bahn, Robert Black, Jon Deak, and Nancy Merriam. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. May 15 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

They Might Be Giants—Performing with the Jack Rubies. (Beacon Theatre. May 16 at 8.)

"Bang on a Can Festival"—May 10 at 8: The Kazue Sawai koto ensemble. . . . ¶ May 11 at 8 and 10: Terry Riley and Khayal, his new ensemble. . . . ¶ May 13: A marathon finale, with works by Steve Reich, John Cage, Mary Ellen Childs, Meredith Monk, and others, which starts at 2 P.M. and runs until the wee hours. Performers include Holland's Orkest de Volharding, Relâche, Double Edge, Shelley Hirsch, and David Weinstein. (Rapp Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 439-1103.)

Roulette—May 10: William Parker. . . . ¶ May 11: Gerry Hemingway. . . . ¶ May 12: L.S.D. (Anne LeBaron, LaDonna Smith, and Akua Dixon). . . . ¶ May 13: Brandon Ross. (228 West Broadway. 219-8242. All performances take place evenings at 9.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Houston Astros, May 7 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the San Francisco Giants, May 8-9 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Dodgers, May 11 at 7:35 and May 12-13 at 1:35.

Yankees—Vs. the Minnesota Twins, May 15-17 at 7:30.

(The Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

Bicycles—The second annual Tour de Trump, an eleven-day, eleven-hundred-and-sixty-one-mile stage race from Delaware to Massachusetts, takes eight laps around Central Park on May 11, starting at noon from Tavern on the Green. The favorites are the Canadian Steven Bauer and the Soviet Vyacheslav Ekimov. "The Donald" is not competing.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BOXING

Golden Gloves—The final rounds of the amateur-boxing championship take place at Madison Square Garden (563-8300) on May 11 at 7.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Comic Relief—Mayor Dinkins has proclaimed May 10 Comic Relief Day, and all day long college students will be selling nose-glasses (a dollar a pair) from street corners. The next day, May 11, teams of comedians will roam the streets, hoping to engage passersby in off-the-cuff jocularity; in the evening, Robin Williams, Billy Crystal, and Whoopi Goldberg will open the Mets game (at 7:35) with some light banter and the first pitch. The main event is the show at Radio City Music Hall, on May 12, with comedians and celebrities galore. It will be broadcast on cable, starting at 8. The proceeds will go for health care for the homeless.

Antics—Forty junior-high-schoolers have been in training all year long with the Big Apple Circus to learn juggling, clowning, acrobatics, trapeze arts, and other circus specialties. Now they're ready to show off. (Harbor School gymnasium, 260 E. 109th St. May 10-11 at 10 A.M. For information about free tickets, call 268-2500.)

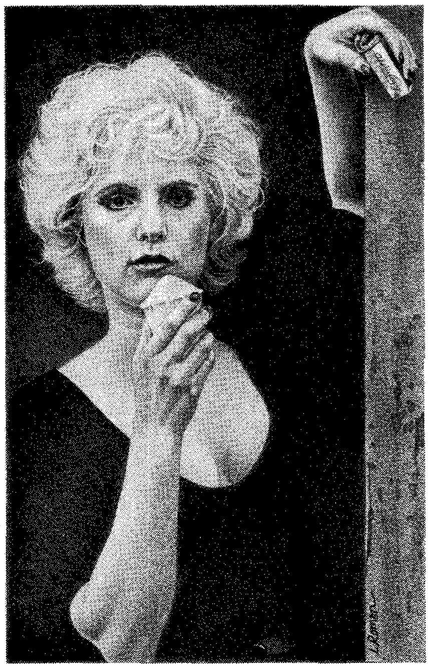
Readings—May 9 at 6:30: Fritz Weaver, Hattie Winston, Paul Sparer, and Joanna Gleason reading stories by E. M. Forster, Toni Cade Bambara, James McConkey, and Ursula Le Guin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ May 11 at 8: Hanif Kureishi and Richard Price will read from their new novels. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557.) . . . ¶ May 14 and May 16 at 8: The first two of three readings by Irish writers. On the first evening, Seamus Heaney, John Montague, and Nuala Ni Dhomhnaill will read from their own poetry. On the second evening, Paul Durcan, Derek Mahon, and Paul Muldoon, also poets, will read. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ May 15 at 7: Eavan Boland, Seamus Heaney, James Merrill, and Helen Vendler read from the works of W. B. Yeats. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Tickets at the door on the evening of the reading.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.



Jennifer Jason Leigh
in "Last Exit to Brooklyn"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Bail Jumper" (directed by Christian Faber).
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (†). From May 11: "Longtime Companion" (Norman René), with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Dermot Mulroney, Bruce Davison, and Mark Lamos.
Theatre 4: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: The 22nd International Tournée of Animation.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through May 10: (Separate admissions) "Silence=Death" (Rosa von Praunheim), a documentary; "Positive" (von Praunheim), a documentary; and "Lord of the Flies" (1963, Peter Brook).
From May 11: "Silence=Death"; "Positive"; and "The Tragedy of Carmen" (1983, Brook).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "I Love You to Death" (†). From May 11: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).
Theatre 3: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (†).
Theatre 2: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.
Theatre 3: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).
Theatre 4: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 6: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Miami Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crazy People" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 10: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
From May 11: "Elliot Fauman, Ph.D." (Ric Klass).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Miami Blues" (†). From May 11: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).
Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Crazy People" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 2: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.
Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Torn Apart" (Jack Fisher), with Adrian Pasdar and Cecilia Peck. From May 11: "The Big Bang" (James Toback).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "I Love You to Death" (†).
Theatre 2: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan. From May 11: "A Show of Force" (Bruno Barreto), with Amy Irving, Andy Garcia, Lou Diamond Phillips, and Robert Duvall.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Monsieur Hire" (Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 10: "Crazy People" (†).
From May 11: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).
Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell and Jenny Seagrove.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Too Beautiful for You" (directed by Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.
Theatre 2: "The Belly of an Architect" (1987, Peter Greenaway).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).
Theatre 2: "Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.
Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Camille Claudel" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: Through May 10: "The Feud" (Bill D'Elia), with René Auberjonois. From May 11: "The Raggedy Rawney" (Bob Hoskins), with Hoskins.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cry-Baby" (†).
Theatre 3: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman and Matt Frewer.
Theatre 4: "Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 5: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).
Theatre 7: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke and Carré Otis.
Theatre 8: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 9: "My Left Foot" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Spaced Invaders" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Douglas Barr.
Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.
Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey. From May 11: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 10: "Crazy People" (†).
From May 11: "Pathfinder" (Nils Gaup; in the Lapp language).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.
Theatre 3: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.
Theatre 5: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.
Theatre 6: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Chattahoochee" (Mick Jackson), with Gary Oldman and Dennis Hopper.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"My Left Foot" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Mahabharata" (Peter Brook).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through May 10: "The Gods Must Be Crazy II" (Jamie Uys).

From May 11: "Longtime Companion" (Norman René), with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Dermot Mulroney, Bruce Davison, and Mark Lamos.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Mama, There's a Man in Your Bed" (Coline Serreau; in French), with Daniel Auteuil and Firmine Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Henry V" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Miami Blues" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 3: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Last Exit to Brooklyn" (Uli Edel), with Stephen Lang and Jennifer Jason Leigh.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery and Alec Baldwin.

Theatre 3: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 4: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Theatre 5: "Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

Theatre 6: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.

Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through May 10: "Spaced Invaders" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Douglas Barr. From May 11: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Brain Dead." From May 11: "Class of 1999" (Mark L. Lester), with Bradley Gregg.

Theatre 3: Through May 10: "Angel Town" (Eric Karson), with Olivier Gruner and Theresa Saldana. From May 11: "Far Out Man" (Tommy Chong).

Theatre 4: "Q & A" (Sidney Lumet), with Nick Nolte, Timothy Hutton, and Armand Assante.

Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†).

Theatre 6: Through May 10: "Twisted Justice." From May 11: "Any Man's Death."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Pretty Woman"(†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, and Richard Jordan.

Theatre 3: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.

Theatre 4: "Spaced Invaders" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Douglas Barr.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Tales from the Darkside: The Movie" (John Harrison).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Short Time" (Gregg Champion), with Dabney Coleman, Matt Frewer, and Teri Garr.

Theatre 2: "The Guardian" (William Friedkin), with Carey Lowell, Dwier Brown, and Jenny Seagrove.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Wild Orchid" (Zalman King), with Mickey Rourke, Jacqueline Bisset, and Carré Otis.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.

Theatre 2: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through May 13: The seventh annual Israeli film festival.

May 14-15: "The Alphabet Murders" (†); and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963, directed by George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

From May 16: "Murder Ahoy" (1964, George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple; and "Death on the Nile" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 8: "River's Edge" (1987, Tim Hunter), with Daniel Roebuck, Crispin Glover, Dennis Hopper, Joshua Miller, Keanu Reeves, and Ione Skye; and "In Cold Blood" (1967, Richard Brooks), with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.

May 9-10: "Blaze" (1989, Ron Shelton), with Paul Newman and Lolita Davidovich; and "All the King's Men" (1949, Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, and John Derek.

May 11-12: "Stop Making Sense" (†); and "Home of the Brave" (1986, Laurie Anderson), with Anderson.

May 13: "The Damned" (1969, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Witches" (1969, Visconti, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Mauro Bolognini, Franco Rossi, and Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

May 14-15: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "Stay Hungry" (1976, Rafelson), with Jeff Bridges, Sally Field, and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

From May 16: "She's Gotta Have It" (†) and "Sidewalk Stories" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through May 8: "The Affair Blum" (1948, Erich Engel; in German); and "Der Untertan" (1951, Wolfgang Staudte; in German).

May 9-10: "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Maria Michi; and "The Diary of a Country Priest" (1950, Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey.

May 11-12: "Jean de Florette" (1985, Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; and "Manon of the Spring" (1987, Berri; in French), with Montand, Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart.

May 13: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

May 14-15: "The Cranes Are Flying" (†); and "A Summer to Remember" (1961, Georgi Daneliya; in Russian), with Sergei Bonderchuk.

From May 16: "Mr. Arkadin" (1955, Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "The Third Man" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 7: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Muriel" (1963, Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

May 8: "In a Lonely Place" (1950, Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Dead Reckoning" (1947, John Cromwell), with Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.

May 9: "The Hustler" (1961, Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott; and "Cool Hand Luke" (1967, Stuart Rosenberg), with Newman.

May 10: "Accident" (1967, Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant; and "The Servant" (1963, Losey), with Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox.

May 11-12: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Saboteur" (1942, Hitchcock), with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.

May 13: "Queen Christina" (1934, Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lewis Stone; and "Camille" (†).

May 14: "Ordet" (1955, Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "The Magician" (1958, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

May 15: "Twelve Angry Men" (†); and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958, Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.

May 16: "Burn!" (1970, Gillo Pontecorvo), with Marlon Brando; and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976, Arthur Penn), with Brando and Jack Nicholson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: May 7 at 2:30: "Latent Image" (1987, directed by Pablo Perelman; in Spanish). . . . ¶ May 7 at 6: "Children of the Cold War" (1985, Gonzalo Justiniano; in Spanish). Mr. Justiniano will be present. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "Mamma Roma" (1962, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, Ettore Garofolo, and Franco Citti. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Il Bell' Antonio" (1960, Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Love Meetings" (1964, Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "Hawks and Sparrows" (1966, Pasolini; in Italian), with Totò and Ninetto Davoli. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2:30: "Teorema" (1968, Pasolini; in Italian), with Silvana Mangano, Massimo Girotti, and Terence Stamp. . . . ¶ May 11 at 6: "Pigsty" (1969, Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clementi, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Anne Wiazemsky. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2: "Oedipus Rex" (1967, Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Mangano, and Alida Valli. . . . ¶ May 12 at 5: "Medea" (1970, Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas, Laurent Terzieff, and Girotti. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2: "The Decameron" (1970, Pasolini; in Italian), with Citti, Pasolini, and Mangano. . . . ¶ May 13 at 5: "Love Meetings." . . . ¶ May 14 at 2:30: "Notes for an African Oresteiade" (1970, Pasolini; in Italian) and "Notes for a Film About India" (1968, Pasolini; in Italian). . . . ¶ May 14 at 6: "Oedipus Rex." . . . ¶ May 15 at 2:30: "Pigsty." . . . ¶ May 15 at 6: "Medea."

Theatre 2: May 7 at 6:30: A program of films by Michael Wallin, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 8 at 3: "Rear Window" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Peeping Tom" (1960, Michael Powell), with Carl Boehm, Moira Shearer, and Anna Massey. . . . ¶ May 10 at 3 and 6: "Painters Painting" (1972, Emile de Antonio), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 11 at 3: "Anna Christie" (1923, John Griffith Wray; silent), with Blanche Sweet, George F. Marion, and William Russell. . . . ¶ May 11 at 6: Five short silent films by D. W. Griffith, all with Blanche Sweet. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2: "Anna Christie." . . . ¶ May 12 at 5: Five short silent films by Griffith, all with Sweet. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "The Docks of New York" (1928, Josef von Sternberg; silent), with George Bancroft, Betty Compson, and Olga Baclanova. . . . ¶ May 13 at 5: "Death in Venice" (1971, Luchino Visconti), with Silvana Mangano, Dirk Bogarde, and Bjorn Andresen. . . . ¶ May 15 at 3: "Letter to Jane" (1972, Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin). . . . ¶ May 15 at 6: "Pretty Baby" (1978, Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." May 8-9: "Voyage Round My Father" (1982, Alvin Rakoff), with Olivier, Alan Bates, Elizabeth Sellars, and Jane Asher. . . . May 10-12: "Brideshead Revisited, Episode 11" (1981, Charles Sturridge and Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with Olivier, Jeremy Irons, Stéphane Audran, Diana Quick, and Simon Jones. . . . From May 15: Six interviews and cameo performances by Olivier. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." May 8-12: "Stravinsky" (1982, Tony Palmer), a docu-

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

mentary. . . . From May 15: "God Rot Tunbridge Wells!" (1985, Palmer). Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre. May 9-11 at 2:30: "Fuses" (1967), "Plumb Line" (1971), and "Viet-Flakes" (1965), all by Carolee Schneemann. . . . ¶ A selection of programs shown on Indian television, most in Hindi. May 12 at 2: "Masquerade" (1989, Aravindan). . . . May 12 at 5: "Malgudi Days" (1986, Shankar Nag). . . . May 13 at 1: "Rajani" (1985, Basu Chatterjee). . . . May 13 at 3: "Picnic" (1989, Aparana Sen). . . . May 13 at 5: "In Which Annie Gives It Those Ones" (1988, Pradip Krishen). . . . May 16 at 2:30: "Rajani."

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. May 10 at 7: "Greasepaint *and Gasoline" (1931, Jindřich Honzl; in* Czech). . . . ¶ May 10-11 at 9, May 12 at 10:30, and May 13 at 9: "Twister" (1988, Michael Almereyda), with Harry Dean Stanton, Lois Chiles, Suzy Amis, Dylan McDermott, and Crispin Glover. . . . ¶ May 11 at 7: "Your Money or Your Life" (1932, Honzl; in Czech). . . . ¶ May 12-13 at 5:30: "Jánosík" (1936, Martin Frič; in Czech). . . . ¶ May 12 at 7: "The World Belongs to Us" (1937, Frič; in Czech). . . . ¶ May 12 at 9 and May 13 at 7: "Visitor from Darkness" (1921, Jan *Stanislac Kolár; silent).*

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 9 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Four Adventures of Reinette and Mirabelle" (1987, Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jessica Forde, Joëlle Miquel, Marie Rivière, and Fabrice Luchini. . . . ¶ May 16 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Chocolate" (1988, Claire Denis; in French), with Isaach de Bankolé, *Giulia Boschi, François Cluzet, and Mireille* Perrier.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—May 11 at 6:30: "Yojimbo" (1961, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 81st. (879-5500)—May 12 at 4 and 6:30: "North by Northwest" (1959, Alfred Hitchcock), *with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James* Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3633)—May 8 at 1:30 and May 9 at noon: "The Flicker" (1966, Tony Conrad); and "T,O,U,C,H,I,N,G" (1968, Paul Sharits). . . . ¶ May 8 at 3:30 and May 9 at 3: "Black Light, White Light" (1972, Keith Sonnier); and "Noisefields" (1974, Steina Vasulka and Woody Vasulka). . . . ¶ May 10-11 at noon: "Back and Forth" (1969, Michael Snow) and two short films. . . . ¶ May 10-11 at 3: "East Coast, West Coast" (1969, Nancy Holt and Robert Smithson), "Boomerang" (1974, Richard Serra), "Animation I" (1973, Keith Sonnier), and "Color Wipe" (1973, Sonnier). . . . ¶ May 12 at noon and May 13 at 1: "La Région Centrale" (1971, Snow). . . . ¶ May 15 at 1:30 and 6:30 and May 16 at noon: "Film in Which There Appears" (1966, Owen Land), "Institutional Quality" (1969, Land), "Mirror" (1969, Robert Morris), and "Serene Velocity" (1970, Ernie Gehr). . . . ¶ May 15 at 3 and May 16 at 3:30: "Inventory" (1972, John Baldessari), "Vertical Roll" (1972, Joan Jonas), and "Mumble" (1972, Lynda Benglis).

LOEB STUDENT CENTER, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. (998-4949)—May 7-11 from 1 to 5 and 6 to 11: A *hundred and fifty films by undergraduate* and graduate students in the Tisch School of the Arts. . . . ¶ May 12 at 7: Mobil Awards presented to six student filmmakers, with a showing of the winning films. . . . ¶ May 14 at 7: Screening of the award-winning films.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

THE ALPHABET MURDERS (1965)—Tony Randall as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot, with Rob*ert Morley as Major Hastings. Frank Tashlin* directed this attempt at a stylish comedy-thriller; it goes very wrong—there's no suspense, because we have no idea what's going on, and the spoofy, slapstick embellishments are almost painfully self-conscious. Randall—perhaps just because he's so talented and inventive—mugs too much: he's always doing something, and then when he does some*thing really good we're too tired of him to* react. Adapted from "The ABC Murders," by David Pursall and Jack Seddon. With Anita Ekberg, Maurice Denham, James Villiers, and Guy Rolfe.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; May 14-15.)

CAMILLE (1937)—Like parents crowing over Baby's first steps, M-G-M announced "Garbo talks!" (for "Anna Christie") and "Garbo laughs!" (for "Ninotchka"), but they missed out on this one, when they should have crowed "Garbo acts!" Under George Cukor's direction, she gives a warm yet ironic performance that is possibly her finest. Her Camille is too intelligent for her frivolous life, too generous for her circumstances; actually, Garbo is inconceivable as a whore—her Camille is a divinity trying to succeed as a *whore. (No movie has ever presented a more* romantic view of a courtesan.) With the exception of Henry Daniell, as Baron de Varville, the rest of the cast does not rise to the occasion. As Armand, Robert Taylor is inept but not completely unforgivable: he had, at least, a romantic profile. As M. Duval, Lionel Barrymore *is* unforgivable. (Both of them are irredeemably American.) *The slow, solemn production is luxuriant in* its vulgarity; it achieves that glamour which M-G-M traditionally mistook for style. But, in spite of M-G-M, Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tearjerker "Camille" is transformed into the "classic" the studio claimed it to be. From the novel by Alexandre Dumas, adapted by Frances Marion, James Hilton, and Zoë Akins.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13.)

CAMILLE CLAUDEL—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is *so poorly shaped as drama that even her most* striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

THE COOK, THE THIEF, HIS WIFE & HER LOVER—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish *protagonist than he thinks. He obviously* regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe which Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The beatings and the killings aren't really any uglier than the eating scenes. And the depictions of sex are pointedly grotesque. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the *patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism,* the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook). Cinematography by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/7/90.) (Angelika Film Center, Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

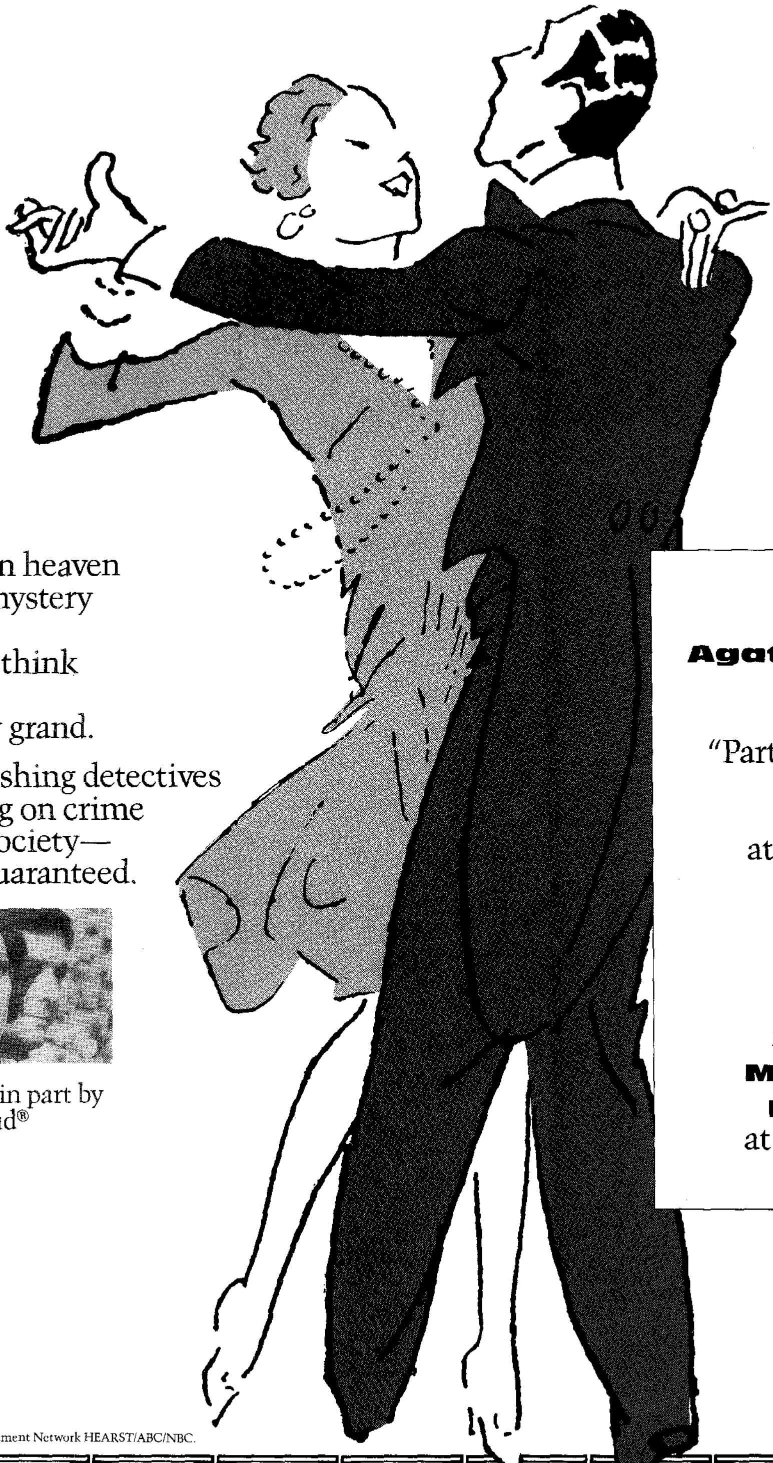
THE CRANES ARE FLYING (1957)—The Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian.—P.K. (*Thalia SoHo; May 14-15.*)

CRAZY PEOPLE—Dudley Moore plays a stressed-out advertising copywriter who is committed to a sanitarium. And there, with the help of his fellow mental patients, he does his best "creative" work: campaigns that—in the movie's view—tell the truth about the products they advertise. The ads are hugely successful, and the ad-agency bigwigs, predict*ably, try to exploit the innocent eccentrics* who've dreamed them up. The copywriter, meanwhile, is recovering his sanity and falling for the cutest of the loonies, played by Daryl Hannah. This desperate, interminable comedy is sort of a nightmare combination of "King of Hearts" and "Putney Swope"—with glossy Hollywood-style uplift thrown in. Honesty has nothing to do with the *moviemakers' approach: they give the usual* shoddy goods an old-fashioned hard sell. Screenplay by Mitch Markowitz. Directed, ineptly, by Tony Bill.—T.R. (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and 59th Street East Cinema. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Guild; through May 10.)

CRY-BABY—John Waters' new movie, set in Baltimore in 1954, is an attempt to repeat the formula of his "Hairspray" (1988), but this is a much less enjoyable picture. Like all Waters movies, it's about a battle between the good, disreputable people and the bad, conventional ones—in this case, a group of juvenile delinquents (called "drapes"), whose leader is a handsome rock and roller known as Cry-Baby (Johnny Depp), versus "the squares," represented by just about everybody else in town. Cry-Baby, a sensitive sort (he lost both his parents to the electric chair), falls in love with a square girl, Allison (Amy Locane), and the film devotes itself to exploring the question, Can their forbidden love survive in a world that just doesn't understand? Unfortunately, almost everything in the movie feels flat and enervated. It's indifferently, mechanically paced; the musical numbers are ineptly staged; and Depp isn't a very exciting presence. Waters seems to be going through the motions: "Cry-Baby" is all attitude, a rote recitation of mildly naughty jokes he's made before. Maybe cute people don't inspire him. The bizarre supporting cast includes Polly Bergen, former porn queen Traci Lords, Kim McGuire (as a spectacularly ugly girl called Hatchet-Face), Susan Tyrrell, Ricki Lake, Iggy Pop, Troy Donahue, Joey Heatherton, Joe Dallesandro, David Nelson, and celebrity ex-con Patty Hearst.—T.R. (4/9/90) (Chelsea Cinemas.)

DEATH ON THE NILE (1978)—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical

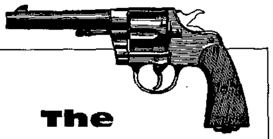
Sleuthing cheek to cheek



They're in heaven
when a mystery
unravels,
and they think
larceny
is simply grand.

These dashing detectives
are taking on crime
in high society—
results guaranteed.

Sponsored in part by
Rubbermaid®



**The
Agatha Christie
Hour**
presents
"Partners in Crime"
Every
Monday
at 9:00 PM ET

A&E®

followed by
**Masters of
Mystery**
at 10:00 PM ET

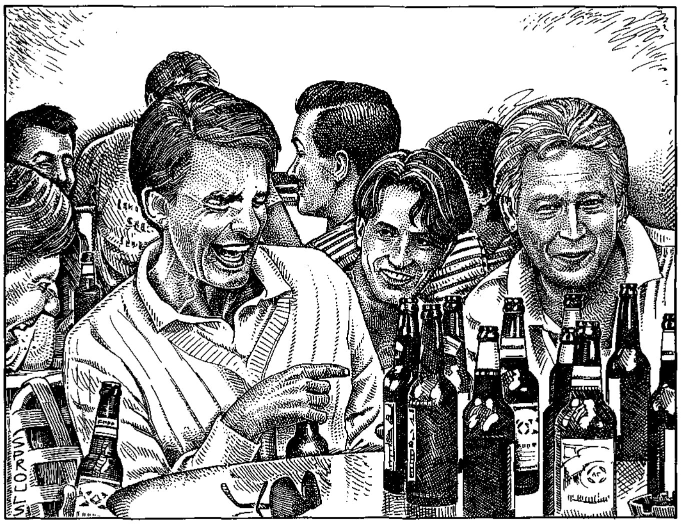
© 1990 Arts & Entertainment Network HEARST/ABC/NBC.

pacing of the director, John Guillermin. The movie is fatally perfunctory about emotion, atmosphere, suspense. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging, and are often knobby and funny. The steamer, full of victims and suspects, has a passenger list that includes Maggie Smith, in a triumphantly mannered performance, as a spinsterish nurse-companion, and Angela Lansbury, in a superlative caricature, as a wreck of a vamp. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Mia Farrow, whose pale-pink eerie sprite face takes the light as delicately as any face in movies, and Bette Davis, I. S. Johar as the Indian manager of the cruise ship, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, Jane Birkin, and, regrettably, the inexpressive Lois Chiles (who sounds dubbed or vaguely ventriloquial) and George Kennedy (who gives his usual blustering, overscaled performance).—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; starting May 16.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through May 10.)

Fanny and Alexander (1983)—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. With Gunn Wållgren, Ewa Fröling, Jan Malmsjö, Erland Josephson, Pernilla Wållgren, Harriet Andersson, Jarl Kulle, Allan Edwall, Gunnar Björnstrand, Börje Ahlstedt, Mona Malm, Christina Schollin, and Bertil Guve as Alexander and Pernilla Allwin as Fanny. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; May 13.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the connivings, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Cinema 3.)



Mark Lamos, Dermot Mulroney, and Bruce Davison in "Longtime Companion"

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer—This low-budget independent feature, originally made for the home-video market, has a stark, relentless quality that is sometimes mistaken for art. Like Leonard Kastle's "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), it's a deliberately flat, affectless treatment of gruesome true-crime material. (It's loosely based on the criminal career of a mass murderer named Henry Lee Lucas.) The movie's Henry (Michael Rooker) is a beefy, moronic-looking lug who lives in a miserable apartment with a creep named Otis (played, by Tom Towles, in a style that suggests a syphilitic Warren Oates) and Otis's sister, Becky (Tracy Arnold). Every now and then, Henry gets a sort of funny look in his eyes and goes out to kill somebody. Eventually, he starts taking Otis along, and Otis has a whale of a time; for a while, they videotape their exploits and watch them at home afterward. "Henry" plays like a hybrid of "Blood Feast" and "Stranger Than Paradise"; it mixes gore-movie carnage with Jarmusch-style aimless minimalism. Sure, it's compelling; the nature of the material guarantees that. But it doesn't seem to be telling us much more than that the world is a scary place and murder is ugly. We knew those things. This is tabloid chic. The screenplay is by John McNaughton and Richard Fire; McNaughton directed.—T.R. (4/23/90) (Angelika Film Center; through May 10.)

I Love You to Death—When Joey (Kevin Kline), the self-admiring pizzeria owner, walks down the street, his little rump is alert to everything. That's what gets him into trouble: he's surrounded by opportunities for seduction, and he's a practiced master of the art. Easing into conversation with a young beauty (Phoebe Cates) at a bar, he skillfully convinces her that the man she's with isn't worthy of her and she apologizes for being with such a second-rate guy. You can't dislike the narcissistic Italian-American Joey; he's essentially innocent. That's why it takes so long for his loving wife (Tracey Ullman) to see what's going on. When her eyes are opened, she gives in to her hardbitten Yugoslavian mother (Joan Plowright), who arranges to have Joey killed. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, from John Kostmayer's script, this amiably slack screwball farce is based on an actual case in which five botched attempts were made on an errant husband's life. The picture is often on the verge of being really funny, but it doesn't have much energy, and it lacks comic precision until (near the end) the wildly gifted Miriam Margolyes, who plays Joey's mother, whacks him on his bandaged head; her explosive timing lifts the scene sky-high. Kevin Kline is a little too conscious of his deadpan style, but Keanu Reeves and William Hurt are a fine pair of dopeheads who hire on as hit men. (Reeves shows a flair for spaced-out clowning.) Plowright has a few near-inspired routines, and River Phoenix, playing a busboy, comes through as a giddy comedian. Watching the cast, you may feel tolerant, the way you do watching a bunch of boisterous pros enjoying themselves in a sloppy summer-stock production.—P.K. (Loews 19th Street East 6, and Gemini. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through May 10.)

Miami Blues—This is a pungent, blithely violent thriller—a B movie that doesn't aspire, or pretend, to be anything else. The director, George Armitage, works in a style so laconic and offhand that it could almost pass for nihilistic. It's just low-key professionalism, really, but that's a refreshing quality these days. Armitage knows how to keep the story moving and the action clear, how to find odd, amusing things in crummy locations, and how to stay out of the actors' way. And the actors shine. Alec Baldwin, playing a chipper young psychopath called Junior Frenger, gives a witty, volatile performance. Fred Ward—who is one of the film's producers—plays an amiable, denture-wearing police detective, Hoke Moseley; using an assortment of grins (some, alarmingly, chopperless) and dirty growls, he gives the character an admirable vitality. In the difficult role of Susie—a sweet-natured hooker who becomes Junior's girlfriend—Jennifer Jason Leigh is a delight; she has the intelligence and the originality to play the dumb, childish character with absolute gravity. The movie is nothing to get terribly excited about; in classic B-movie style, it's designed to go nowhere, fast. But it wears its craftiness and its essential no-goodness proudly, like a wiry ex-con with a "Born to Lose" tattoo.—T.R. (4/23/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through May 10.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Quad Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Festival.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment.—T.R. (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, 8th St. Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

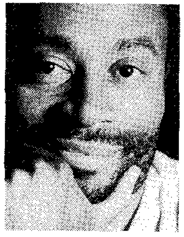
His work is all play

YO-YO MA

Summer camp
for
Yo-Yo Ma
is Tanglewood.
Where
some of the
greatest musicians
of our time
gather to teach,
to learn,
and to make
extraordinary music
together.

EMANUEL AX

BOBBY McFERRIN

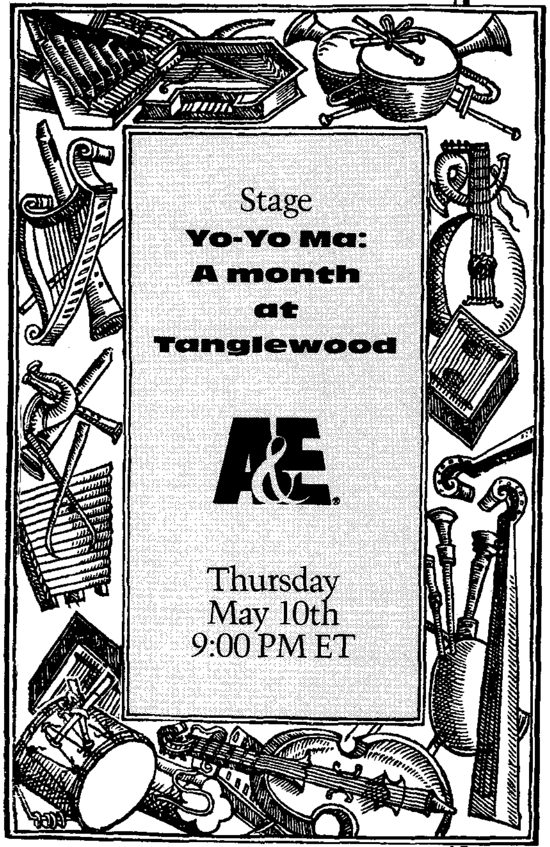


ISAAC STERN

Join them for
an intimate
portrait of music
in the making.

Hosted by Stacy Keach.

"IBM is pleased to bring you
this Spotlight Presentation of
Yo-Yo Ma: A Month at Tanglewood."



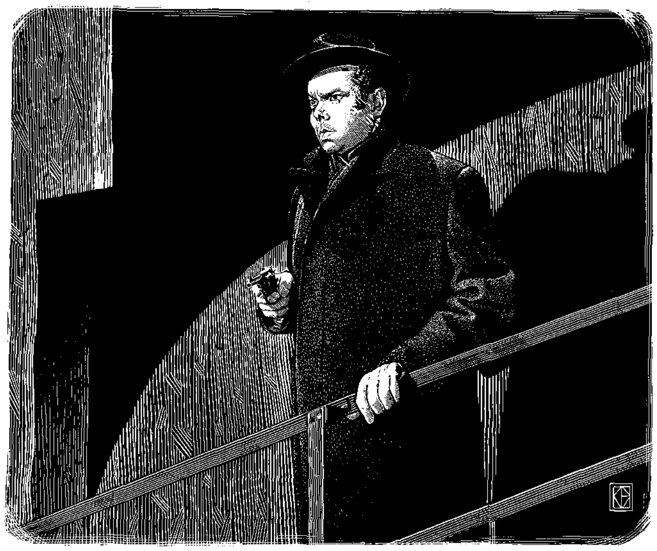
Stage

**Yo-Yo Ma:
A month
at
Tanglewood**

A&E®

Thursday
May 10th
9:00 PM ET

© 1990 Arts & Entertainment Network HEARST/ABC/NBC.



Orson Welles in "The Third Man"

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT (1986)—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16 mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Spike Lee himself as the jive artist Mars.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting May 16.)

SIDEWALK STORIES—This low-budget first feature by Charles Lane—he's the writer, producer, director, and star—is a sweet-natured fable about homelessness in New York City. Lane plays a young sidewalk portrait artist who rescues a two-year-old girl (Nicole Alysia) after her father has been killed in a fight; the story is no more than a serviceable frame for a series of vignettes about the rigors of life on the street. Very consciously, the film evokes Chaplin: it's shot in black and white; there's no dialogue (until the last three or four minutes); Lane's character is resourceful, tenderhearted, and small (in one scene, he's menaced by a gigantic rival artist played by Tom Hoover, who was once a center for the Knicks); and the humor is of the universal variety, tending toward poignancy. It's easy to see why Lane believes that the Chaplin style is appropriate to today's urban conditions. He's not inventive enough, though—the comic adventures of the artist and the kid don't have the surprise of specific observation, and the absence of dialogue has the unfortunate effect of making all the characters seem a little simpleminded. The movie is never as bad as you fear it's going to be—Lane keeps the action brisk and lively—but you're always aware that it's a bit of a stunt. Also with Sandye Wilson. The cinematography, by Bill Dill, and the score, by Marc Marder, are first-rate.—T.R. (Cinema Village; starting May 16.)

STOP MAKING SENSE (1985)—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment (three screens used for backlit slide projections); there's no glitter, no sleaze. The sound seems better than live sound; it *is* better—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. The movie was shot during three performances at the Hollywood Pantages Theatre, in December, 1983; the cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth.—P.K. (Cinema Village; May 11-12.)

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES—A tacky, lighthearted parody of crime-wave movies—camp for kiddies. As babies, the four turtles were let loose in radioactive muck; they mutated into hip, English-speaking, people-size turtles who live in the dark sewers of New York City and send out for pizza. Their mentor, the wise old rat Splinter, has trained them in the martial arts, and they fight the criminal legions led by the Japanese, Darth Vader-like Shredder. Their human friends are the TV newswoman April O'Neil (Judith Hoag) and the daredevil Casey Jones (Elias Koteas). Everything in the movie has a playful, pop familiarity, and the jokey allusions to other movies are easy for young kids to grasp. The four turtles (stunt men in getups devised by Jim Henson's Creature Shop) are not as individualized as one might hope, but Splinter has an Alice-in-Wonderland creepiness. The director, Steve Barron, is casual with Hoag and Koteas, who blend in gracefully; he can't do much for the preachy subplot involving a father and son who misunderstand each other. (The flashbacks are the most fun.) The story is based on the comic-book characters devised in 1983 by Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman.—P.K. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE THIRD MAN (1950)—The most famous collaboration of the director Carol Reed and the screenwriter Graham Greene has the structure of a good suspense thriller and an atmosphere of baroque, macabre decadence. The simple American, Joseph Cotten, arrives in postwar Vienna to meet an old friend, only to be told that the friend has been killed in an accident. In trying to discover the facts, Cotten learns so much about his friend that when he finally finds him alive he wants him dead. Orson Welles' portrait of the friend, Harry Lime, is a study of corruption—evil, witty, unreachable. It's balanced against Trevor Howard's quietly elegant underplaying of the Army officer who teaches the simple American some of the uglier facts of life. There is an ambiguity about our relation to the Cotten character: he is alone against the forces of the city and, in a final devastating stroke, he is even robbed of the illusion that the girl (Alida Valli) is interested in him, yet his illusions are so commonplace that his disillusion does not strike us deeply. Greene has made him a shallow, ineffectual, well-meaning American. Robert Krasker's cinematography won the Academy Award. The zither music is by Anton Karas.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting May 16.)

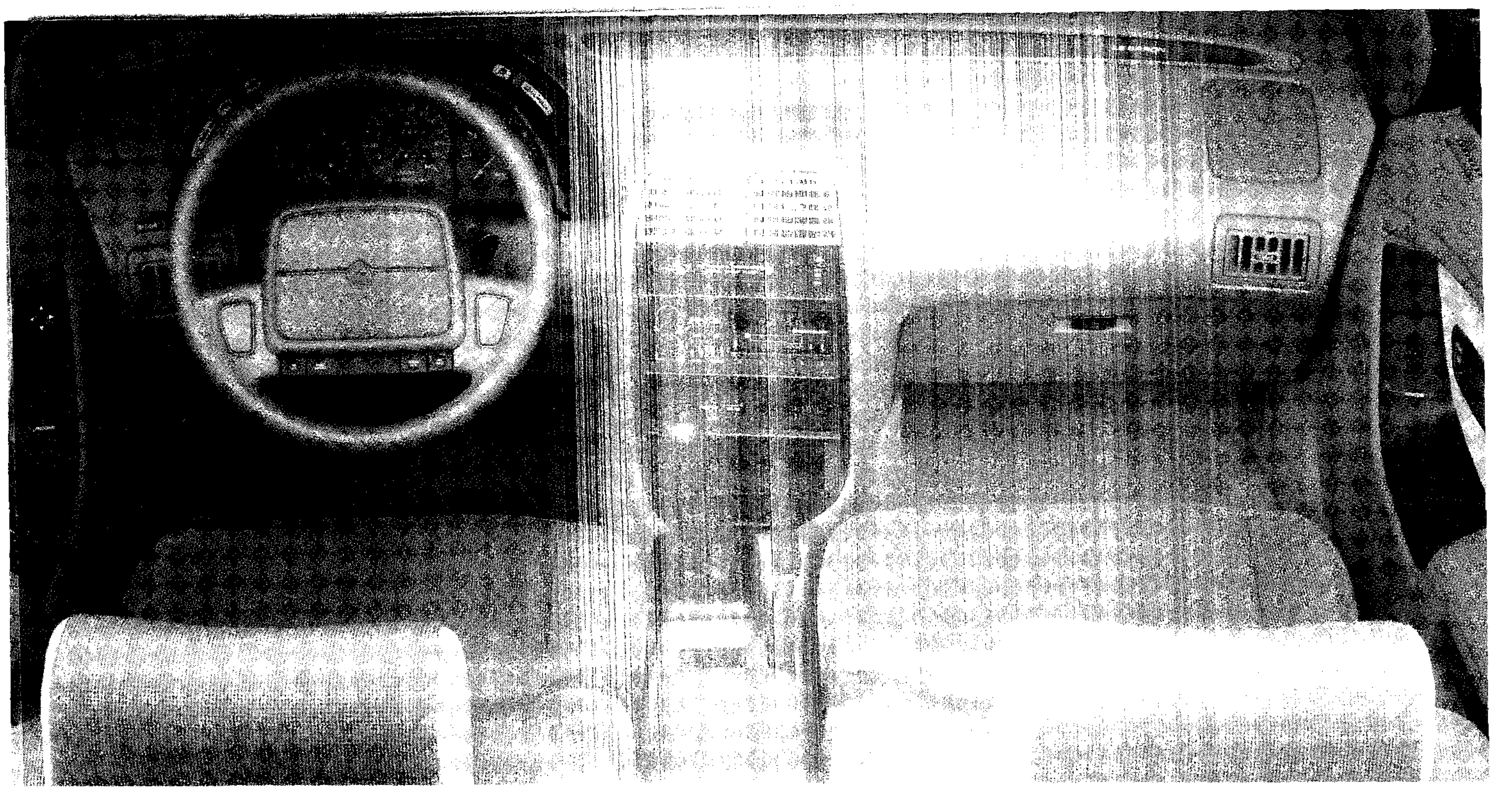
TIE ME UP! TIE ME DOWN!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. He doesn't have anything to say right now, and he seems to be having trouble keeping his spirits up, but he soldiers on, throwing in all his familiar motifs and trying to give the illusion that he's as peppy as ever. But nothing he tries really helps much; the movie remains stalled, inert. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. Screenplay by Almodóvar. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Josef von Sternberg's 1928 "The Docks of New York" (playing May 13 and 18 at the Museum of Modern Art) is a romantic waterfront melodrama about a rough, brawny coal stoker (George Bancroft) who saves a woman (Betty Compson) from suicide, marries her without a license (in a saloon), and then finds himself torn between his new love and his old, wandering ways.

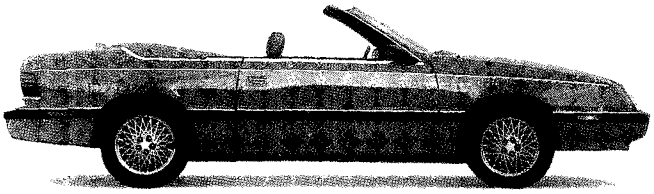
The film is thin, but von Sternberg knew how to use visual zing to fill a seventy-four-minute running time. It's good, unclean fun, and if you've seen later collaborations between von Sternberg and the screenwriter, Jules Furthman (such as "Morocco" and "Shanghai Express"), you'll recognize here the roots of their specialty: characters who end up behaving better than they think they can. The décor, the camera movements (the cinematographer was Harold Rosson), and the positioning of the actors in the frame work with Furthman's shrewd orchestration of incidents for a unified effect. The whole movie revels in gritty, seedy glamour.

Von Sternberg's emphasis on mood and gesture can get silly: Bancroft takes forever to doff his coat and cap before he leaps into the harbor to save Compson. And in the course of a night and a day the hero jumps into the water twice and douses himself with a keg of beer without ever changing his clothes. But von Sternberg and Furthman gave their star crowd-pleasing bits of business. At one point, a hostile bloke with a beer mug blocks Bancroft's path into a bar. When he tosses the guy out of the way and steals his beer, and then brings a chair down on his head, it's classic action-hero iconography. Compson, who has a modern, lissome figure, puts together sensational combinations of innocence and world-weariness. She is playing a woman who wishes she didn't know what time it is, and her eyes are like sundials registering the come-ons of the men around her.

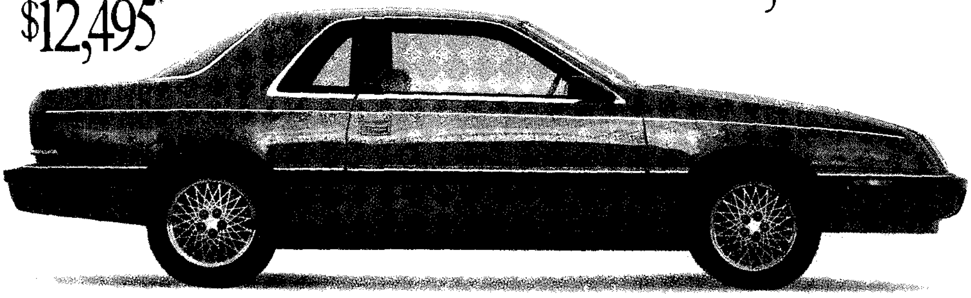
TWELVE ANGRY MEN (1957)—This ingenious melodrama set in a jury room generates more suspense than most thrillers; the battle begins with the jury eleven to one, and the spectator is keyed to watch for those points in the heat and frustration of argument when each juror will begin to seek the truth. Both Reginald Rose's script (a reworking of his teleplay) and Sidney Lumet's direction are so surefire that the movie has the crackle of a hit; it was, however, a commercial failure. The social psychology of the film is attuned to the educated audience. The hero, Henry Fonda, the one against the eleven, is its hero—a liberal, fair-minded architect. And the victim is its dream victim: he is a slum product who never had a chance; he's a member of some unspecified minority; and to clinch the case, his father didn't love him. The eleven are a cunningly selected cross-section of humanity. With Lee J. Cobb, Jack Warden, E. G. Marshall, Ed Begley, Martin Balsam, and Jack Klugman.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 15.)



The advantage of the 1990 Chrysler LeBaron is not just the new ergonomic interior. It's the price.



$14,995*



$12,495*

You're not going to find advantages like this in any luxury import from Japan. Even if they could match the features, they'll never match the price. And none of them have anything like our LeBaron convertible, the world's best-seller.

For 1990, LeBaron has a totally redesigned cockpit with reclining bucket seats. The new ergonomic instrument panel is engineered with fast-read analog gauges, including tachometer and on-board trip computer.

Also standard are the advantages of automatic transmission, power-assisted 4-wheel disc brakes, power steering, even power windows.

And every LeBaron is engineered to protect you with a driver-side air bag, standard.

Also for 1990, LeBaron offers the widest choice of engines in its class. From our powerful 2.5-liter balanced shaft engine...to a new 3-liter V-6 with multi-point fuel injection...and our sophisticated high-torque turbos. All with the advantage of Chrysler's 7/70 power train protection.**

Let's face it. Today, the luxury advantage comes from Chrysler.

7/70

For information, please call
1-800-4A-CHRYSLER
Available at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer

Chrysler

Advantage: Chrysler.

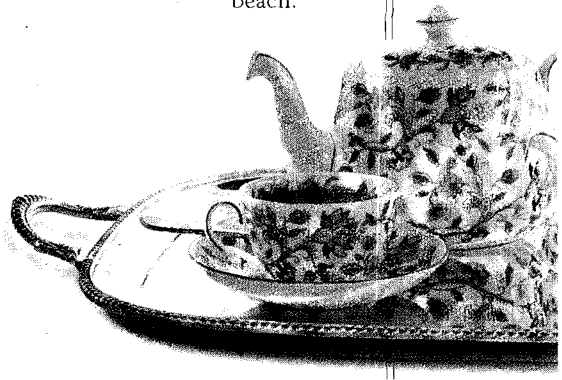
*Base sticker price. Title, taxes, destination charges extra. **See limited warranty at dealer. Restrictions apply.

BERMUDA SHORTS

A QUICK LOOK AT ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST ENCHANTING PLACES.

TEA AND SCONES, MADAM?

Thanks to our British heritage, we adore our teatime. Even if it means leaving the beach.

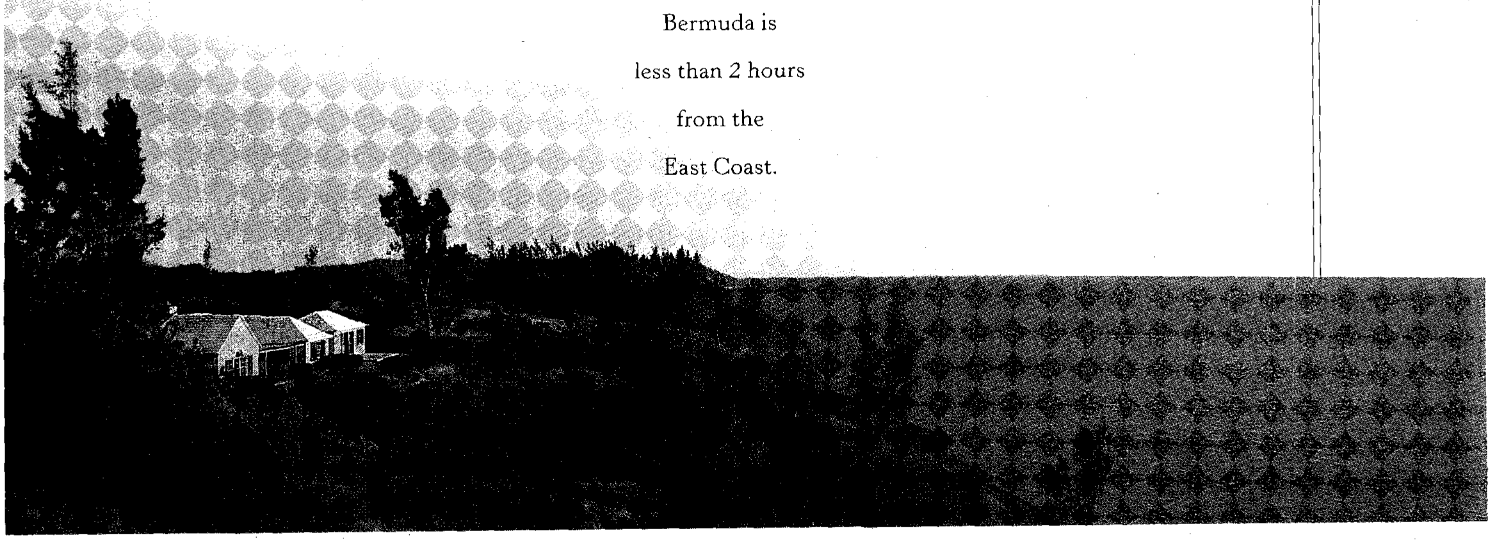


HAPPY FACES.

The people of Bermuda are wonderfully civilized. No matter how small.

FAR FROM EVERYTHING. YET CLOSE TO AMERICA.

Bermuda is less than 2 hours from the East Coast.



Call your travel agent or: 1-800-BERMUDA

BERMUDA. A SHORT TRIP TO THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON March 29th, President Bush made a speech about AIDS—his first on the subject since taking office—to a group of business and labor leaders. In it he said, among other things, that he supported a bill currently pending in Congress which forbids discrimination (chiefly in employment) against people with AIDS; that compassion and appropriate care should be extended to those with the disease; and that, in general, the government's health agencies were "on a wartime footing" in respect to the epidemic.

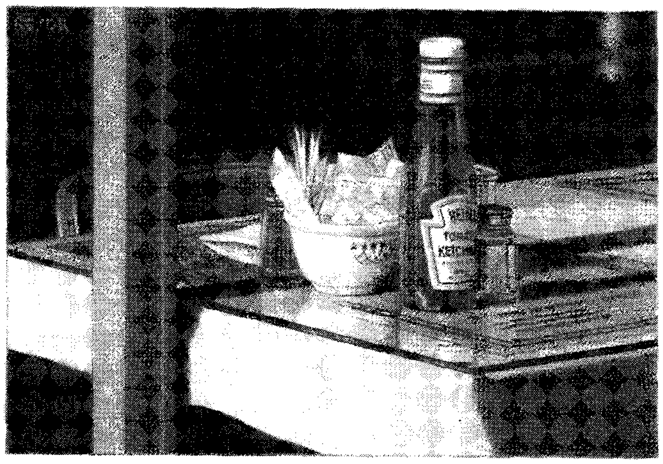
The President's remarks elicited a predictable pattern of response. As usual, few people criticized his use of military language—with its inherent, if perhaps unintended, promise of quick action, and its implied notion of an "enemy." And many were prompt to praise the symbolic importance of the speech. Donald S. Goldman, who is a member of the National Commission on AIDS, an advisory group appointed by Congress and the President, told the *Times* that although the talk was six years late the President had nonetheless "set a standard for himself" by adopting such a compassionate manner, and added, "It is important to note that the President made the speech."

Other commentators were not so kind. The President said that he had asked Congress for three and a half billion dollars for AIDS programs in 1991. Critics remarked that after Medicaid and Medicare entitlements and various miscellaneous expenses are deducted the Bush request comes to about one and three-quarters billion dollars. Others pointed out that the President had made no mention of a measure, sponsored by Senators Edward M. Kennedy and Orrin G. Hatch and supported by a range of AIDS experts, that would provide six hundred million dollars in federal disaster relief to cities hit hard by AIDS. And still others noted that the two legislative measures that had the President's support—the anti-discrimination bill and the money for AIDS programs—did not speak to the most pressing needs. Jeffrey Braff, who is the executive director of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, a social-service agency in New York, said, "What good does it do to stop AIDS discrimination in the workplace if people cannot get the proper medical care that allows them to live and work with AIDS? And what help is protection in housing if people with AIDS cannot afford long-term home care but, rather, are forced into overcrowded hospitals?"

Several weeks after the President's speech, the National Commission on AIDS issued a report that reiterated the complaints about the government's AIDS policies and added a few others, chiefly in the area of education. For instance, it said that, because of the regulations governing the makeup of local advisory panels on AIDS, federally funded educational materials often do not address target groups—intravenous-drug users, especially—in an appropriately frank manner. The commission's major allegation, however, was that the government is without an "effective national strategy" for dealing with the epidemic; that is, there is no leadership.

Lack of leadership is not unique to the AIDS situation, of course; it is something pointed out by advisory boards looking into almost any serious social question. The AIDS-leadership question, however, is much more complex. It's not just a matter of practical concerns—bureaucracies, scientific assumptions, legislative support—but also a matter of creating a climate in which leadership can emerge. It's difficult enough for politicians to step forward on issues less psychologically loaded; when it comes to AIDS, they must face individual and collective anxieties about almost everything—sex, race, drugs, death.

The question of AIDS leadership is also related to America's role in a changing international order—to a sense that the spotlight has been turned away from us, perhaps for good. Feelings of self-doubt can have devastating effects. For example, the recent coverage of the results, however preliminary, of a promising new treatment for AIDS—orally administered alpha interferon—might not have been so slow if the tests had been conducted at the National Institutes of Health, say, rather than at a clinic in Kenya. And would a govern-



ment open to ideas from all quarters have maintained visa restrictions on HIV-infected foreigners who wish to attend medical conferences here, as the Bush Administration still does? Administration officials insist that in this area, as in others connected with AIDS—drug testing, education, research—they are moving as fast as is reasonable. Yet one can't help concluding that the government's pale efforts to stem the epidemic continue to demonstrate an enormous failure of political nerve. "What is all too evident to the commission," Dr. David Rogers, co-chair of the National Commission on AIDS, said, "is a critical lack of any top-level Federal group clearly accountable and capable of swift, authoritative action."

•

A MEDICAL historian visiting Budapest writes:

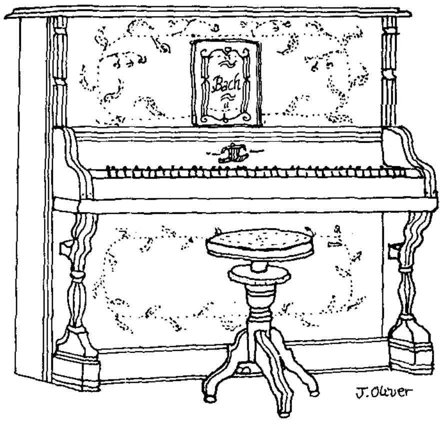
A dozen years ago, I needed Hungarian archival material, and I wrote to the director of the Semmelweis Museum of Medical History, in Budapest. He had exactly what I was looking for, and sent it to me by what must have been return mail. In several subsequent exchanges of letters, the director, Dr. József Antall, revealed himself to be a man of considerable wisdom and kindness. When I arrived here this spring, nothing seemed more natural than that I should get in touch with my old pen pal, but, of course, some astonishing things had happened since he and I were last in touch. The man with whom I planned to discuss a common interest in medical history had recently found himself a new job, as a leader of Democratic Forum, the political-reform coalition, and was about to become the Prime Minister of Hungary.

There could have been no place more appropriate for two medical historians to have a leisurely chat on a quiet evening than the one that Antall chose—his own personal kingdom, the Semmelweis Museum, on Apród Street, near the center of Budapest. As he strode into the room where I was waiting, he looked just as unsmiling and ill at ease as journalists have recently described him, but his greeting was warm; though we had never met before, he gripped my hand with the welcome of an old friend. Then he excused himself for a moment and returned with two small brandy glasses and a bottle of Polish vodka, as if that in itself were a political statement.

It is well known among European medical historians that over the years Antall had made of his institute a virtual safe house of scholarship, where, as he put it that evening, "no one had to accept any kind of ideological force." Older scholars who had been persecuted by the authorities in the past were protected there, and many younger ones were guided through an oppressive Soviet-style system in which their political views might otherwise have destroyed careers aborning. Antall said, "No member of the Communist Party ever worked at the Semmelweis Museum or its library," and it is a measure of his moral stature that he was able not only to get away with this policy but to create one of the most highly respected institutions of its kind anywhere in the world.

I asked Antall whether this sort of accomplishment was transferable to an entire nation. Was the moral authority of the Prime Minister enough, for example, to guarantee freedom and safety for minorities, and particularly for Jews, who were reported to be once again living in fear, because of a recent upsurge of anti-Semitic statements and slogans in many Hungarian cities?

He hesitated at first, and then said, "In truth, there is a tradition of anti-Semitism in Central Europe, and it does exist here in Hungary." But he made a firm distinction between, on the one hand, talk and thought and, on the other, overt action, which he claims has so far not occurred. "In my opinion, there is at the present time no danger of anti-Semitic acts in Hungary," he said. "But if there were such an event it would get an immediate strong response from Democratic Forum or any government in which Democratic Forum takes part."



Antall unquestionably believes what he says. It remains to be seen whether he has as much control over events as we might wish. But he has a record that is clean and uncompromised, and for that reason he is Hungary's best hope, and the people in the streets of Budapest trust him.

There are also other reasons to trust him. One of them is his concept of liberty. "Just remember that, beginning with the Hungarian reform movement of the eighteen-thirties, the most important root of our political thinking was American liberal democracy," he told me. "By 1834, the writings of Jefferson, Adams, and your other fathers were being widely read here. By 1846, Tocqueville had been translated into Hungarian, though he was still almost unknown in the rest of Europe. Is it any wonder that Hungarians have always had a great emotional attachment to your country? I myself, at the age of fifteen, wrote an essay, inspired by reading Walter Lippmann in Hungarian, on the idea of Atlantic thought—a unity with the Western democracies. And remember, also, that it is the Hungarian people who played the pioneer role in the dissolution of Soviet supremacy. It is we who pushed the domino."

As we were saying our goodbyes, I told my host, as many others have, that he really should smile more. He is not a man who seems to pay much attention to his appearance or to the personal impression he makes. He has the heavy-lidded eyes of a tired scholar, his complexion is nearly ashen, his socks droop. Yet when he does allow himself a rare, and apparently somewhat grudging, grin, color and energy appear, and he becomes almost handsome. Then anyone can see what the historians of medicine have always known about him—that he is a man of honor and commitment. Still, there is something about his very lack of élan that inspires confidence. "Come back," he said as I opened the door leading out onto Apród Street. "I'll smile more after I have accomplished something."

• •

Desolate

WHEN Deputy Mayor Robert Esnard suggested last year that a prison could be built on North Brother

"Yes! __Put__ me on a pedestal!"

Island, the idea didn't make much of a splash. After all, Governor Cuomo had proposed the same thing back in 1984. For that matter, New York has been trying for more than a century to figure out what to do with North Brother, a twenty-three-acre chunk of rock in the East River about fifteen hundred feet off the Bronx near Hunts Point. At one time or another, it has been turned into or envisioned as the site of a hospital, a waste-disposal plant, a park area, a student-dormitory complex, a moderate-income-housing center, a drug-treatment colony, and a casino, but for the last twenty-seven years North Brother Island has been left to fall into ruin.

Deciding to save City Hall a few dollars by conducting our own survey of the island, we got in touch with the Coast Guard, and one cold and rainy morning recently three of its representatives picked us up in a launch at the South Street Seaport and handed us an orange flotation suit. Once we had put it on, the launch started up the river. Our escorts had been past the island many times but knew nothing about it, so we told them what we knew. (This is the first of several flashbacks.) A Dutch sea captain discovered North Brother in the seventeenth century, and its original name was Gesellen, meaning "companion" or "mate." Along with South Brother Island, a thousand feet away, it had a series of private owners until 1871, and then the town of Morrisania bought North Brother, for forty thousand dollars. South Brother, about half its size, is still privately owned and, as far as is known, has never been inhabited.

We looked ahead and could see North Brother emerge in ugly profile out of a gray fog, squatting Alcatrazlike in the middle of the river. The Coast Guard men, passing up the gnarled wooden pilings of an old ferry slip, tied up at a concrete dock that had broken into several great slabs. We began our exploration tentatively, struggling through snarls of mugwort. The silent husks of the island's buildings—there are fifteen of them—gaped at us. Several were big houses of brick and shingles, some with dormers, some with dilapidated wooden porches. These dated from the turn of the century and looked like something out of Bram Stoker or H. P. Lovecraft. The rain fell harder, and we began to feel the island's utter isolation, which was what had inspired the city to buy it, in 1880, and build Riverside Hospital there, for victims of contagious diseases like smallpox, measles, and tuberculosis. (We're now in the second flashback.) The island's best-known resident was undoubtedly Mary Mallon, a.k.a. Typhoid Mary—the cook who between 1900 and 1915 caused at least fifty-three cases of typhoid and three deaths. Imprisoned on North Brother for twenty-six years, she had a cottage of her own and worked in the hospital laboratory; occasionally, she was allowed to leave the island to visit a Queens family, though they were not particularly happy to see her. Mary's casualty list paled, however, in comparison with that of the steamboat General Slocum, which caught fire in the East River and ran aground on North Brother on June 15, 1904. It was one of New York's worst disasters; more than a thousand people were killed, and the bodies were laid out on the shore until relatives could identify them.

Wherever we looked was junk; laundry carts, smashed sinks and toilets, bedpans, metal lockers, pieces of oil drums were scattered in and around the buildings. Toggles of a switch box in a four-story building that must have been the nurses' quarters were still clearly marked "Gongs 1," "Gongs 2," "Trouble Circuit," "Time Delay." The automotive shop yielded an engine-maintenance manual, which may have belonged to the rusted shell of a car—a 1948 Dodge, it looked like—that reposed in a nearby garage. Its hood and tires were missing, and its trunk was punctured by what appeared to be seven bullet holes.

We stepped into the island's old school, P.S. 619. The principal's office was still identified by a sign, and the gym had one basketball backboard in place (no hoop). A chalked message on a classroom blackboard read "I Was Here 9/1/88 Ice Man." The shapes of hammers, tin snips, and pliers were painted in yellow inside the shop's tool locker. Wood- and metalworking, ceramics, and tailoring were among the activities open to the teen-age drug addicts who were North Brother's last residents (and the subjects of this, the final flashback). "These early applicants were certainly no 'boy scouts,' " one official report stated, but it added, "They frequently congregate in the evenings for impromptu musical sessions, largely devoted to the rhythmic beating of home-made drums." Jamming, however, couldn't alter the high cost of treatment or the rate of recidivism—of twenty-five hundred and five patients over eleven years, only forty were cured—and the facility closed in July, 1963.

Finally, we arrived at the main building, the tuberculosis pavilion, which was a couple of hundred feet long and looked like a combination of castle and asylum. The residents had painted pictures on the walls of some second-floor wards. One surrealistic work depicted an apple, a tiny halberd, and a long red chili pepper that was crossed by a twig and mounted on a crucifix. Another was of an eye floating in the sky beside a misshapen human being with a flipper for a leg. The figure had an enormous shock of hair, and dangling from it was a watch set at three o'clock. We got out as fast as we could.

Permanence

"BECAUSE he cares only about the ineffable, and because his favorite material is steel, George Tsypin is the designer of theatrical sets best qualified to design Heaven and/or Hell." Who said that? Well, *we* did, just now. Mr. Tsypin, who designed Peter Sellars' "Don Giovanni" (set in Spanish Harlem), lives in an apartment on a very domestic street in Queens—the Queens of neat houses and churches. (He used the neon sign on the church across the street for "Don Giovanni.") His roof has the look of the alienated present, though. (Tar-paper roofing underfoot must be like Hell in summer, and he used *that* in a show he did in L.A.) He was born in the Soviet Union in 1954, attended the Institute of Architecture in Moscow (it's near the K.G.B.), came to America in 1979, and ended up studying theatre design.

Mr. Tsypin's set designs reflect his architectural background and also his interest in permanence: on the one hand, it is very difficult for Mr. Tsypin to believe that anything is actually here; on the other hand, it is hard for him to accept that it is going away. He is a philosopher of sorts, and he plans to invite Marshall Berman, the author of "All That Is Solid Melts Into Air— The Experience of Modernity," to participate in a discussion group at a gallery show of his pieces, which is something he is working on. "All that is solid melts into air" is a phrase out of Marx, by the way, and it may be that as Marxism ceases to be a political program it will become a philosophy. In any case, Marx brings us back to Russia, and Mr. Tsypin's architectural background. In his designs for such shows as Mr. Sellars' "Ajax" and JoAnne Akalaitis's version of Genet's "The Screens" (as well as the aforementioned "Don Giovanni") Mr. Tsypin is really designing cities, worlds, cosmologies. Big landscapes, that is. At the Institute of Architecture, he studied urban planning, but he also studied physics, literature, and mathematics. Apparently, at the Institute of Architecture, as opposed to here, one was required to know everything, but, Mr. Tsypin says, everyone there "lived with this incredible tension," which is, of course, the same as here.

Mr. Tsypin (who is dark-haired and gentle-looking) was born in a town the name of which he does not remember or chooses not to focus on. We told Mr. Tsypin we had heard that he was born in exile.

"You heard that? Then it must be true," he said.

"You were born *very far away*? Where were you born?" we asked.

"Well, you see, the place— nobody knows if it's Asia or Europe, you know?" he said. "The name of that place is so complicated. But it's in the south of Kazakhstan, which is almost like a border with Iran. It's south, and the climate there is so unbelievable. It's unbearably hot. It's like tropical during the summer. Well, you know, it used to be so vague until last year I went to Morocco, and I realized it's as if I'd been there before, you know, and then, all of a sudden, those ages came back. And then, of course, during the winter it's Siberia. We have to make this tunnel in the morning just to get out, because the snowstorms are so unbelievable."

"What sort of place were you living in?" we asked. "A house? An igloo?"

"It's like a little shack, you know? Exiles, you know?"

"The geography is interesting, since in talking about your work we are talking about other kinds of geographies."

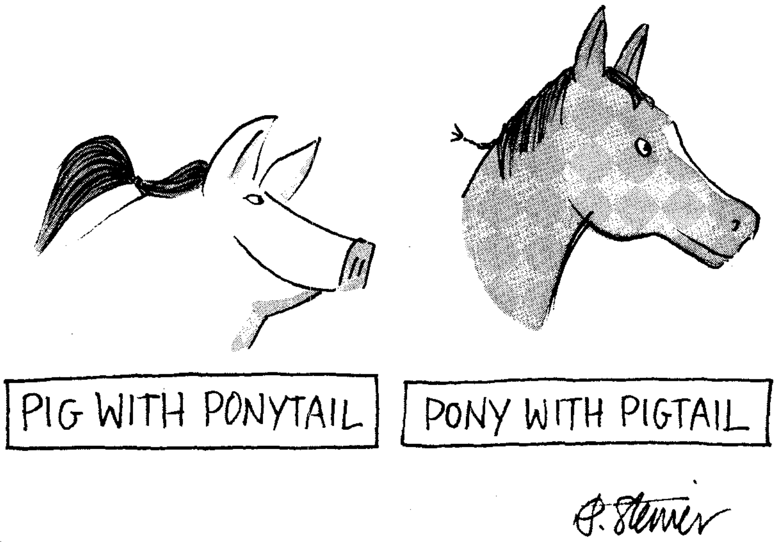
"That's true. In a way, it sits somewhere, I guess. You know, you have this strange feeling that you come from so far away. There was not a single— I mean, it's horrible to say, but there were no civilized people around, and my mother had just graduated from Moscow State University. You know, my father was a painter, and it was very strange. There was no bathroom anywhere within one thousand miles."

"Were the costumes pretty at all?"

"It's very specific. It's very colorful, kind of, you know. They *all* wear the same costume, made out of the same fabric. It's one fabric for the entire nation."

"But it was colorful? Red and yellow and . . ."

"Well, all the colors in the world. All the colors. It's very hard to describe. It's very specific. I can see it now. It's incredibly colorful. And yet it becomes so uniform, obviously, if everybody is wearing it. In time, we were allowed to move to Saratov, a slightly bigger city in the same area, you know, but a totally different world. The filth is something I really do remember. So in Saratov it was real. I mean, it was very provincial, but it was a real place. So my parents could work."



"Here's our chance to get the names of these places spelled out with perfect precision," we said.

"No, no, I really can't. Saratov is S-a-r-a-t-o-v, but the other, I'd have to go back."

"So the basic reference is to a landscape the name of which we can't really get to—would that be fair to say?"

"Well, yes," he said.

"And then we begin to build up from there?"

"Right. I mean, we have to start from nowhere."

Nowhere, collapse, obliteration, memory. These important Tsypinian concepts bring us to the important moment in his history which set him out on his journey toward permanence—or, at least, an exhibition in an art gallery: "I designed the sets for 'Seagull' at the Kennedy Center. It had four acts done in different colors—kind of like Rothko, very pure. The first act is blue, and then the second act is yellow/orange; the third act is real hot, it's red, and the last act is kind of green and purple. When the show was over, I just went to that space—and it's a *huge* theatre—and the sets were taken away, and the huge backdrops were folded, so in that total empty dark space all you saw was the whole thing. I mean, the backdrops were folded so neatly—you know, blue, yellow, red, and purple. And it was much more beautiful than the show itself, you know—it's just that tremendous space with the four packages—and I thought, That's what's left, that's the little memory of that show. On the one hand, that's the nature of theatre; at the same time, I'm the one who's stuck in the middle, you know, because my medium is permanent but the nature of it is, of course, ephemeral. So I felt I needed another way not necessarily to preserve but to keep exploring."

"Those piles of color were . . ."

"That was a little installation. So that was in the back of my mind, and then I met Carol Spector, who is an art dealer in Chicago. She saw my 'Tannhäuser' in Chicago, and as I talked to Carol the idea of an exhibition developed."

We asked Mr. Tsypin about tension.

"Well, for instance, my school, which is one of the most prestigious schools in Russia, is incredibly difficult. There is a very traditional way of teaching, where if you are going to be an architect you also have to paint, and you have to be a sculptor, and so many talented people are concentrated around the school, and yet the K.G.B. was right next door, and all the horrifying Soviet architecture all around. Maybe the most tension I ever got on the stage was at the Guthrie, in Minneapolis, for 'The Screens.' There was this second level above the stage. A fabric. It was fabric. Actors who had been onstage reappeared there on this level. It was the land of the dead. The whole idea is to take materials to the point where they become something else. We had to take the fabric back to the main beams of the theatre to attach it. And you had to stretch it. They had to stretch it so much that the tension was unbelievable.

"My favorite material is steel. I'm obsessed with metal. First of all, metal is very hard and dangerous, but at the same time it's flexible, and, you know, it rusts, and that's the most beautiful thing in the world. You know about Magnitogorsk, the big Russian city that is rusting away? The way the labor is organized. So completely out of date, but you can't close up the whole city. What are those people going to do? And it looks so powerful and so violent. So you see these so-called industrial ruins, one of the most beautiful things in the world. So much engineering thought went into it, it seems it has to create so much good, and yet it's totally useless, and you can't get rid of it, either."

We asked Mr. Tsypin about something else we had been told—that during the time he was at the Institute of Architecture famous older artists who had been associated with the Constructivist movement worked there in menial jobs.

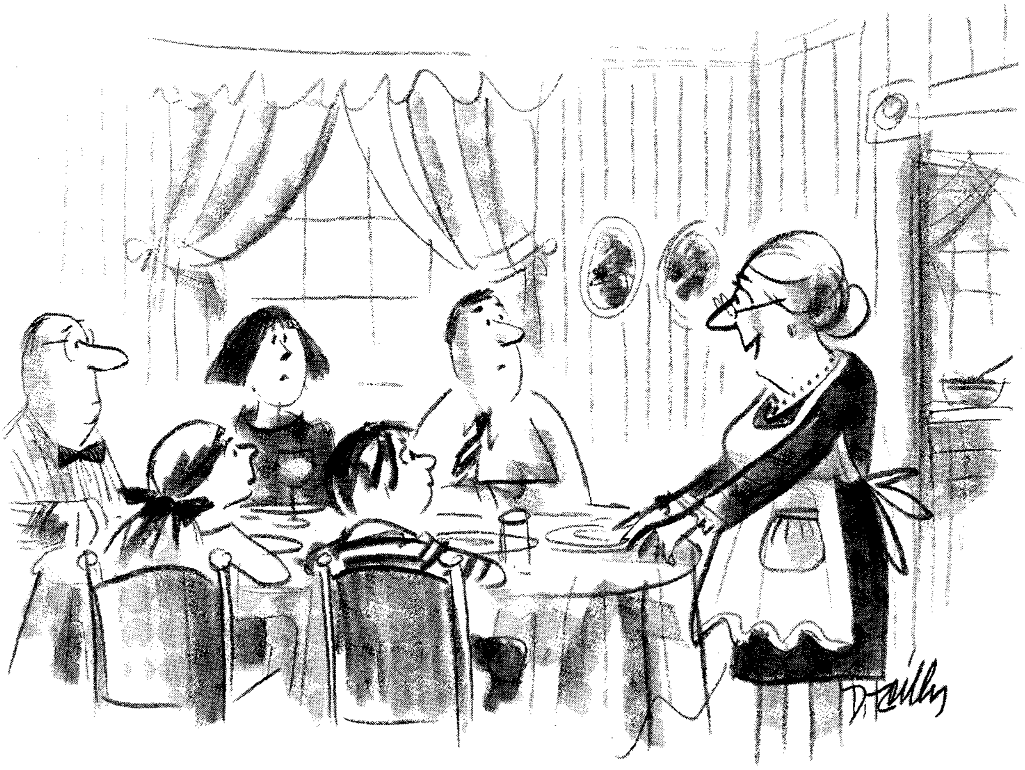
"When I worked in the Sculpture Department, there was this little old man who was kind of mixing plaster in the corner for a very small salary, and everyone abused him—no one took him seriously. He was one of the menial workers, it's true, and then it turned out he was one of the most famous Constructivists in the West. His work was published."

"Who was he?"

"I don't even know."

"We don't know the names?"

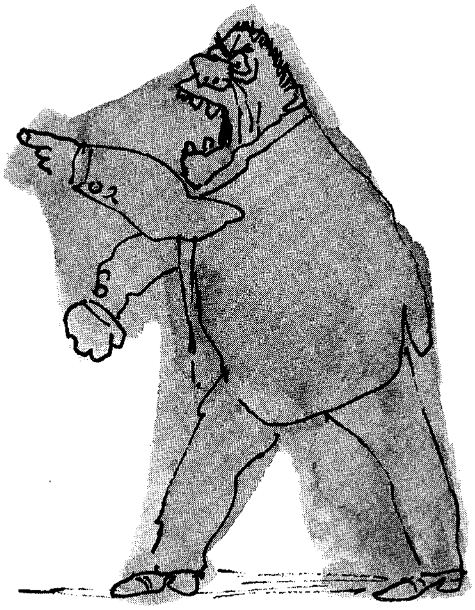
"I think that's the whole point. Things just get forgotten."

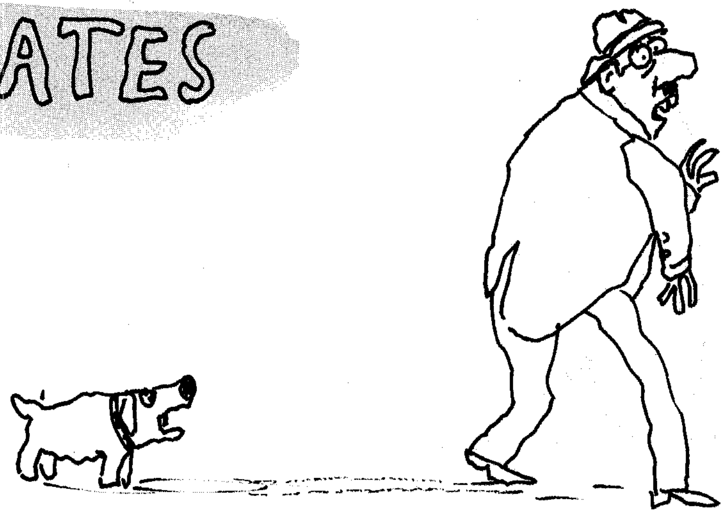


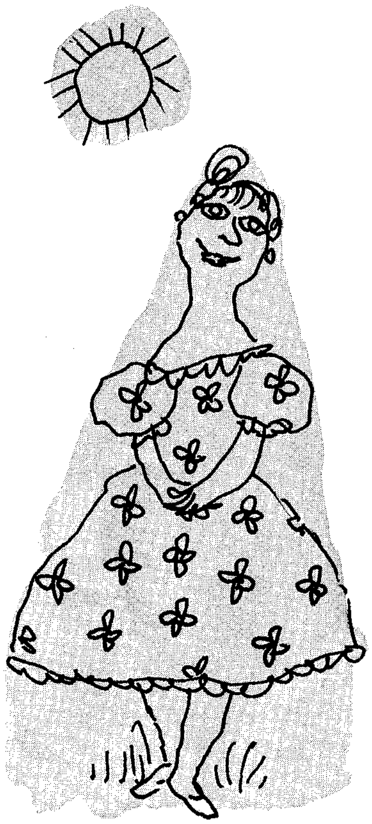
"Thank you all for coming. Starting next year, Mother's Days will find me at the Desert Palm Spa."

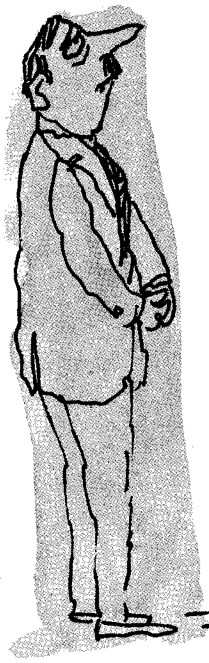
• •

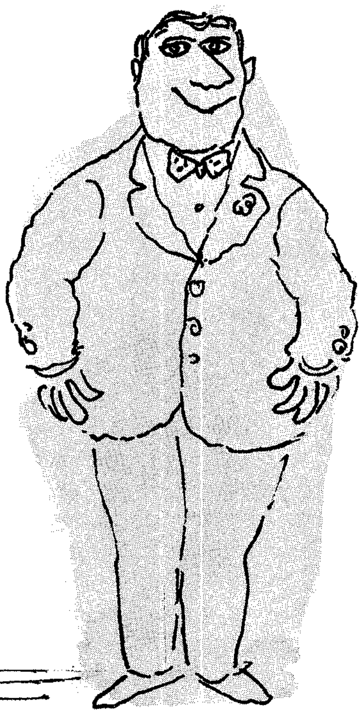
STATES

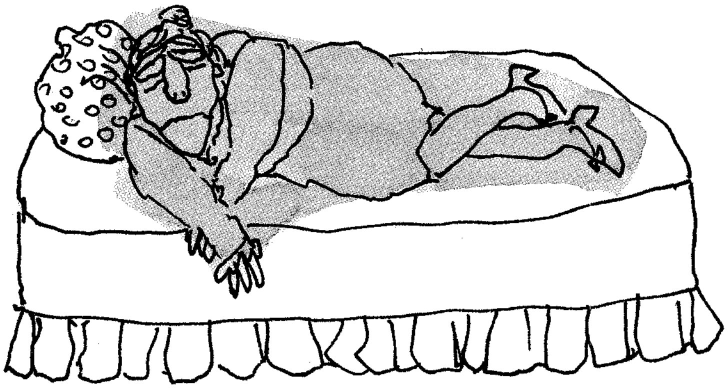


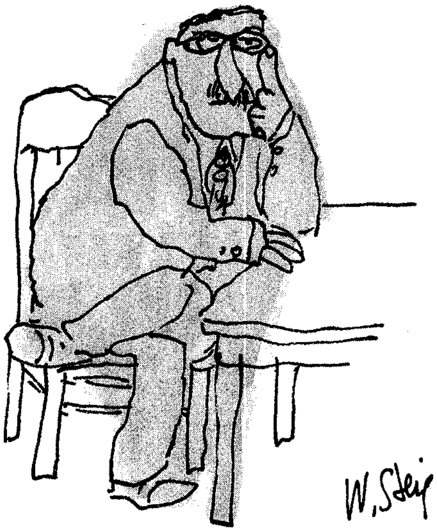












W. Steig

WILLING

IN her last picture the camera had lingered at the hip, the naked hip, and even though it wasn't her hip, she acquired a reputation for being willing.

"*You have the body*," studio heads told her over lunch at Chasen's.

She looked away. "Habeas corpus," she said, not smiling.

"Pardon me?" A hip that knew Latin. Christ.

"Nothing," she said. They smiled at her and dropped names. *Scorsese*, *Brando*. Work was all playtime to them, playtime with gel in their hair. At times Sidra felt bad that it *wasn't* her hip. It should have been her hip. A mediocre picture, a picture queasy with pornography: movies like these, she knew, eroticized the unavailable. The doctored and false. The stand-in. Unwittingly, she had participated. Let a hip come between. A false, unavailable, anonymous hip. She herself was true as a goddam dairy product, available as lunch whenever.

But she was pushing forty.

She began to linger in juice bars. Sit for entire afternoons in places called I Love Juicy or Orange-U-Sweet. She drank juice and smoked a cigarette now and then. She'd been taken seriously—once—she knew that. Projects had been discussed: Nina. Portia. Mother Courage with makeup. Now her hands trembled too much, even drinking juice, *especially* drinking juice, a Vantage wobbling between her fingers like a compass dial. She was sent scripts in which she was supposed to say lines she would never say, not wear clothes she would never not wear. She began to get obscene phone calls, and postcards signed "Oh, yeah, baby." Her boyfriend, a director with a growing reputation for expensive flops, a man who twice a week glowered at her Fancy Sunburst guppy and told it to get a job, became a Catholic and went back to his wife.

"Just when we were working out the bumps and chops and rocks," Sidra said. Then she wept.

"I know," he said. "I know."

And so she left Hollywood. Phoned her agent and apologized. Went home to Chicago, rented a room by the week at the Days Inn, drank sherry and grew a little plump. She let her life get dull, dull but with Hostess cakes. There were moments, moments bristling with deadness, when she looked out at her life and went "*What*?" Or worse, feeling interrupted and tired, "Wha-?" It had taken on the shape of a terrible mistake. She hadn't been given the proper tools to make a real life with, she decided, that was it. She'd been given a can of gravy and a hairbrush and told, "There you go." She'd stood there for years, blinking and befuddled, brushing the can with the brush.

Still, she was a minor movie star, once nominated for a major award. Mail came to her indirectly. A notice. A bill. A Thanksgiving card. But there was never a party, a dinner, an opening, an iced tea. One of the problems with people in Chicago, she remembered, was that they were never lonely at the same time. Their sadnesses occurred in isolation, lurched and spazzed, sent them spinning fizzily back into empty, padded corners, disconnected and alone.

She watched cable and ordered in a lot from a pizza place. A life of obscurity and radical calm. She rented a piano and practiced scales. She invested in the stock market. She wrote down her dreams in the morning to locate clues about what to trade. *Disney*, her dreams said once. *St. Jude Medical*. She made a little extra money. The words *cash cow* nestled in the side of her mouth like a cud. She got obsessed. She tried to be original—not a good thing with stocks—and she began to lose. When a stock went down, she bought more of it, to catch it on the way back up. She got confused. She took to staring out the window at Lake Michigan, the rippled slate of it like a blackboard gone bad.

"Sidra, *what* are you doing there?" shrieked her friend Tommy long distance over the phone. "What are you? You're living in some state that borders on North Dakota!" He was a screenwriter in Santa Monica. Once, a long time ago and depressed on Xtasy, they had slept together. He was gay, but they had liked each other very much.

"Maybe I'll get married," she said. She didn't mind Chicago. She thought of it as a cross between London and Queens, with a dash of Cleveland.

"Oh, *please*," he shrieked again. "What are you *really* doing?"

"Listening to seashore and self-esteem tapes," she said. She blew air into the mouthpiece of the phone.

"Sounds like dust on the needle," he said. "Maybe you should get the squawking-crickets tape. Have you *heard* the squawking-crickets tape?"

"I got a bad perm today," she said. "When I was only halfway through with the rod part, the building the salon's in had a blackout. There were men drilling out front who'd struck a cable."

"How awful for you," he said. She could hear him tapping his fingers. He had made himself the make-believe author of a make-believe book of essays called "One Man's Opinion," and when he was bored or inspired he quoted from it. She waited. "I was once in a rock band called Bad Perm," he said instead.

"Get out." She laughed.

His voice went hushed and worried. "What *are* you *doing* there?" he asked again.

HER room was a corner room where a piano was allowed. It was L-shaped, like a life veering off suddenly to become something else. It had a couch and two maple dressers, and was never as neat as she might have wanted it. She always had the "Do Not Disturb" sign on when the maids came by, and so things got a little out of hand. Wispy clumps of dust and hair, the size of small heads, bumped around in the corners. Smudges began to darken the moldings and cloud the mirrors. The bathroom faucet dripped, and, too tired to phone anyone, she tied a string around the end of it, guiding the drip quietly into the drain so that it wouldn't bother her anymore. Her only plant, facing east in the window, hung over the popcorn popper and dried to a brown crunch. On the ledge, a jack-o'-lantern she had carved for Halloween had rotted, melted, frozen, and now looked like a collapsed basketball—one she might have been saving for sentimental reasons, one from the Big Game! The man who brought her room-service breakfast each morning—two poached eggs and a pot of coffee—reported her to the assistant manager, and she received a written warning slid under the door.

On Fridays she visited her parents in Elmhurst. It was still hard for her father to look her in the eyes. He was seventy now. Ten years ago he had gone to the first movie she had ever been in, had seen her remove her clothes and dive into a pool. The movie was rated P.G., but he never went to another one. Her mother went to all of them and searched later for encouraging things to say. Even something small. She refused to lie. "I liked the way you said the line about leaving home, your eyes wide and your hands fussing with your dress buttons," she wrote. "That red dress was so becoming. You should wear bright colors!"

"My father takes naps a lot when I visit," she said to Tommy.

"Naps?"

"I embarrass him. He thinks I'm a whore hippie. A hippie whore."

"That's ridiculous. You're the most sexually conservative person I know."

"Yeah, well."

Her mother always greeted her warmly, puddle-eyed. These days she was reading thin paperback books by a man named Robert Valleys, a man who said that after observing all the suffering in the world—war, starvation, greed—he had discovered the cure: hugs.

Hug, hugs, hugs, hugs, hugs.

Her mother believed him. She squeezed so long and hard that Sidra, like an infant or a lover, became lost in *the feel and smell of her*—her sweet, dry skin, the gray peach-fuzz on her neck. "I'm so glad you left that den of iniquity," her mother said softly.

But Sidra still got phone calls from the den. At night, sometimes, the director phoned from a phone booth, desiring to be forgiven as well as to direct. "I think of all the things you might be thinking, and I say, *Oh, Christ.* I mean, do you think the things I sometimes think you do?"

"Of course," said Sidra. "Of course I think those things."

"*Of course! Of course* is a term that has no place in this conversation!"

When Tommy phoned she often felt a pleasure so sudden and flooding it startled her.

"God, I'm so glad it's you!"

"You have no right to abandon American filmmaking this way!" he would say, and she would laugh loudly, for minutes without stopping. She was starting to have two speeds: Coma and Hysteria. Two meals: breakfast and popcorn. Two friends: Charlotte Peveril and Tommy. She could hear the clink of his bourbon glass. "You are too gifted a person to be living in a state that borders on North Dakota."

"Iowa."

"Holy bejesus, it's worse than I thought. I'll bet they say that there. I'll bet they say 'bejesus.' "

"I live downtown. They don't say that here."

"Are you anywhere near Champaign-Urbana?"

"No."

"I went there once. I thought from its name that it would be a different kind of place. I kept saying to myself: champagne, ur*bah*na, *champagne*, ur*bah*na! Champagne! Urbana!" He sighed. "It was just this thing in the middle of a field. I went to a Chinese restaurant there and ordered my entire dinner with *extra* MSG."

"I'm in Chicago. It's not so bad."

"Not so bad. There are no movie people there. Sidra, what about your *acting talent*?"

"I have no acting talent."

"Hello?"

"You heard me."

"Yes, but for a minute there I thought maybe you had that dizziness thing again, that inner-ear imbalance."

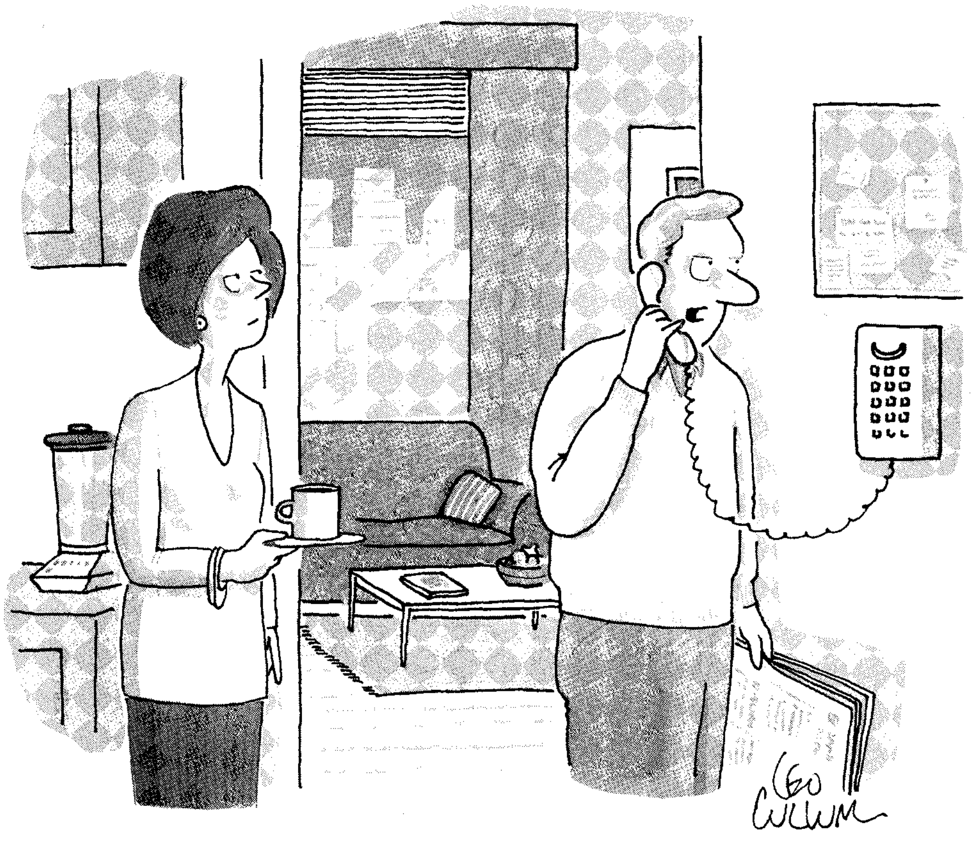
"Talent. I don't have *talent*. I have willingness. What *talent*?" As a kid she always told the raunchiest jokes. As an adult she could rip open a bone in herself and speak out of it. Simple, clear. There was never anything to stop her. Why was there never anything to stop her? "I can stretch out the neck of a sweater to point at a freckle on my shoulder. Anyone who didn't get enough attention in nursery school can do that. Talent is something else."

"Excuse me, O.K.? I'm only a screenwriter. But someone's got you thinking you went from serious actress to aging bimbo. That's ridiculous. You just have to weather things a little. Besides, as I say in 'One Man's Opinion,' willing yourself to do a thing is brave, and the very essence of talent."

Sidra looked at her hands, already chapped and honeycombed with bad weather, bad soap, bad life. She needed to listen to the crickets tape. "But I *don't* will myself," she said. "I'm just already willing."

SHE began to go to blues bars at night. Sometimes she called Charlotte Peveril, her one friend left from high school.

"Siddy, how are you?" In Chicago, "Sidra" was thought of as a hillbilly name. But in L.A. people had thought



"We'd love to, but we had too much wine and cheese in the eighties."

it was beautiful and assumed she'd made it up.

"I'm fine. Let's go get drunk and listen to music."

Sometimes she just went by herself.

"Don't I know you from the movies?" a man might ask at one of the breaks, smiling, leering in a twinkly way.

"Maybe," she'd say, and he would look suddenly panicked and back away.

One night a handsome man in a poncho, a bad poncho—though was there such a thing as a good poncho, asked Charlotte—sat down next to her with an extra glass of beer. "You look like you should be in the movies," he said. Sidra nodded wearily. "But I don't go to the movies. So if you *were* in the movies, I would never have gotten to set my eyes on you."

She turned her gaze from his poncho to her sherry, then back. Perhaps he had spent some time in Mexico or Peru. "What do you do?"

"I'm an auto mechanic." He looked at her carefully. "My name's Walter. Walt." He pushed the beer her way. "The drinks here are O.K. as long as you don't ask them to mix anything. Just don't ask them to mix anything!"

She picked it up and took a sip. There was something about him she liked: something earthy beneath the act. In L.A. beneath the act you got nougat or Styrofoam or glass. Her mouth was lined with sherry. Her lips shone with beer. "What's the last movie you saw?" she asked him.

"The last movie I saw. Let's see." He was thinking, and she could tell he wasn't good at it. She watched with curiosity the folded-in mouth, the tilted head: at last, a guy who didn't go to the movies. His eyes rolled back like the casters on a clerk's chair, searching. "You know what I saw?"

"No. What?" She was getting drunk.

"It was this cartoon movie." Animation. She felt relieved. At least it wasn't one of those bad art movies starring what's-her-name. "A man is asleep having a dream about a beautiful little country full of little people." He sat back, looked around the room, as if that were all.

"*And?*" She was going to have to push and pull with this guy.

"And?" he repeated. He leaned forward again. "And one day the people realize that they are only creatures in this man's dream. Dream people! And if the man wakes up, they will no longer exist!"

Now she hoped he wouldn't go on. She had changed her mind a little.

"So they all get together at a town meeting and devise a plan," he continued. Perhaps the band would be back soon. "They will burst into the man's bedroom and bring him back to a padded, insulated room in the town—the town of his own dream—and there they will keep watch over him. And they do just that. Forever and ever, everyone guarding him carefully, but nervously, making sure he never wakes up." He smiled. "I forget what the name of it was."

"And he never wakes up."

"Nope." He grinned at her. She liked him. She could tell he could tell. He took a sip of his beer. He looked around the bar, then back at her. "Is this a great country, or what?" he said.

She smiled at him, with longing. "Where do you live," she asked, "and how do I get there?"

"I MET a man," she told Tommy on the phone. "His name is Walter."

"A forced relationship. You're in a state of stress—you're in a *syndrome*, I can tell. You're going to force this romance. What does he do?"

"Something with cars." She sighed. "I want to sleep with someone. When I'm sleeping with someone, I'm less obsessed with the mail."

"But perhaps you should just be alone, be by yourself for a while."

"Like you've ever been alone," said Sidra. "I mean, have you *ever* been alone?"

"I've been alone."

"Yeah, and for how long?"

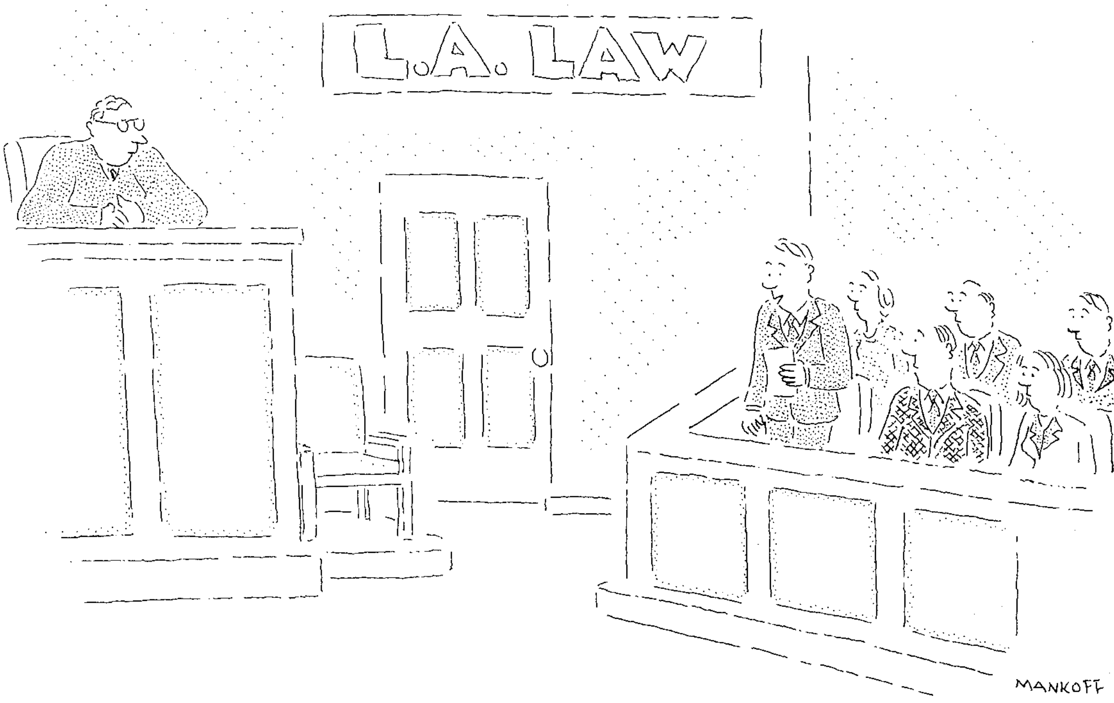
"Hours," said Tommy. He sighed. "At least it felt like hours."

"Right," she said, "so don't go talking to me again about inner resources."

"O.K. So I sold the mineral rights to my body years ago, but, hey, at least *I* got good money for mine."

"I got *some* money," said Sidra. "I got some."

WALTER leaned her against his parked car. His mouth was slightly lopsided, paisley-shaped, his lips anneloid and full, and he kissed her hard. There was something numb and



"And the winner is . . . the prosecution!"

• •

on hold in her. There were small dark pits of annihilation she discovered in her soul, in the loosening fist of it, and she threw herself into them, falling. She went home with him, slept with him. She told him who she was. A minor movie star once nominated for a major award. She told him she lived at the Days Inn. He had been there once, to the top, for a drink. But he did not seem to know her name.

"Never thought I'd sleep with a movie star," he did say. "I suppose that's every man's dream." He laughed —lightly, nervously.

"Just don't wake up," she said. Then she pulled the covers to her chin.

"Or change the dream," he added seriously. "I mean, in the movie I saw everything is fine until the sleeping guy begins to dream about something else. I don't think he wills it or anything. It just happens."

"You didn't tell me about that part."

"That's right," he said. "You see, the guy starts dreaming about flamingos and then all the little people turn into flamingos and fly away."

"Hmmmm," said Sidra.

"I *think* it was flamingos. I'm not too expert with birds."

"You're *not*?" She was trying to tease him, but it came out wrong, like a lizard with a little hat on.

"To tell you the truth, I really don't think I ever saw a single movie you were in."

"Good." She was drifting, indifferent, no longer paying attention.

He hitched his arm behind his head, wrist to nape. His chest heaved up and down. "I think I may of *heard* of you, though."

Django Reinhardt was on the radio. Sidra listened, carefully. "Astonishing sounds came from that man's hands," she murmured.

Walter tried to kiss her, tried to get her attention back. He wasn't that interested in music, though at times he tried to be. "Astonishing sounds?" he said. "Like this?" He pressed his palms together, making little popping suction noises.

"Yeah," she murmured. But she was elsewhere, letting a dry wind sweep across the plain of her to sleep. "Like that."

FAITH

It was midday before we noticed it was morning.
The boy cousins brought us a tray—soup and cheese,
warm soda, and a soft cloth and candy for her fever.
They wouldn't come in, the tray weighing between them.
They stood like woodwork inside the doorframe.

By afternoon the old procession—silence at the lip
of a dozen night travellers tired and grieving, one
by one, or pairs floating to the bed and back
with a touching of hands like humming,
and the one we gathered for slipping farther

for all the good we could do. She lay in her shadow.
She looked to no one. Her daylilies bobbed wide
open out in the wild, blue sun and the same bee
kept nosing her window to reach them.
Dusk: even the boys were back watching it try.

—David Baker

• •

HE began to realize, soon, that she did not respect him. A bug could sense it. A doorknob could figure it out. She never quite took him seriously. She would talk about films and film directors, then look at him and say, "Oh, never mind." She was part of some other world. A world she no longer liked.

And now she was somewhere else. Another world she no longer liked.

But she was willing. Willing to give it a whirl. Once in a while, though she tried not to, she asked him about children, about having children, about turning kith to kin. How did he feel about all that? It seemed to her that if she was ever going to have a life of children and lawnmowers and grass clippings, it would be best to have it with someone who was not demeaned or trivialized by discussions of them. Did he like those big, fertilized lawns? How about a nice rock garden? How did he feel deep down about those storm windows with the built-in screens?

"Yeah, I like them all right," he would say, and she would nod slyly and drink a little too much. She would try then not to think too strenuously about her Whole Life. She would try to live life one day at a time, like an alcoholic—drink, don't drink, drink. Perhaps she should take drugs.

"I always thought someday I would have a little girl and name her after my grandmother." Sidra sighed, peered wistfully into her sherry.

"What was your grandmother's name?"

Sidra looked at his paisley mouth. "Grandma. Her name was Grandma." Walter laughed in a honking sort of way. "Oh, thank you," murmured Sidra. "Thank you for laughing."

Walter had a subscription to *Autoweek*. He flipped through it in bed. He also liked to read repair manuals for new cars, particularly the Toyotas. He knew a lot about control panels, lightup panels, side panels.

"You're so obviously wrong for each other," said Charlotte over tapas at a tapas bar.

"Hey, please," said Sidra. "I think I'm a little more subtle than that." The thing with tapas bars was that you just kept stuffing things into your mouth. " 'Obviously wrong' is just the beginning. That's where *I always* begin. At 'obviously wrong.' " In theory, she liked the idea of mismatched couples, the wrangling and retangling—like a comedy by Shakespeare.

"I can't imagine you with someone like him. He's just not special." Charlotte had met him only once. But she had heard of him from a girlfriend of hers. He had slept around, she'd said. "Into the pudding" is how she phrased it, and there were some boring stories. "Just don't let him humiliate you. Don't mistake a lack of sophistication for sweetness," she added.

"I'm supposed to wait around for someone special, while every other girl in this town gets to have a life?"

"I don't know, Sidra."

It was true. Men could be with whomever they pleased. But women had to date better, kinder, richer, and bright, bright, bright, or else people got embarrassed. It suggested sexual things. "I'm a very average person," she said desperately, somehow detecting that Charlotte already knew that, knew the deep, dark, wildly obvious secret of that, and how it made Sidra slightly pathetic, unseemly—*inferior*, when you got right down to it. She felt Charlotte studying her face, headlights caught in the stare of a deer. *Guns don't kill people*, thought Sidra. *Deer kill people.*

"Maybe it's that we all used to envy you so much," Charlotte said, a little bitterly. "You were so talented. You got all the lead parts in the plays. You were everyone's dream of what *they* wanted."

Sidra poked around at the appetizer in front of her, gardening it like a patch of land. She was unequal to anyone's wistfulness. She had made too little of her life. Its loneliness shamed her like a crime. "Envy," said Sidra. "That's a lot like hate, isn't it?" Charlotte didn't say anything. Probably she wanted Sidra to change the subject. Sidra stuffed her mouth full of feta cheese and onions, and looked up. "Well, all I can say is, I'm glad to be back." A piece of feta dropped from her lips.

Charlotte looked down at it and smiled. "I know what you mean," she said. She opened her mouth wide and let all the food inside fall out onto the table.

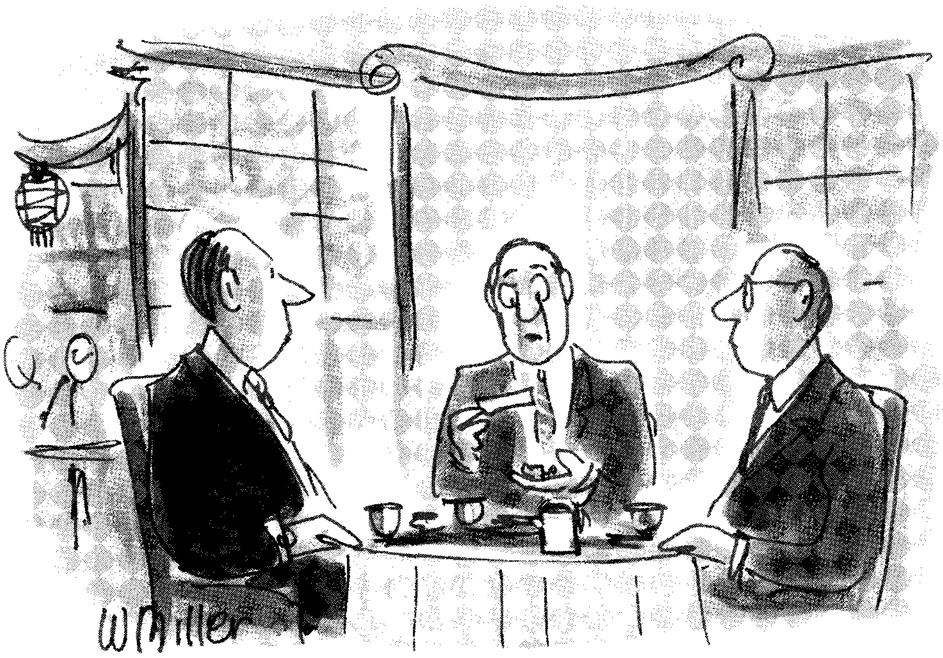
Charlotte could be funny like that. Sidra had forgotten that about her.

WALTER had found some of her old movies in the video-rental place. She had a key to his apartment. One night she came over and discovered him asleep in front of "Recluse with Roommate." It was about a woman named Rose who rarely went out, because when she did she was afraid of people. They seemed like alien life-forms—soulless, joyless, speaking asyntactically. Rose quickly became loosened from reality. Walter had it freeze-framed at the funny part, where the character phones the psych ward to have them come take her away, but they refuse. Sidra lay down next to him and tried to sleep, too, but began to cry a little. He stirred. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing. You fell asleep. Watching me."

"I was tired," he said.

"I guess so."



"'*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*'? *What kind of cookie is this?*"

• •

"Let me kiss you. Let me find your panels." His eyes were closed. She could be anybody.

"Did you like the beginning part of the movie?" This need in her was new. Frightening. It made her hair curl. When had she ever needed so much?

"It was O.K.," he said.

"SO what is this guy, a race-car driver?" asked Tommy.

"No, he's a mechanic."

"Quit him like a music lesson!"

"Like *a music lesson*? What is this, Similes from the Middle Class? 'One Man's Opinion'?" She was irritated.

"Sidra. This is not right! You need to go out with someone really smart for a change."

"I've been out with smart. I've been out with someone who had two Ph.D.s. We spent all of our time in bed with the light on proofreading his vita." She sighed. "Every little thing he'd ever done, every little, little, little. I mean, have you ever seen a vita?"

Tommy sighed, too. He had heard this story of Sidra's before. "Yes," he said. "I thought Patti LuPone was great."

"Besides," she said. "Who says he's not smart?"

THE Japanese cars were the most interesting. Though the Americans were getting sexier, trying to keep up with them. *Those Japs!*

"Let's talk about my world," she said.

"What world?"

"Well, something *I'm* interested in. Something where there's something in it for me."

"O.K." He turned and dimmed the lights, romantically. "Got a stock tip for you," he said.

She was horrified, dispirited, interested.

He told her the name of a company somebody at work invested in. AutVis.

"What is it?"

"I don't know. But some guy at work said buy this week. They're going to make some announcement. If I had money, I'd buy."

She bought, the very next morning. A thousand shares. By the afternoon the stock had plummeted ten per cent, by the following morning, fifty. She watched the ticker tape go by on the bottom of the TV news channel. She had become the major stockholder. The major stockholder of a dying company! Soon they were going to be calling her, wearily, to ask what she wanted done with the forklift.

"YOU'RE a neater eater than I am," Walter said to her, over dinner at the Palmer House.

She looked at him darkly. "What the hell were you thinking of, recommending that stock?" she asked. "How could you be such an irresponsible idiot?" She saw it now, how their life would be together. She would yell, then he would yell. He would have an affair, then she would have an affair. And then they would be gone and gone, and they would live in that gone.

"I got the name wrong," he said. "Sorry."

"You what?"

"It wasn't AutVis. It was AutDrive. I kept thinking it was 'Vis,' for 'vision.' "

" 'Vis,' for 'vision,' " she repeated.

"I'm not that good with names," confessed Walter. "I do better with concepts."

" 'Concepts,' " she repeated as well.

The concept of Angry Dessert.

The concept of Angry Bills.

The concept of flightless, dodo love.

Outside, there was a watery gust from the direction of the lake. "Chicago," said Walter. "The windy city. Is this the windy city, or what?" He looked at her hopefully, which made her despise him more.

She shook her head. "I don't even know why we're together," she said. "I mean, why are we even together?"

He looked at her hard. "I can't answer that for you!" he yelled. He took two steps back, away from her. "You've got to answer that for yourself!" And he hailed his own cab, got in, and rode away.

She walked back to the Days Inn alone. She played scales soundlessly, on the tops of the piano keys, her thin, jointed fingers lifting and falling quietly like the tines of a music box or the legs of a spider. When she tired, she turned on the television and discovered an old movie she'd been in, a love-murder mystery called "Finishing Touches." It was the kind of performance she had become, briefly, known for: a patched-together intimacy with the audience, half cartoon, half revelation; a cross between shyness and derision, rudeness and truth. She had not given a damn back then, sort of like now, only then it had been a style, a way of being, not a diagnosis, a demise.

Perhaps she should have a baby.

In the morning, she went to visit her parents in Elmhurst. For winter, they had plastic-wrapped their home—the windows, the doors—so that it looked like a piece of avant-garde art. "Saves on heating bills," they said.

They had taken to discussing her in front of her. "It was a movie, Bob. It was a movie about adventure. Nudity can be art."

"That's not how I saw it! That's not how I saw it at all!" said her father, red-faced, leaving the room. Nap time.

"How are you doing?" asked her mother, with what seemed like concern but was really an opening for something else. She had made tea.

"I'm O.K., really," said Sidra. Everything she said about herself now sounded like a lie. If she was bad it sounded like a lie, if she was fine—also a lie.

Her mother fiddled with a spoon. "I was envious of you," her mother sighed. "I was always so envious of you! My own daughter!" She was shrieking it, saying it softly at first and then shrieking. It was exactly like Sidra's childhood: just when she thought life had become simple again, her mother gave her a new portion of the world to organize.

"I have to go," said Sidra. She had only just gotten there, but she wanted to go. She didn't want to visit her parents anymore. She didn't want to look at their lives.

She went back to the Days Inn and phoned Tommy. He and she understood each other. "I *get* you," he used to say. His childhood had been full of sisters. He'd spent large portions of it drawing pictures of women in bathing suits—Miss Kenya from Nairobi!—and then asking one of the sisters to pick the most beautiful. If he disagreed, he asked another sister.

The connection was bad, and suddenly she felt too tired. "Darling, are you O.K.?" he said faintly.

"I'm O.K."

"I think I'm hard of hearing," he said.

"I think I'm hard of talking," she said. "I'll phone you tomorrow."

She phoned Walter instead. "I need to see you," she said.

"Oh, really?" he said skeptically, and then added, with a sweetness he seemed to have grabbed expertly from the air as if it were a fly, "Is this a great country, or what?"

SHE felt such gratitude to be with him again. "Let's never be apart," she whispered, rubbing his stomach. He had the physical inclinations of a dog: he liked stomach, ears, excited greetings.

"Fine by me," he said.

"Tomorrow let's go out to dinner somewhere really expensive. My treat."

"Uh," said Walter, "tomorrow's no good."

"Oh."

"How about Sunday?"

"What's wrong with tomorrow?"

"I've got . . . Well, I've gotta work and I'll be tired, first of all."

"What's second of all?"

"I'm getting together with this woman I know."

"Oh?"

"It's no big deal. It's nothing. It's not a date or anything."

"Who is she?"

"Someone whose car I fixed. Loose mountings in the exhaust system. She wants to get together and talk about it some more. You know, women are afraid of getting taken advantage of."

"Really."

"Yeah, well, so Sunday would be better."

"Is she attractive?"

Walter scrinched up his face and made a sound of unenthusiasm. "Enh," he said, and placed his hand laterally in the air, rotating it up and down a little.

Before he left in the morning, she said, "Just don't sleep with her."

"*Sidra*," he said, scolding her for lack of trust or for attempted supervision, she wasn't sure which.

That night he didn't come home. She phoned and phoned and then drank a six-pack and fell asleep. In the morning she phoned again. Finally, at eleven o'clock he answered.

She hung up.

At eleven-thirty her phone rang. "Hi," he said, cheerfully. He was in a good mood.

"So, where were you all night?" asked Sidra. This was what she had become. She felt shorter and squatter, and badly coiffed.

There was some silence. "What do you mean?" he said cautiously.

"You know what I mean."

More silence. "Look, I didn't call this morning to get into a heavy conversation."

"Well, then," said Sidra, "you certainly called the wrong number." She slammed the phone down.

She spent the day furious and trembling and sad. She felt like a cross between Anna Karenina and Amy Liverhaus, who used to shout from the seventh-grade cloakroom, "I just don't feel *appreciated*." She walked over to Marshall Field's to buy new makeup. "You're much more of a cream beige than an ivory," said the young woman working the cosmetics counter.

But Sidra clutched at the ivory. "People are always telling me that," she said, "and it makes me very cross."

She phoned him later that night and he was there. "We need to talk," she said.

"I want my key back," he said.

"Look. Can you just come over here so that we can talk?"

"Now, in here, with our buff walls and aubergine chintz, our statement has dropped to a purr."

HE arrived bearing flowers—white roses and irises. They seemed wilted and ironic; she leaned them against the wall in an empty glass, no water.

"All right, I admit it," he said. "I went out on a date. But I'm not saying I slept with her."

She could feel, for the first time, the promiscuity in him. It was a heat, a creature, a tenant twin. "I already know you slept with her."

"How can you know that?"

"Get a life! What am I, an idiot?" She glared at him and tried not to cry. She hadn't loved him enough, and he had sensed it. She hadn't really loved him at all, not really.

But she had liked him a lot!

So it still seemed unfair. A bone in her opened up, gleaming and pale, and she held it to the light and spoke from it. "I want to know one thing." She paused, not really for effect, but it had one. "Did you have oral sex?"

He looked stunned. "What kind of question is that? I don't have to answer a question like that."

"*You don't have to answer a question like that.* You don't have any rights here!" she began to yell. She was dehydrated. "You're the one who did this. Now I want the truth. I just want to know. Yes or no!"

He threw his gloves across the room.

"Yes or no," she said.

He flung himself onto the couch, pounded the cushion with his fist, placed an arm up over his eyes.

"Yes or no," she repeated.

He breathed deeply into his shirtsleeve.

"Yes or no."

"Yes," he said.

She sat down on the piano bench. Something dark and coagulated moved through her, up from the feet. Something light and breathing escaped through her head: the house of her, plastic-wrapped, burned down to tar. She heard him give a moan, and some fleeing hope in her, surrounded but alive on the roof, said perhaps he would beg her forgiveness. Promise to be a new man. She might find him attractive as a new, begging man. Though at some point he would have to stop begging. He would just have to be normal. And then she would dislike him again.

He stayed on the sofa, did not move to comfort or be comforted, and the darkness in her cleaned her out, hollowed her like an acid or a wind.

"I don't know what to do," she said, something palsied in her voice. She felt cheated of all the simple things—the radical calm of obscurity, of routine, of blah domestic bliss. "I don't want to go back to L.A." She began to stroke the tops of the piano keys, pushing against one and finding it broken—thudding and pitchless, shiny and mocking like an opened bone. She hated, hated her life. Perhaps she had always hated it.

He sat up on the sofa, looked distraught and false—his face badly arranged. He should practice in a mirror, she thought. He did not know how to break up with a movie actress. It was boys' rules: Don't break up with a movie actress. Not in Chicago. If *she* left *him*, he would be able to explain it better, to himself, in the future, to anyone who asked. His voice shifted into something meant to sound imploring. "I know," was what he said, in a tone approximating faith, hope, some charity or other. "I know you might not *want* to."

"*For your own good*," he was saying. "*Might be willing . . .*" he was saying. But she was already turning into something else, a bird—a flamingo, a hawk, a flamingo hawk—and was flying up and away, but then back again, circling, meanly, with a squint.

He began, suddenly, to cry—loudly, at first, with lots of "oh"s, then tiredly, as if from a deep sleep, his face buried in the poncho he'd thrown over the couch arm, his body sinking into the plush of the cushions—a man held hostage by the anxious cast of his dream.

"What can I do?" he asked. But his dream had now changed, and she was gone, gone out the window, gone, gone.

—LORRIE MOORE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ANCIENT FOREST

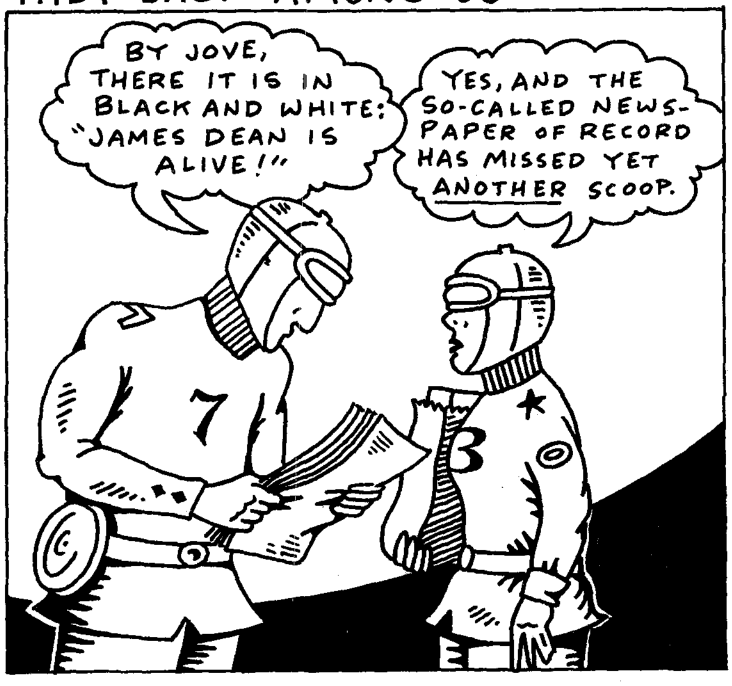
OURS was once a forested planet. The rocky hillsides of Greece were covered with trees. Syria was known for its forests, not its deserts. Lebanon had vast cedar forests, from which the navies of Phoenicia, Persia, and Macedonia took their ship timber, and which provided the wood that Solomon used to build the temple at Jerusalem. Oak and beech forests dominated the landscapes of England and Ireland. In Germany and Sweden, bears and wolves roamed through wild forests where manicured tree farms now stand. Columbus saw the moonscape that we call Haiti "filled with trees of a thousand kinds." Exploring the east coast of North America in 1524, Verrazano wrote of "a land full of the largest forests . . . with as much beauty and delectable appearance as it would be possible to express." The first European settlers gazed upon these forests with a mixture of awe, fear, and greed. To them the forests were both a terrible wilderness and a source of riches. Cutting them down was the way to security and prosperity. "The very notion of advancement, or civilization, or prosperity, seems inseparably connected with the total extirpation of the forest," one settler observed. At first, forests were cleared mainly for subsistence purposes—to get land for farming or wood for homebuilding—but large-scale commercial logging was under way by the early eighteen-hundreds. In 1850, according to the book "This Well-Wooded Land," lumber production was the No. 1 manufacturing industry in the United States.

The loggers started in the great hardwood and white-pine forests of the Northeast. By the time of the Civil War, those forests had largely been exhausted. Logging then moved to the pineries, the cypress swamps, and the live-oak stands of the South and to the pine forests of the Great Lakes region. It took only fifty years to deplete the latter. One writer of the time described logging as "the great nomad among American industries, driving from one virgin forest to another, like a threshing machine from one ripe wheat field to the next." In Canada, the progression followed a similar line—from New Brunswick to Quebec and on to the Pacific Coast.

In the West, the loggers came up against their last frontier—the most magnificent forest on the continent and the greatest conifer forest on earth. The Pacific forest curves along the coast for nearly two thousand miles, from the Alaska Panhandle to just north of the Golden Gate; it stretches inland as far as the Cascade Range and the Coast Ranges. The trees—spruces, cedars, redwoods, hemlocks, and Douglas firs—are immense, many three hundred feet or higher and fifty feet around. Five-hundred-year-old trees are not uncommon here, and some of the trees are more than two thousand years old. These are the largest and oldest trees in the world, and their age and size imbue this forest with a solemnity so deep it seems to many visitors spiritual. This forest is home to a greater mass of life than even the tropical rain forests. It is crucial to the stability of the region's and the world's climate: it causes up to a third of the local precipitation, and it stores more carbon than any other terrestrial ecosystem. It is the breeding ground for the most productive salmon fisheries in the world—fisheries that support an industry worth billions of dollars annually. It is home to little-known species, such as the marbled murrelet, one of the last birds in North America to have its nesting place discovered, and the Pacific yew, a tree that contains an important anti-tumor agent. Above all, this forest is a remnant of the world as it was before man appeared, as it was when water was fit to drink and air was fit to breathe.

Originally, the Pacific forest covered seventy thousand square miles of Canada and the United States. About sixty per cent of Canada's Pacific forest has by now been destroyed, mostly in the past forty years. In the United States, less than ten per cent survives. Almost all that remains in both countries is on public lands, and it is scheduled to be cut for lumber, plywood, and pulp, much of it for export to Japan. Conservationists estimate that these forests will be gone in less than twenty years. Government and timber-industry officials disagree; they say it will be fifty to eighty years before the forests are exterminated.

THEY SHOP AMONG US


BY JOVE, THERE IT IS IN BLACK AND WHITE: "JAMES DEAN IS ALIVE!"
YES, AND THE SO-CALLED NEWSPAPER OF RECORD HAS MISSED YET ANOTHER SCOOP.
7
3
CBarsotti

From the air or from a mountaintop, the forest may seem at first like a single entity—a homogeneous swath of green that blankets hills and valleys. A closer look contradicts this picture. The forest is really many forests—a patchwork of different colors, shapes, and textures. The ribbon of deep green snaking through the forest is made by spruce trees lining a stream bank. Circular patches of green and rust colors are bare boggy areas too wet to support trees. A set of pick-up-sticks on a hillside is a five-acre patch of wind throw—huge trees tossed to the ground by fierce winds several years ago and now bleached a deathly, leafless white. A blackened patch with many trees still standing is where fire, perhaps set by lightning, ran through a grove. Bare treetops rising from the green forest like enormous white candelabras are the sign of an ancient cedar forest. Some areas are well stocked, densely packed with big trees. Others, perhaps on rocky hillsides or acid soils, have fewer and smaller trees.

The Pacific forest is essentially a coastal forest. The close connection between land, river, and ocean is especially noticeable in Alaska and Canada, where glaciers and shifting tectonic plates have created a landscape of hills and valleys and a jagged coastline with innumerable islands and inlets. The result is thousands of small watersheds, each draining into the ocean through its own little estuary, and each with its own character.

Tenakee Inlet almost bisects Chichagof Island, one of the main islands of the Alexander Archipelago, in southeastern Alaska. With Jason Carter, who lives in one of the island's three small towns, I cruised the inlet on a sunny April day and found it alive with wildlife that depend on it and on the forest that borders it. In just a few hours, we saw countless bald eagles, a colony of harbor seals, several groups of deer standing on the beach or swimming across the inlet, a mink scuttling across some rocks, a school of Dall's porpoises that played with us, diving and jumping in front of our boat, a brown bear loping across some tidal flats, a colony of sea lions, Canada geese and sandhill cranes flying in formation, two humpback whales blowing and diving, great blue herons, and numerous ducks, including some beautiful green-wing teal. For dinner that night, we ate enormous shrimp and Dungeness crabs that Jason had caught that morning. A day or two earlier, someone had said to me, "How many places in the world can you sit and watch humpback whales and brown bears at the same time? Here you can."

"Eyeliner is back!"

• •

ONE of the things that make the Pacific Northwest forest so unusual is that it is a forest of conifers, and not broad-leaved trees. In "Ancient Forests of the Pacific Northwest" Elliott Norse, a senior ecologist at the Wilderness Society, explains that eighty million years ago conifers were the dominant vegetation on earth. Even then, however, a new, more diverse and adaptable type of plant was evolving—one that reproduces by means of flowers. The flowering plants, including broad-leaved trees, have evolved and adapted so well to different habitats that in most parts of the world they have pushed the less versatile conifers into a mere supporting role. True conifer forests are now restricted mostly to the Arctic regions—the far-northern reaches of Canada and the Soviet Union. But in the Pacific Northwest conifers have retained their prehistoric majesty. The reason for this anomaly is the region's strange climate: the winters are wet with regular freezes, and the summers are hot and dry. In most parts of the world, there is a season of moisture and warmth, when plants have the water and the sunlight they need for photosynthesis. In the Pacific Northwest during the summer, there is enough light for photosynthesis but not enough water. In the winter, when there is enough light and water for photosynthesis, temperatures often dip below freezing, and cause most broad-leaved plants to lose their leaves. Conifers, however, are well adapted to exploiting the opportunities for growth in these forests. Most conifers keep their leaves all year, so they are able to photosynthesize and grow during the winter months. And conifers, because they use water more efficiently than broad-leaved trees do, can also grow during the dry summer months.

Though the climate in the southern reaches of the Pacific forest is relatively dry, Alaska, British Columbia, and part of Washington State receive as much as a hundred and eighty inches of rain a year and have true temperate rain forests. As one walks through these forests, one is struck by the sheer volume of green stuff and by the exuberance with which it strives to live. Things grow in the oddest places. Every tree is hung with epiphytes and ferns. More than a hundred species of mosses and lichens grow high in the canopy. Fifty or a hundred feet above the ground, large trees sprout from the trunks of even larger trees. This sense of abundance is not deceptive. The Pacific rain forest cannot compete with tropical rain forests in the variety of plants and animals that it supports, but it supports a greater mass of living things by far. "Secrets of the Old Growth Forest," by David Kelly, tells us that the most productive tropical rain forests that have been measured contain a hundred and eighty-five tons of plants an acre. The average Pacific Northwest forest contains just under four hundred tons an acre. Some redwood forests contain eighteen hundred tons an acre. If human beings were as efficient in supporting themselves as these forests are, one square mile would be enough land to sustain nearly three million people.

PLAYGROUND

In the hygienic sand
of the new municipal sandbox,
toddlers with names from the soaps,
Brandon and Samantha,
fill and empty, fill and empty
their bright plastic buckets
alongside children with names
from obscure books of the Bible.
We are all mothers here,
friendly and polite.
We are teaching our children to share.

A man could slice his way
through us like a pirate!
And why not? Didn't we open
our bodies recklessly
to any star, say, Little one,
whoever you are, come in?

But the men are busy elsewhere.
Broad-hipped in fashionable sweatpants,
we discuss the day—a tabloid
murder, does cold cream work,
those students in China—

and as we talk
not one of us isn't thinking
Mama! Was it like this?
Did I do this to you?
But Mama too is busy,
she is dead, or in Florida,
or taking up new interests,
and the children want apple juice
and Cheerios, diapers and naps.
We have no one to ask but each other.
But we do not ask each other.

—Katha Pollitt

•

Disasters—floods, volcanic eruptions, avalanches, lightning strikes, fires, and windstorms—have shaped the Pacific forest, and they continue to do so. Douglas fir, for example, owes its dominance of the Cascade region to the area's frequent fires. Douglas firs cannot grow in shade, and they do not germinate well on the layer of decaying vegetation that covers the soil in a Pacific Northwest forest. But after a fire reduces tree cover and burns off the litter, Douglas-fir seedlings germinate, and then they grow faster than their competitors. In the wet forests of Alaska and Canada, where fires are rare, hemlock and spruce are the dominant species.

The Pacific forest is a triumph of life over adversity. It thrives on thin, nutrient-poor, unstable soils, on steep hillsides, and under extremely difficult climatic conditions. Unfortunately for the forest, man took its magnificence at face value and inquired no further. How do its trees achieve their great size? How do they flourish in a difficult climate and terrain? How can it support such a large population of wild creatures? Those questions went unasked. In 1952, a Forest Service silviculturist called the great forests "biological deserts." The world's tropical rain forests, which scientists complain are ignored and misunderstood, have been far more intensively studied, and for a far longer time, than has their forgotten sister in the Pacific Northwest. The first comprehensive ecological study of the Pacific forest—a forty-eight-page report—was published in 1981. By contrast, a classic text on tropical-rain-forest ecology, by Paul Richards, was published in 1952, and in writing it Richards was able to draw on a body of published work about rain forests extending back at least to 1891.

The principal author of that 1981 report, "Ecological Characteristics of Old-Growth Douglas-Fir Forests," was a Forest Service scientist named Jerry Franklin, the son of a pulp-and-paper-mill employee in Washington State. Like many forestry students, Franklin helped put himself through school by working for the Forest Service. He did research on subalpine forests while he was studying for a Ph.D. in botany and soil science from Washington State University. His true love, though, was the Douglas-fir forest in which he had played and camped as a boy. In 1969, the National Science Foundation, in association with the Forest Service, financed a new program to study the ecology of the Pacific forest. Franklin became one of the project's leaders. "I was thinking, My God, here are these incredible forests, and nobody really knows a damn thing about them," Franklin told me as we walked through the Mt. Baker–Snoqualmie National Forest, in Washington State, last May. "They sort of got lost in the cracks, because the academic biologists and ecologists wanted to go down to the tropics, and the foresters thought they knew all they needed to know about the forests here, which was how to cut them down."

Forests, like human beings, have a natural life span. Once they reach maturity, at about two hundred years, growth slows down considerably, and most of their energy goes into sustaining themselves. Eventually, though it may take several centuries more, decay sets in, and the trees die and fall down. To a logger, leaving trees in the ground beyond their point of maximum annual wood production makes no sense. Since the Pacific forest consists of trees that tend to live for centuries beyond that point, it has been regarded by loggers and foresters alike as decadent. The professional forester's view is that such forests should be cleared and replanted with healthy young trees as quickly as possible. Franklin and his colleagues, however, found that this post-mature phase, now generally called old-growth, is the

SILVER
Shanahan

"*Try again, Kemosabe. This time ease out clutch slowly.*"

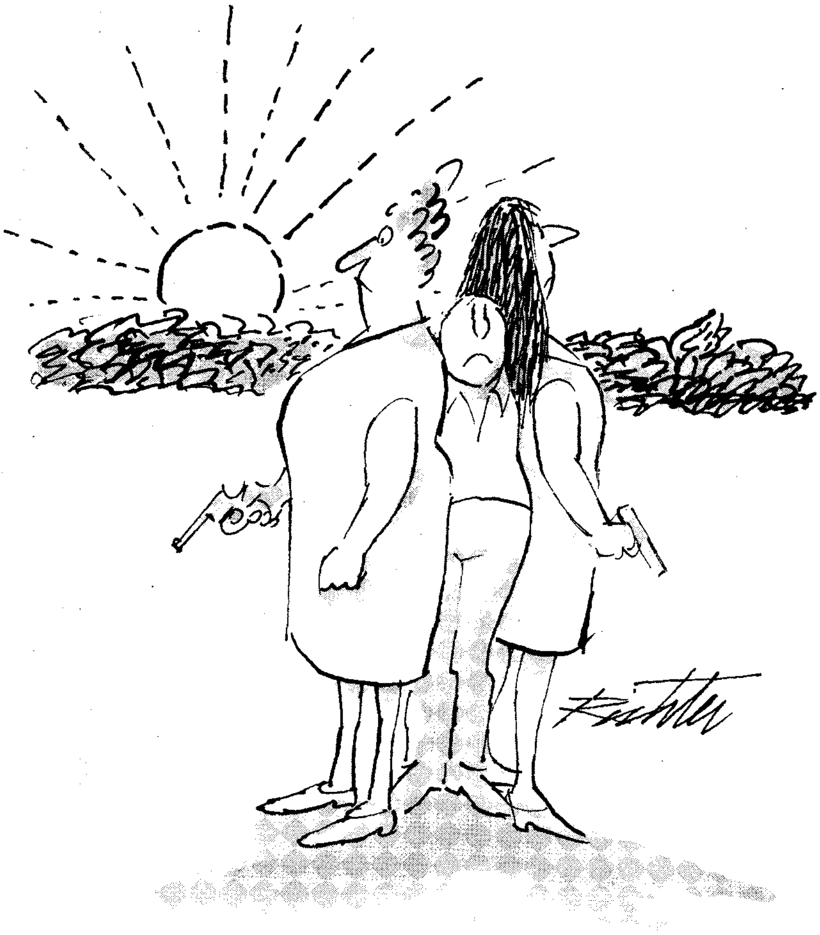
• •

richest, most complex stage of the forest's life. For the first few decades after a patch of forest is cleared—by fire, wind, or logging—it is an open, grassy area, a good feeding ground for wildlife such as deer, bears, and elk. During severe winters, though, when these open areas are blanketed with several feet of snow, the animals take refuge in old-growth stands, where the ground is protected from snow, and food is still available. At about thirty years, the young stand enters an almost sterile period that lasts for up to a hundred years. This occurs because the trees, all the same age, have formed a dense, unbroken canopy, which blocks the sun and shades out understory growth. As the stand ages, trees die and fall, allowing sunlight to penetrate to the forest floor and stimulate another layer of growth. When the stand achieves a certain complexity of structure—shrubs, herbs, and trees of varying heights creating a multistoried canopy—it has become old-growth.

It is impossible to come up with a description of old-growth forest that fits the whole Pacific region, since, as Franklin points out, "nature is just too complex and variable to fit into neat conceptual boxes." Still, there is general agreement that true old-growth forests are characterized by large, old living trees; a multilayered canopy; large standing dead trees, called snags; and large dead trees on the ground and in streams. The dead trees are essential to the health of the forest, and are the basis of its astonishing productivity. The nutrients that the forest needs are not mainly in the soil but in the living and dead plant material itself. As leaves and branches fall to the forest floor, as trees and plants die and decay, this material is recycled to the living forest. With this highly efficient and almost closed system, the forest feeds itself, wasting nothing.

Though the great old giants of the forest may be beyond their wood-producing prime, they are at their prime for many other functions. Scientists have lately discovered that there are lichens that grow only on the canopies of the old-growth trees and can capture nitrogen from the atmosphere. A steady, barely noticeable rain of these lichens constantly enriches the layer of nutrients on the forest floor. A single old-growth tree may have sixty to seventy million needles, and a total of forty-three thousand square feet of leaf surface. The needles are astonishingly successful at collecting moisture and chemical nutrients from the atmosphere. When forests were cut around the Bull Run watershed, from which Portland, Oregon, gets some of its water supply, Forest Service scientists expected more water to enter the reservoir, because of reduced evaporation and transpiration. Instead, water levels in the reservoir dropped. Surprised researchers found that almost a third of the water in the Bull Run reservoir has never come from rain. Rather, the tall trees in old-growth forests collect it from passing clouds and fog banks. When the trees are cut down, the moisture banks waft by without depositing the water they hold. Old-growth trees also protect the soil and the wildlife from the extreme effects of the region's wet, cold winters and dry summers: first, the dense canopy breaks the impact of the intense rain and snow, helping to prevent disastrous floods, landslides, and soil erosion, and providing a sheltered environment for wildlife in winter; second, the huge trunks can store thousands of gallons of water for the trees' own use and that of other species in the dry season.

One of the most important features of the old-growth forest is the variety of habitats it provides for wildlife. More than a hundred and fifty species of mammals live in such forests, and as many as fifteen hundred invertebrate species may live in a single stand. So far, according to Kelly's book, scientists have found a hundred and eighteen vertebrate species (mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes) whose primary habitat is old-growth. The large old trees, merely by virtue of their great height, create a continuum of climatic conditions, from the cool, dark, moist forest floor to the harsher environment of the canopy, exposed to the sun, rain, snow, fog, and



wind. Every part of the tree—living or dead, including the roots—is home to a whole community of plants, insects, birds, and mammals. The plants and the animals that dwell in the canopy are different from those which nest in a snag, live halfway down a tree trunk, or stay on the forest floor. One species, the tiny red tree vole, which is found only in these forests, spends its entire life high up in a Douglas fir. It makes its nest there, eats almost nothing but Douglas-fir needles, and gets its water by licking rain from the needles.

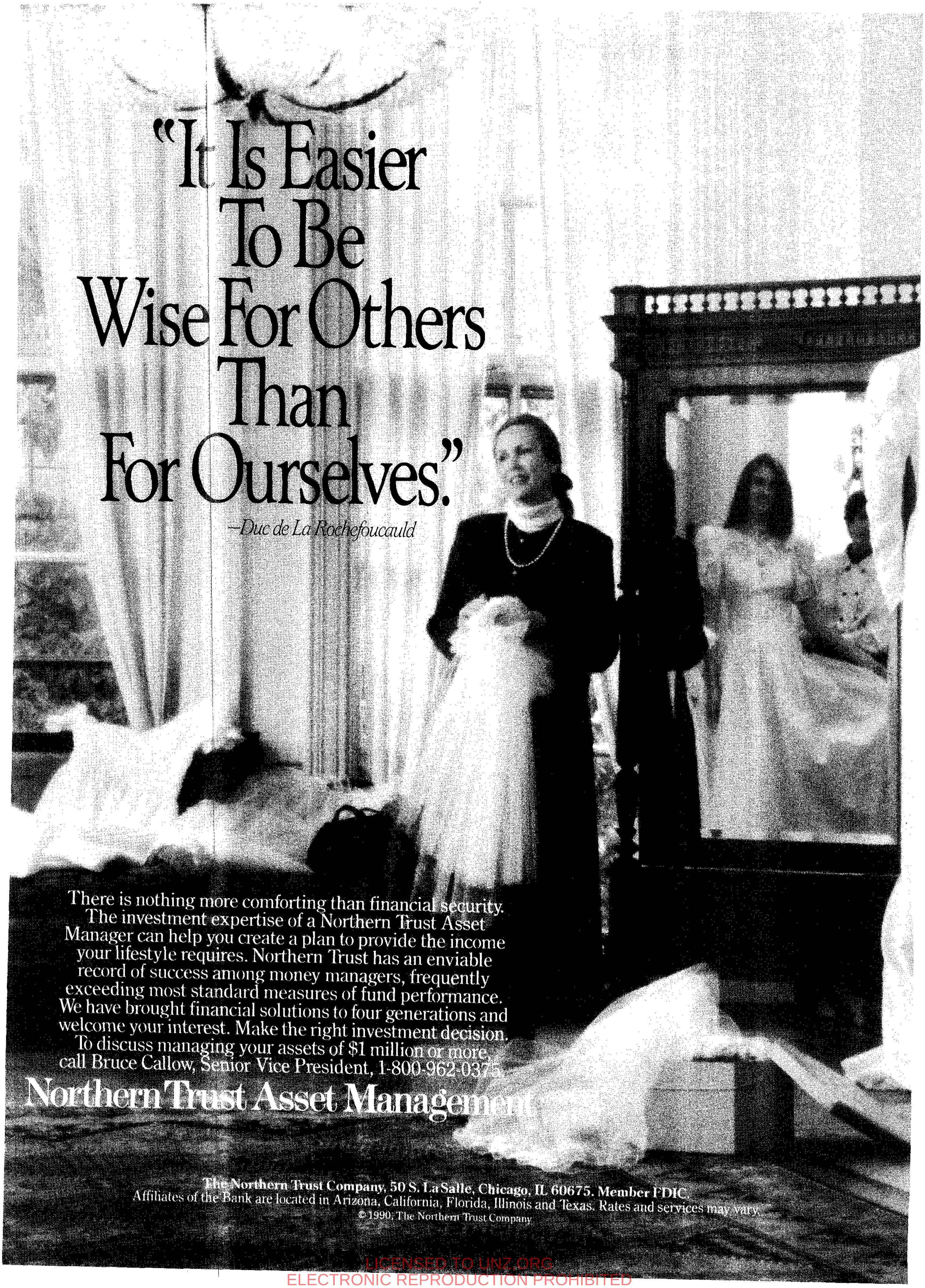
A tree that is killed by fire, lightning, insects, or disease may remain standing for two hundred years or more. These huge snags are colonized by many types of insects, birds, and mammals. Several species of bats and birds breed under patches of loose bark. Ospreys and bald eagles use the snags as lookout posts. But the most valuable feature of the snags is the cavities that develop in their trunks and branches. At least forty-five vertebrate species, from the northern flying squirrel to the rare and beautiful northern spotted owl, will nest or feed only in the cavities of old-growth trees. These animals eat the mosses, lichens, and insects that invade dead or dying trees, and they in turn are eaten by animals higher up the food chain—animals like black bears, pine martens, and bobcats, all of which take shelter in snags.

In the very act of falling, a tree contributes to forest diversity in several ways. Its fall creates a light gap—a hole in the canopy through which sunlight can penetrate to the forest floor and stimulate the growth of plants, such as Western hemlock, that have survived for years in the deep shade but needed this burst of light to grow to full size. A tree that is uprooted creates two new wildlife habitats: the pit where its roots used to be, and the exposed roots themselves. A walk through any old-growth forest will take one past several fallen trees, their huge but shallow roots sticking ten or fifteen feet into the air and overgrown with mosses, lichens, ferns, and shrubs. The wresting of the roots from the ground allows organic matter to mix in with the mineral soil—an essential ecological service in the Sitka-spruce forests of Alaska, where the soil has a tendency to harden and form an impervious pan.

A thousand-year-old tree that falls to the forest floor may take four hundred years more to decay completely. During those centuries, it contributes in many ways to the life and the balance of the forest. Downed logs reduce soil erosion by creating a natural terracing effect on hillsides. They contain enormous amounts of water—enough to see many forest creatures through the dry season. A fallen tree supports an amazing, though still not entirely charted, variety of wildlife—at least a hundred and sixty-three species of birds, mammals, reptiles, and amphibians, and more invertebrates than have yet been counted. Most old-growth forests contain more than fifty tons of downed wood per acre. As much as a third of the forest's soil organic matter comes from these decaying logs; hemlock seedlings and other shade-tolerant plants take root in them as if in a rich plot of soil. In some areas, these "nurse logs" are the primary sites for tree reproduction.

Perhaps the most important and interesting aspect of the decay cycle is the interplay between certain fungi, which grow on decaying trees, and the roots of living trees. These fungi, called mycorrhizae, infect the root tips of many tree species, including all the conifers in the Pacific Northwest forest. In doing so, they promote the growth of tiny root hairs that spread across the forest floor searching for nutrients, and so help trees absorb nutrients that are unavailable to uninfected roots. Without mycorrhizae, trees cannot obtain the phosphorus, the nitrogen, and the water they need to survive and grow. An experiment that was conducted in Oregon's Siskiyou National Forest by Oregon State University in coöperation with the Forest Service found that Douglas-fir seedlings died within two years of planting when they were deprived of mycorrhizae. In turn, mycorrhizae, which cannot photosynthesize, obtain their food from trees.

Some mycorrhizal fungi, such as chanterelle mushrooms, reproduce aboveground. Others, like truffles, do so underground, and only in the wild. (In Europe, the black truffle, a mycorrhizal fungus, fetches four hundred to six hundred dollars a pound. A market in domestic truffles is just beginning,


"It Is Easier To Be Wise For Others Than For Ourselves."
—Duc de La Rochefoucauld

There is nothing more comforting than financial security. The investment expertise of a Northern Trust Asset Manager can help you create a plan to provide the income your lifestyle requires. Northern Trust has an enviable record of success among money managers, frequently exceeding most standard measures of fund performance. We have brought financial solutions to four generations and welcome your interest. Make the right investment decision. To discuss managing your assets of $1 million or more, call Bruce Callow, Senior Vice President, 1-800-962-0375.

Northern Trust Asset Management

The Northern Trust Company, 50 S. La Salle, Chicago, IL 60675. Member FDIC.
Affiliates of the Bank are located in Arizona, California, Florida, Illinois and Texas. Rates and services may vary.

© 1990, The Northern Trust Company

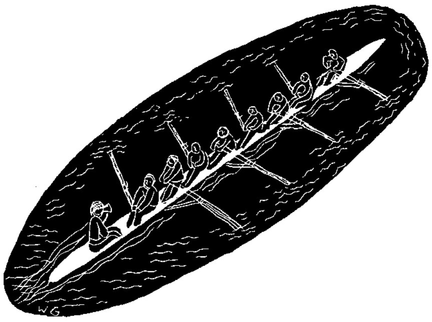
but the Oregon white truffle is already a valuable commercial crop.) Truffle spores are dispersed in the droppings of the mice, squirrels, chipmunks, and voles that eat the fungus. Since fungi can infect only those roots with which they come into direct contact, these small animals are essential to the survival of the forest. They are also essential to the spotted owl, which relies in large part on truffle-eating mammals for food. A decline of a forest's spotted-owl population might mean that there are not enough truffles to support a healthy population of these mammals, and therefore that the young trees in that forest are not being inoculated with the mycorrhizae upon which their survival depends. Thus the Forest Service has designated the spotted owl an "indicator species"—a species by which one can to some extent gauge the health of the forest.

In the midst of the nineteenth century's orgy of logging, there dawned the realization that the North American forest was finite. By 1879, according to a study by Michael Williams in "World Deforestation in the Twentieth Century," more than two hundred million acres—a quarter of the country's forestland—was gone, and the rate of deforestation was increasing. There was talk of a timber famine, and the talk was frightening, because at that time and for many decades to come the United States was at base a timber economy.

Many people, perhaps most, simply denied or were unaware that careless land-clearing caused serious problems. Others saw such problems as the unavoidable cost of the need to turn forests into farmland and timber. A few raised their voices in warning. One such was George Perkins Marsh, a Vermont lawyer, businessman, congressman, and diplomat. Marsh had extensive experience of deforestation. He was briefly a lumber dealer in Burlington, a town that in the space of twenty years went from selling timber from the nearby Green Mountains to having to buy it, because those woods were exhausted. Marsh also spent some time as Ambassador to Turkey, and was struck by the effects of deforestation in that country and in the Mediterranean region as a whole. In 1864, he published "Man and Nature," a book that Lewis Mumford later called "the fountainhead of the conservation movement." In it Marsh explained how "indiscriminate clearing of the woods" in other countries had damaged water supplies, agriculture, and commerce and had led to the downfall of cities and nations. "Man has too long forgotten that the earth was given to him for usufruct alone, not for consumption, still less for profligate waste," he wrote. He called for a new treatment of the natural world, based not on a romantic view of nature as an inspiration or a challenge to mankind, and not on a political philosophy that says the land belongs to the people, but on a scientific understanding of how natural systems work.

In 1891, Congress gave the President authority to create forest "reservations." No one was clear about the purpose of the forests until 1897, when Congress decided that they should be managed to protect watersheds and "to furnish a continuous supply of timber for the use and necessities of citizens of the United States." In 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt, an ardent conservationist, gave authority for managing these reservations, or national forests, to the Department of Agriculture's forestry division, renamed the Forest Service. By 1913, there were a hundred and eighty-seven million acres of national forests, and four million acres have been added since. While most of the national forests are in the West, the system also includes over twenty-four million acres of lands in the Eastern and Southern states, most of which have already been logged.

The first head of the Forest Service was an aristocratic Easterner, Gifford Pinchot. Though Pinchot had been trained in forestry in France, he was more of a politician and a crusader than a technician. He deplored the way private landowners were treating the nation's forests, and he argued, unsuccessfully, that the government should take control of all the country's forestlands. Pinchot was an inspirational figure and—especially with the backing of his ally Teddy Roosevelt—a powerful one. As David Clary points out in "Timber and the Forest Service," Pinchot believed deeply in scientific forestry as a tool of social progress. It was up to the Forest Service, he said, to replace the rootless, boom-and-bust logging economy with stable communities able to count on a continuing supply of timber from the national forests.



The Forest Service also played a part in advancing another rationale for forest protection—the preservation of wilderness. Private landowners, who were cutting their trees as fast as they could, pressured the Forest Service to keep national-forest timber off the already glutted market. The agency therefore kept its forests intact, waiting in gloomy anticipation of the day when the private forests would be exhausted and it could step in to avert the long-dreaded timber famine. In the meantime, "the national forests were de-facto wilderness, largely unaltered from their primeval conditions, seldom visited by man, and the 'hard-rock' forest rangers came to hold a deep affection for this wild uninhabited country," according to the forestry scholar Richard Behan, quoted in Dennis Roth's "The Wilderness Movement and the National Forests." Many of the leading advocates of wilderness in the first decades of this century were Forest Service employees—men who lived close to nature the year-round and wanted to see its beauty protected.

The greatest of the Forest Service's wilderness advocates was Aldo Leopold, a forester and game manager for the agency and a founder of the Wilderness Society, which is now one of the agency's strongest critics. Leopold believed that encounters with wilderness had formed the American spirit, and that taming the American landscape would cut the country off from the roots of its vitality. "Is it not a bit beside the point for us to be so solicitous about preserving institutions without giving so much as a thought to preserving the environment which produced them and which may now be one of our effective means of keeping them alive?" he asked. Inspired by the infant science of ecology, Leopold also argued that mankind needed to preserve natural areas for study. It was at Leopold's urging that, in 1924, the Forest Service set aside its first wilderness area—five hundred thousand acres

LOWE TUCKER METCALF

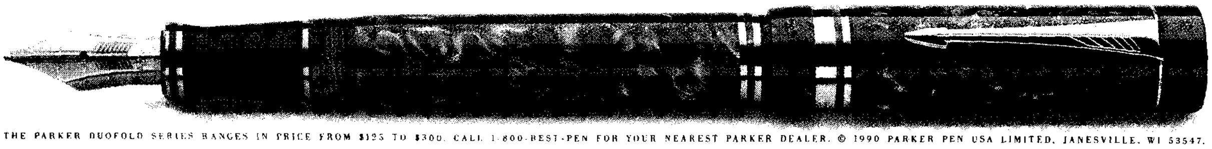
Few gifts inspire as many handwritten thank you letters.

It's difficult, perhaps impossible, to resist putting pen to paper after unwrapping a Parker.

It's easy, however, to imagine the writer's pleasure as your gift glides effortlessly across the page. Not merely communicating a message, but expressing the character, style and personality of its new owner.

A Parker will achieve this without leaking, blotting or drying up, due to an ink collector system engineered to 0.75 of one-thousandth of an inch. A nib which is cut and pressed from 18 karat gold. And a ruthenium tip, which is four times harder than steel and ten times smoother. (All told, it still takes four days to make a Parker nib.)

It is said that it is better to give than receive. Give a Parker, and at least you'll have it in writing.



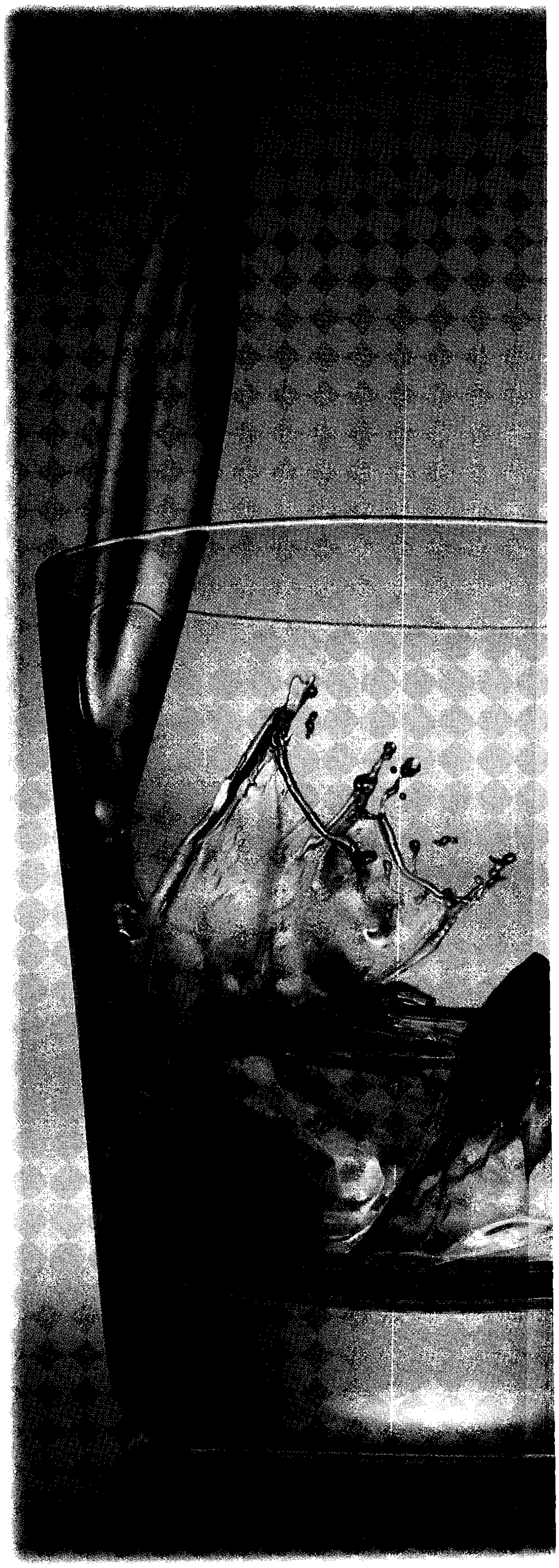
THE PARKER DUOFOLD SERIES RANGES IN PRICE FROM $125 TO $300. CALL 1-800-BEST-PEN FOR YOUR NEAREST PARKER DEALER. © 1990 PARKER PEN USA LIMITED, JANESVILLE, WI 53547.

PARKER

Everything You Need to Know About Scotch, in 30 Seconds

If all you can spare is half a minute, here's all you need to know about Scotch. You have to acquire a taste for the smooth, smoky, peaty flavor. To do so, there's no better way than to acquaint yourself with a bottle of Ballantine's Finest.

That ought to do it.



Ballantine's®

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky 43% Alc./Vol. (86 proof). © 1989 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SCOTCH, IN 15 MINUTES

Should you have a bit more time on your hands, taste a Scotch worth savoring. Ballantine's Finest. First, pour yourself a glass. Then relax.

Settle into that easy chair. After all, it takes time to appreciate a good Scotch. Let the ice cubes melt a little. That will easily take five minutes.

While you're waiting, consider that Ballantine's is a smooth blend of not four, not twenty, but 42 of the finest single malt Scotch whiskies. Each chosen for its unique contribution to the overall flavor. A clue, perhaps, to Ballantine's number one rank in Europe. Okay. Take a sip.

Taste the Highland smoke? Taste the flowery heather? Taste the earthy peat? Taste the salty sea air? Mmmmmmmmmm. That's what you should taste in fine Scotch.

Thank you for such generous use of your time.

Ballantine's

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT SCOTCH, IN 17 YEARS

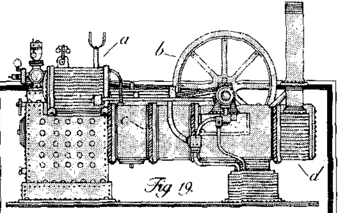


Fig 19.

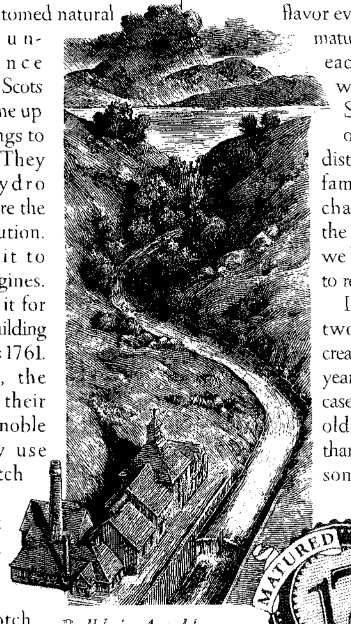
Was the man who invented the steam engine inspired by a whisky still?

It rains a lot in Scotland. Always has. How much? Let's just say you'll never hit a sprinkler head on a Scottish golf course. The Highlands alone get more than twice the rainfall of Seattle. Even more than the Amazon River territory.

Faced with such unaccustomed natural abundance the Scots came up with lots of things to do with water. They developed hydro power long before the industrial revolution. They boiled it to power steam engines. And they used it for transportation, building canals as early as 1761.

But, chiefly, the Scots dedicate their water to a more noble purpose. They use it to make Scotch whisky.

Of course it also takes peat, barley and yeast to complete the recipe, but Scotch is, after all, a liquid, and the water makes a big difference. Especially in a complex blend like Ballantine's Finest. Some water runs from granite highlands down through peaty bogs, into small lakes, or *lochans*. Some runs through the peat over the granite, into streams, or *burns*. It makes a difference, too, because Scotch made with one water has a flavor very distinct from Scotch made with another. Which is why Ballantine's has always blended different Scotches together.



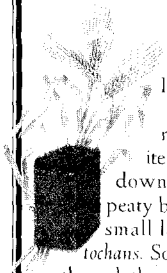
Balblair. A noble contributor to the blend.

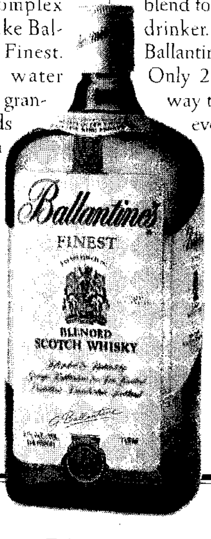
For smooth, mellow, yet full-bodied flavor every time, we blend mature single malts from each of the Scottish whisky regions. Some are created by our eight affiliated distilleries. Others are famous names, purchased directly from the source. (However, we bow to their desire to remain anonymous.)

In all, we use forty-two single malts to create our Finest and 12 year old blends. In the case of our noble 12 year old, none is younger than 12 years, although some are much older.

And our rare 17 year old marries an exclusive selection of more mature spirits into a sophisticated, heady blend for the discriminating Scotch drinker. For special occasions, try Ballantine's legendary 30 year old. Only 200 cases a year find their way to the United States. That's even fewer than the number of Rolls Royces imported each year.

MATURED 17 IN OAK





We welcome all correspondence.

Now you may well think that waiting 12 or 17 years for a Scotch is a bit excessive. And 30 years may indeed be daft. But time is on our side. We've nothing better to do. Besides, it's raining outside.

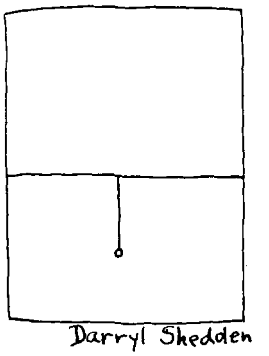
Ballantine's

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Write to: Ballantine's P.O. Box 8925 Universal City, CA 91608.

around New Mexico's Gila River.

The idea that national forests could harbor wilderness areas and produce timber was consistent with the Forest Service's philosophy that forests offer many benefits, not only timber, wilderness, and the protection of water quality but also fishing, hunting, and recreation. For many years, the agency had no difficulty in reconciling these often conflicting interests, because there was no pressure to cut the national forests. The Second World War changed that. The Forest Service responded to the military's urgent need for wood by more than doubling its timber production in three years. As the country settled back into civilian life, the demand for wood continued to soar, but private forestlands were almost exhausted, and could not meet the demand. This was the timber famine that the Forest Service had long anticipated—the moment when it would step in to keep the American people in timber and the American timber industry in business.

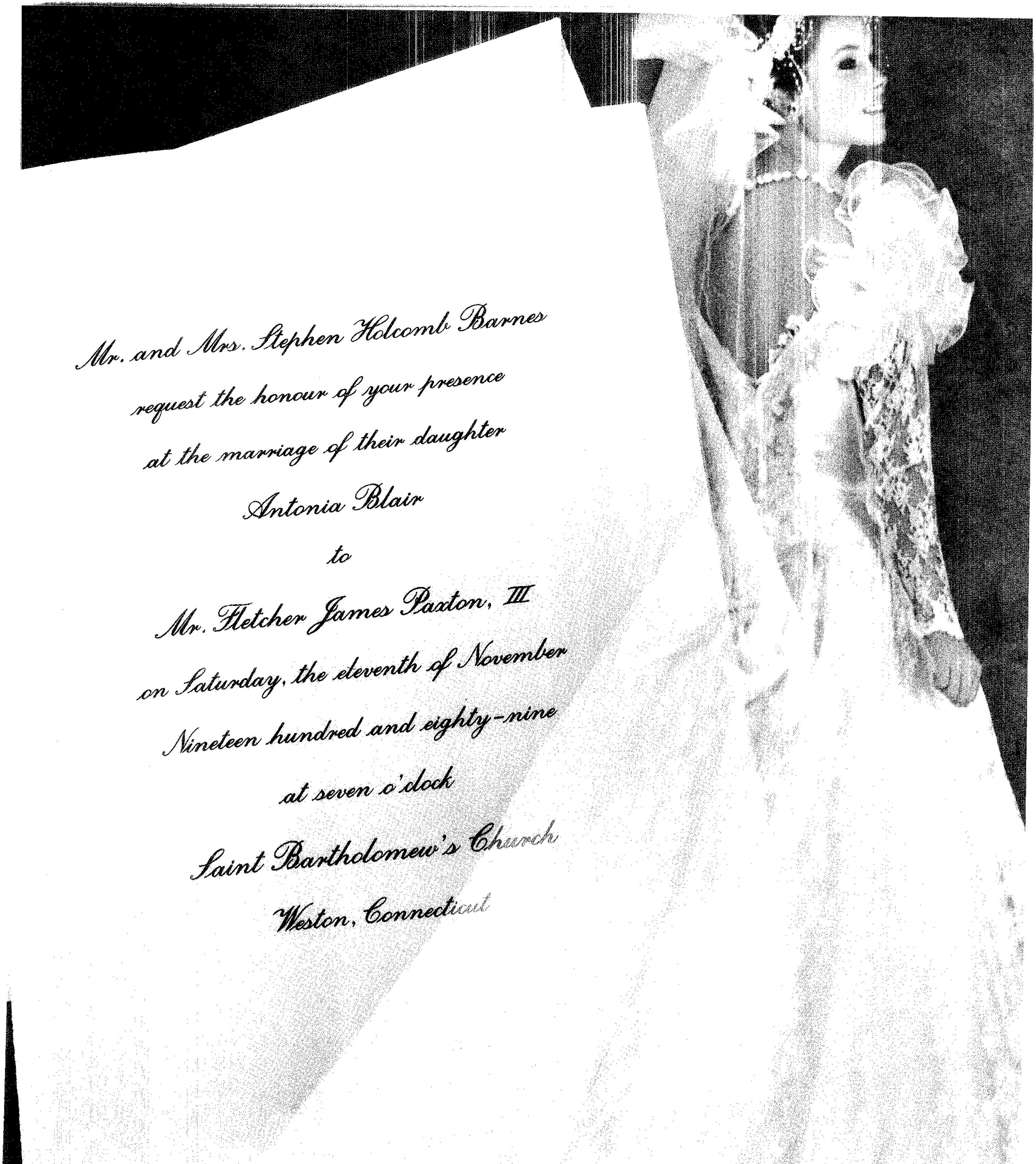


The Forest Service had been set up to demonstrate to a sloppy and reckless timber industry how forests should be managed, but, early on, it came under pressure to violate its own guidelines. In the immediate postwar period, the harvest from the national forests was just a fraction of its potential. But, because the national forests were then still largely inaccessible, pressure on the few areas that logging trucks *could* reach was intense. By 1948, according to Clary's book, B. H. Payne, a Forest Service timber manager, was ruing the fact that "the Forest Service was forced to accept in part the highly undesirable practice of over-cutting on some of the developed areas in order to increase the over-all supply of timber." The demand for timber from the national forests climbed all through the fifties and sixties. "Land and Resource Planning in the National Forests," by Charles Wilkinson and H. Michael Anderson, shows that from 1944 to 1966 the amount of timber cut annually from the national forests almost quadrupled. Because of the quality and the volume of their timber, the ancient Pacific forests have been the most heavily cut. Since the mid-sixties, the hundred and fifty-six national forests have produced around twelve billion board feet of timber a year, and about a quarter of it comes from the thirteen old-growth national forests of the Pacific Northwest. (Board feet are the measure of the amount of usable wood in a tree. One board foot is one foot square and one inch thick. It takes about ten thousand board feet of timber to build the average single-family house. A large, old Douglas fir may contain that much timber; some giants are on record as containing thirty thousand board feet.)

Throughout the nineteen-sixties, evidence mounted that the Forest Service was mismanaging and overcutting the national forests. A 1969 Forest Service study concluded that its Douglas-fir forests were being overcut, and predicted that harvests would drop by forty-five per cent once the old-growth trees were gone. In 1970, a group of highly respected foresters issued a report criticizing the Forest Service for ignoring its legal obligation to protect all the resources of the forest. "Multiple-use management, in fact, does not exist as the governing principle," the report said. And in 1975 the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, in Virginia, banned clear-cutting in the Monongahela National Forest, in West Virginia. To cope with this emergency, Congress in 1976 adopted the National Forest Management Act, which ordered the agency to limit the timber cut to an amount that each forest could sustain in perpetuity. Under the N.F.M.A., the agency was also ordered to prepare, as part of its ten-year management plans, harvesting schedules, based on realistic analyses of each forest's timber potential. In these plans roads, meadows, lakes, and rocky areas may not be counted as forestland. The plans must also eliminate from the timber base land on which trees will not grow back within five years of logging, and must make more accurate estimates of the amount of forest to be set aside to protect other values, including water quality, wildlife, and recreation. On the other hand, the plans allow the agency to assume that it will be able to increase productivity by using fertilizers, pesticides, and specially selected seedlings in growing the next generation of trees. Taking all this information together, the Forest Service has determined that the sustainable harvest level for forests in Washington and Oregon is substantially lower than had been thought. The sustainability of even these lower levels has been called into question by some prominent foresters. James Torrence, the regional forester in charge of all the national forests in Washington and Oregon, told the Portland *Oregonian* shortly before his retirement, last summer, "We can do it"—harvest at the new levels. "We can physically do it. But we can't do it for the 10-year life of the plans."

In any case, none of the new forest plans for the Pacific Northwest are yet in effect. Draft plans for those forests indicated that the sustainable harvest level was about twenty per cent lower than had been assumed. In 1983, John Crowell, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture who was responsible for the Forest Service, and had previously been general counsel to Louisiana-Pacific, one of the country's largest purchasers of federal timber, ordered the plans withdrawn and revised, and that process took six years to complete. In the course of this delay, additional scientific evidence of the ecological damage caused by high timber harvests was amassed. The new draft plans indicate that sustainable yield for the forests is about twenty-five per cent lower than current cutting levels. In addition, planners in several national forests have indicated privately that the final plans should have even lower harvest levels than the draft plans specify.

While the forest plans are slowly being completed, Congress has been directing the Forest Service to increase its planned cut above the sustainable yields reflected in the draft forest plans, and even above the historically high levels still being proposed by the Forest Service. In 1987—the last year for which analyzed figures are available—Congress ordered the Forest Service to cut eighteen per cent more timber from the nine old-growth national forests in western Washington and Oregon than the agency had proposed, or almost eleven per cent more than the draft plans for the forests say is sustainable. The Siskiyou National Forest, for example, has been ordered to harvest 46.7 per cent more than the Forest Service itself proposed, the Rogue River National Forest 35.8 per cent more, and



Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Holcomb Barnes
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Antonia Blair
to
Mr. Fletcher James Paxton, III
on Saturday, the eleventh of November
Nineteen hundred and eighty-nine
at seven o'clock
Saint Bartholomew's Church
Weston, Connecticut

SINCE 1801, NO ONE HAS ANNOUNCED MARRIAGES WITH GREATER CEREMONY THAN CRANE.

A Crane wedding invitation tells your guests more than just when and where they're expected. It tells them what to expect. Made of 100% cotton fiber, Crane papers have ushered in the most beautiful weddings. Which is why, when the invitation is on Crane, even your guests will be counting the days. Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Mass. 01226.

CRANE

Crane's Blue Book of Stationery is now available at authorized Crane stationers and fine bookshops.

LE DESSIN
MONDE DES CHATS
KOREN

"Around here his word is law."

• •

the Mt. Baker–Snoqualmie National Forest 28.8 per cent more.

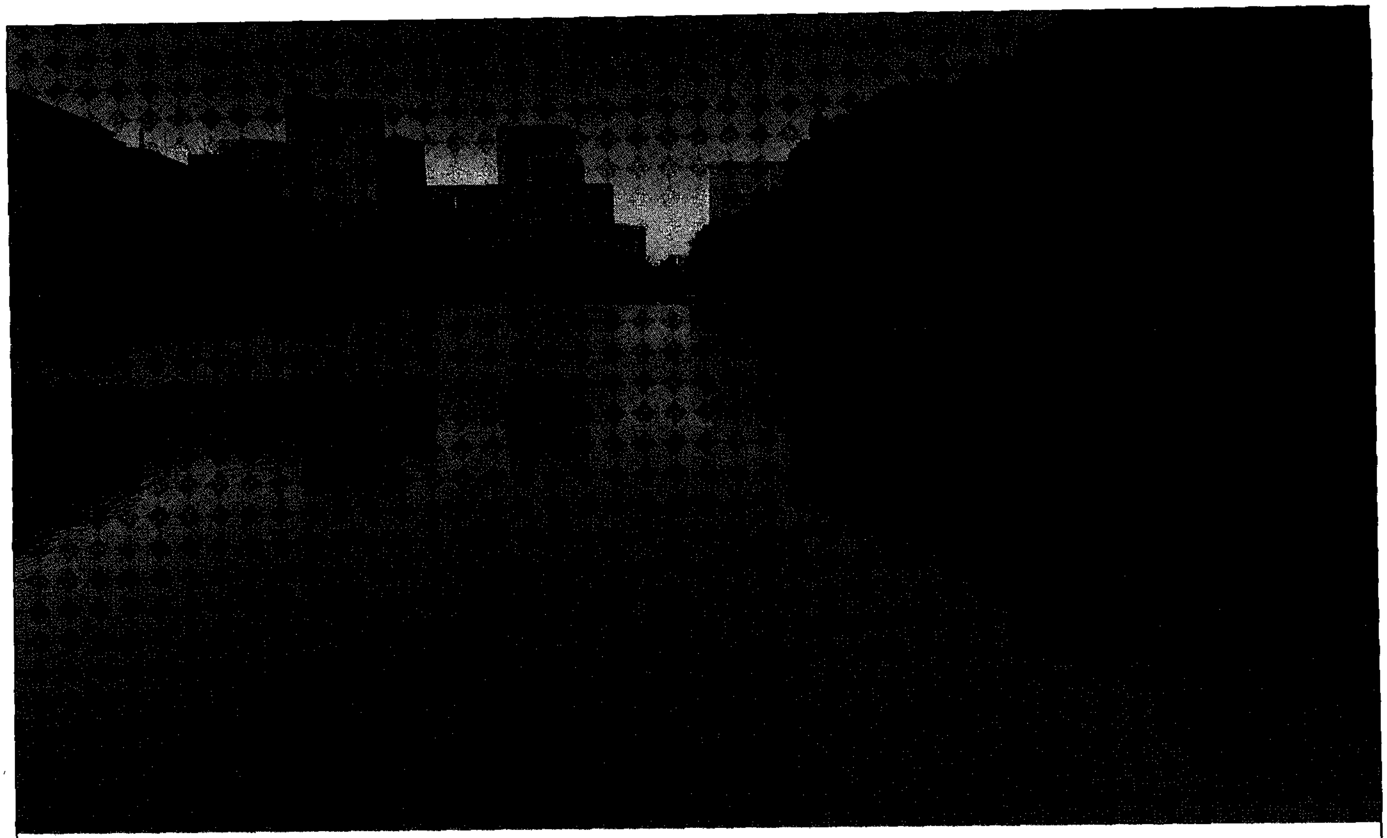
Overcutting is also a serious problem in British Columbia's forests, and provincial government ministers as well as industry officials expect timber yields to drop by at least twenty-five per cent as the old-growth runs out. More than ninety per cent of British Columbia's forests are publicly owned, and under the Canadian system publicly owned forests are the responsibility of the provincial governments. The system of allocating timber harvests in British Columbia is very different from that in the United States, where the Forest Service manages the forests on a day-to-day basis and awards onetime logging rights through competitive bidding. In British Columbia, the provincial Ministry of Forests licenses private companies to log and *manage* large areas of the public forests in perpetuity, with minimal oversight from its forest service and with virtually no public oversight. A study by Bill Wagner, at the University of Victoria, shows that more than ninety per cent of the province's public forests are under the control of just four groups of linked companies—the Bentley-Prentice group, the Mead-Scott group, the Bronfman, Reichmann & Desmarais group, and the Sauder, Champion, Ketcham & Fletcher group.

Most data on public forests in Canada, including the amount of timber cut in each licensed area and the price the government charges licensees for logs, are kept private, on the ground that licensees have a right to commercial confidentiality. Therefore, it is virtually impossible for citizens or academics to check either government's or industry's claims about the condition of the public forests. Licensees are required to adhere to vaguely worded management plans, among whose many shortcomings are that they do not require the use of the most up-to-date scientific data available and that they make little pretense of giving equal weight to the protection of such non-timber resources as fisheries, wildlife habitat, archeological sites, and endangered species. Management plans are public documents, but they can be amended in private, with no public notice. Citizens have no right to take either licensees or the government to court for alleged violations of management plans.

In the ancient coastal forests of British Columbia, the most extensive tenures are so-called tree-farm licenses, under which a company is given rights, renewable in perpetuity, over a large area of forest. The company does not pay for the license, even though tree-farm licenses, which can be used as collateral or sold, are valuable assets, and can be worth billions of dollars. If for any reason—including the creation of a national park, the settlement of native-land claims, or the protection of wildlife and fisheries—the government causes the cut on a licensed area to be reduced by more than five per cent over twenty-five years, it must compensate the licensee for lost future profits. The Ministry of Forests sets the allowable cut for each licensed area on the basis of forest inventories, which the licensees carry out periodically. In general, the inventories do not exclude all areas that are inaccessible, environmentally sensitive, or valuable for wildlife, scenery, or archeology, or that have uneconomic timber.

Neither the province nor the timber industry claims that logging at present levels is sustainable. In 1979, the province abandoned sustained yield as a goal of its forestry program. A 1984 report by the Ministry of Forests noted, "British Columbia's forests are commonly thought to be managed under a policy of constant production over time. This is not true. Many future second-growth stands will yield smaller harvests at maturity than the existing old-growth forests." Worries about this so-called falldown problem are being pushed into the future, though its effects are already being felt in parts of the province where the old-growth has run out. Peter Pearse, British Columbia's leading forest economist, argues that "this complication ought not to worry us much if the impact is not felt until the mid-twenty-first century." And Norm Godfrey, who until recently was the forestry manager for Vancouver Island's Alberni tree-farm-license area—one of the largest such areas in British Columbia, and licensed to the conglomerate MacMillan Bloedel—says, "You have to look at it a different way. It's not that we'll get less later but that we're getting more now."

TODAY, the effects of almost fifty years of intensive logging in the publicly owned forests of the Pacific Northwest are clear. The logging industry has been unable to take large amounts of timber out of the forest



SOME PEOPLE INSIST ON PERFECTION EVERY TIME. THE IMPERIAL IMPERATIVE.

Ever since the Imperial Hotel opened in 1890 as a guest house for foreign dignitaries, we've stood on the same perfect location in the very center of Tokyo. But our enviable location isn't the only reason why people who insist on perfection insist on the Imperial Hotel. We still maintain the same standard of hospitality that made us renowned as Japan's leading international hotel, preeminent in protocol. We still stand out as the pioneer in fine dining, the first to train staff abroad in Escoffier-style cuisine. And, with our constantly updated facilities as well, we're still the choice of the world's most discriminating travelers. Over the years they've included the most distinguished figures of their time. The same great location, the same great qualities. As we celebrate our Centennial we thank all those for whom the Imperial is imperative—today as in the past.

100th
ANNIVERSARY

A Hotel for All Time,
and All Times.

IMPERIAL HOTEL

IMPERIAL HOTEL
TOKYO

A member of
The Leading Hotels of the World®

SRS HOTELS

Preferred Hotels Worldwide

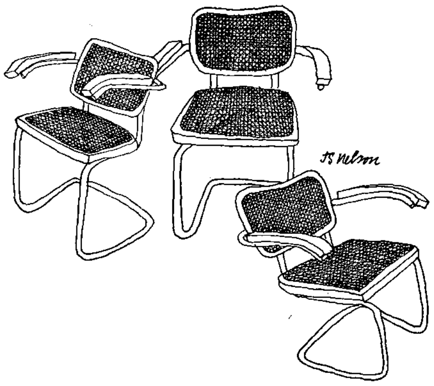
New York office: (212) 692-9001, Los Angeles office: (213) 627-6214.
Or contact the Imperial. Tel: (03) 504-1111, telex: 26816 IMPHO J, facsimile: (03) 581-9146.

without damaging water quality, wildlife, and even the forest's capacity for regeneration. Clear-cuts, once regarded as appropriate only in special circumstances, cover—or uncover—the landscape. The United States Forest Service makes an effort to protect the public from the mournful sight of clear-cuts by leaving "visual-protection corridors" of tall trees along the roadsides, but as the cutting has progressed from the valley floors up the steep hillsides clear-cuts have become harder and harder to hide; some spread across thousands of acres. It is not merely the sight of large areas of deforested land that upsets and confuses visitors; the jagged stumps, broken branches, and shredded bark that clutter the logging sites, and are bleached by the sun or blackened by fires set to destroy them, accentuate the sense of devastation, and so do the landslides that commonly scar steep denuded slopes. Senator Gale McGee, of Wyoming, called clear-cutting "a shocking desecration that has to be seen to be believed," and described one clear-cut as looking "as if a squadron of B-52s had ravaged the pristine beauty of the Wind River Mountains." In British Columbia, there is no limit on the size of clear-cuts. The limit on clear-cuts in the United States is forty acres in most national forests, sixty acres in Douglas-fir forests, and a hundred acres in Alaska, but exceptions can be granted. Observers estimate that up to half the clear-cuts in Alaska's Tongass National Forest are larger than a hundred acres.

Flying over the forests of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska, I have seen mile after mile of contiguous or nearly contiguous clear-cuts, and they are among the ugliest scars on the planet. One near the Bowron Lakes, in British Columbia, covers more than a hundred and eighty square miles: it is one of the few manifestations of man visible from space. But looks are not everything. If this temporarily barren ground is only one stage in a cycle of growth and renewal, it may be a price worth paying for our use of wood. Assuming that we need trees and are going to cut them, perhaps the question should be not "Is it ugly?" but "Does it work?" What method of tree cutting has the least impact on the surrounding area and on the ability of the land to grow more trees? Clear-cutting, despite its ugliness, has several advantages over selection logging, in which only a few trees are taken out at a time. That clear-cutting is more economical is obvious. Also, some species, such as Douglas fir, do not regenerate well after selection logging, because they cannot grow in deep shade. Initially, clear-cutting has a greater impact on a site than selection logging has, but selection logging subjects a site to repeated invasions with heavy equipment and new roads. And there is some concern that in selection logging the best specimens—the biggest, straightest trees—are cut first, with only comparatively stunted, scrawny trees left behind to form a degraded genetic reservoir for succeeding generations. In some circumstances, then, clear-cutting is an appropriate method of logging. But clear-cutting—especially as it is practiced today—is a drastic operation, which carries the risk of serious damage and is not suitable for fragile soils or steep slopes.

National forests are generally less suitable for clear-cutting than private lands are, because private owners claimed the accessible, lowland forests first, leaving the national forests to be carved out of the steepest, most remote, and most easily damaged lands. As a result, erosion and landslides after clear-cuts are particular problems on public forestland. The high rainfall that is common along the Pacific Coast increases the instability of the soil. When the protective tree cover and the thick layer of organic matter are removed, there is nothing to absorb and store the available moisture. Consequently, a heavily logged area will have more intense runoff in the wet season and less water available in the dry season. In winter and spring, the creeks will run dark with silt; in summer and fall, they will be dry and choked with logging debris.

Neither the United States Forest Service nor the British Columbia forest service bans cutting on steep hillsides; each situation is evaluated individually. The result is that throughout the region slopes as steep as eighty and ninety degrees have been clear-cut. One of the most common sights on clear-cut slopes is a logging road running straight across a mountainside, with the earth crumbling away every few hundred yards. The washed-down soil chokes creeks and rivers.



To survive, forest streams must flow through corridors of living trees, and must contain a certain amount of wood—often more than sixty pounds for every square yard of stream—from large trees that have fallen into them. These accumulations of wood create the plunge pools, side channels, and gravel beds that are important fish habitats. Without them, sediment and logging debris flow downstream unimpeded, smothering the bottom-dwelling insects, scouring the streambed, and eroding the stream bank. Yet one frequently sees lakes and streams with no buffer at all, or with a hopelessly inadequate fringe, one or two trees deep. "We did that in the sixties and seventies, and now we're dragging the wood back into the streams," David Gibbons, until recently the regional fisheries-program manager for the Forest Service in Alaska, told me, adding that the state is introducing new guidelines for logging near forest streams.

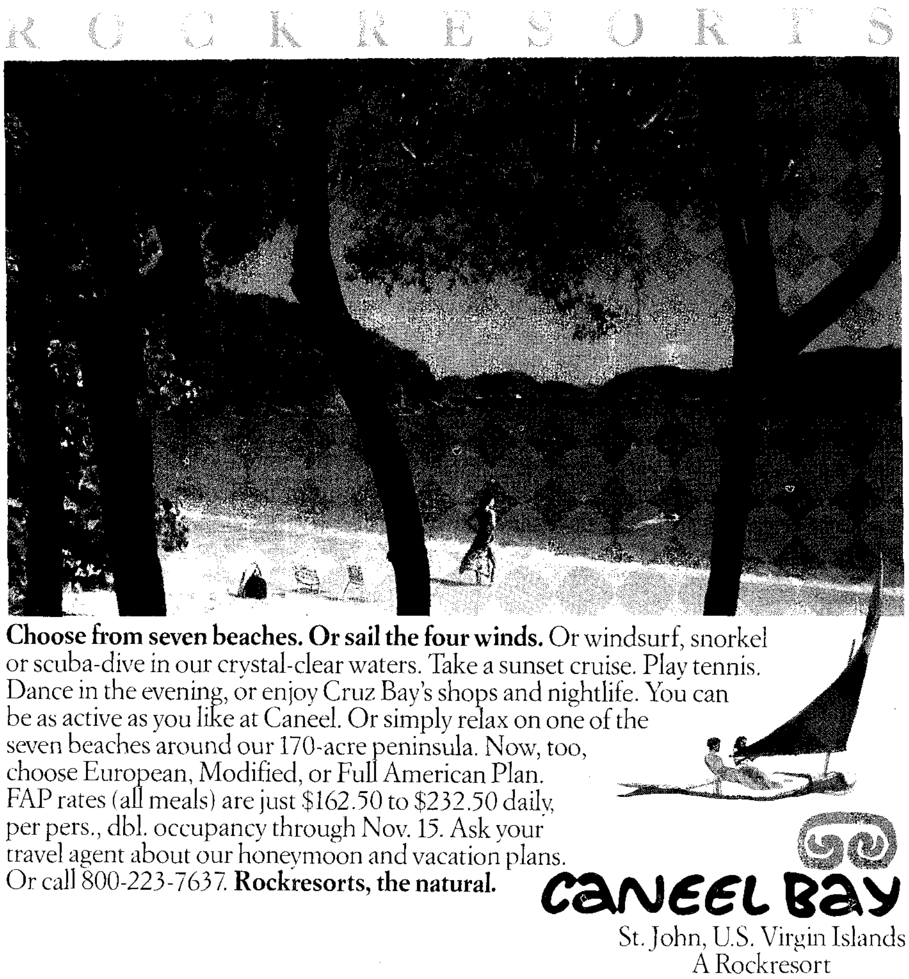
When a forest has been clear-cut and the timber removed, there are literally tons of woody debris left behind—broken trees, branches, huge stumps, twigs, piles of bark. This unsightly mess, called slash, is sometimes allowed to decay and return nutrients to the soil, but more often it is burned, in order to destroy debris that might fuel wildfires, and to make replanting easier. Slash burning is a significant contributor to air pollution in Oregon and Washington.

Proponents of logging often argue—erroneously—that cutting old-growth forests counteracts global warming, which is caused by the buildup in the atmosphere of carbon dioxide and other gases. Their argument is based on the fact that young trees absorb carbon dioxide at a faster rate than do old trees. This is true, but as Mark Harmon, a forest scientist at Oregon State University, explains, "even though the young forest is taking up carbon real fast, it can never—or not for hundreds of years—make up for the huge amount of carbon that was released when that old-growth forest was cut."

Simply cutting a tree does not cause the carbon stored within it to escape into the atmosphere. Only as the tree decomposes is the carbon released. When a forest is cut, the logging debris, leaf litter, and other organic matter left behind are exposed to sunlight, which speeds up decomposition. Often, a logging site is deliberately burned after clear-cutting, sending carbon into the air immediately. The soil is another storehouse of carbon, and as it is torn up and exposed to the air and sun during logging operations it also decomposes, sending its carbon load up to the atmosphere. Of the timber that is taken away, less than half is made into long-lived items, such as lumber or plywood. Fifty-two per cent is burned as fuel or made into paper or fibre products, which are soon thrown away, to decompose or be burned. Thus, Harmon says, "a great big chunk of this huge storehouse of carbon that is the old-growth forest is converted back into carbon dioxide within a few years."

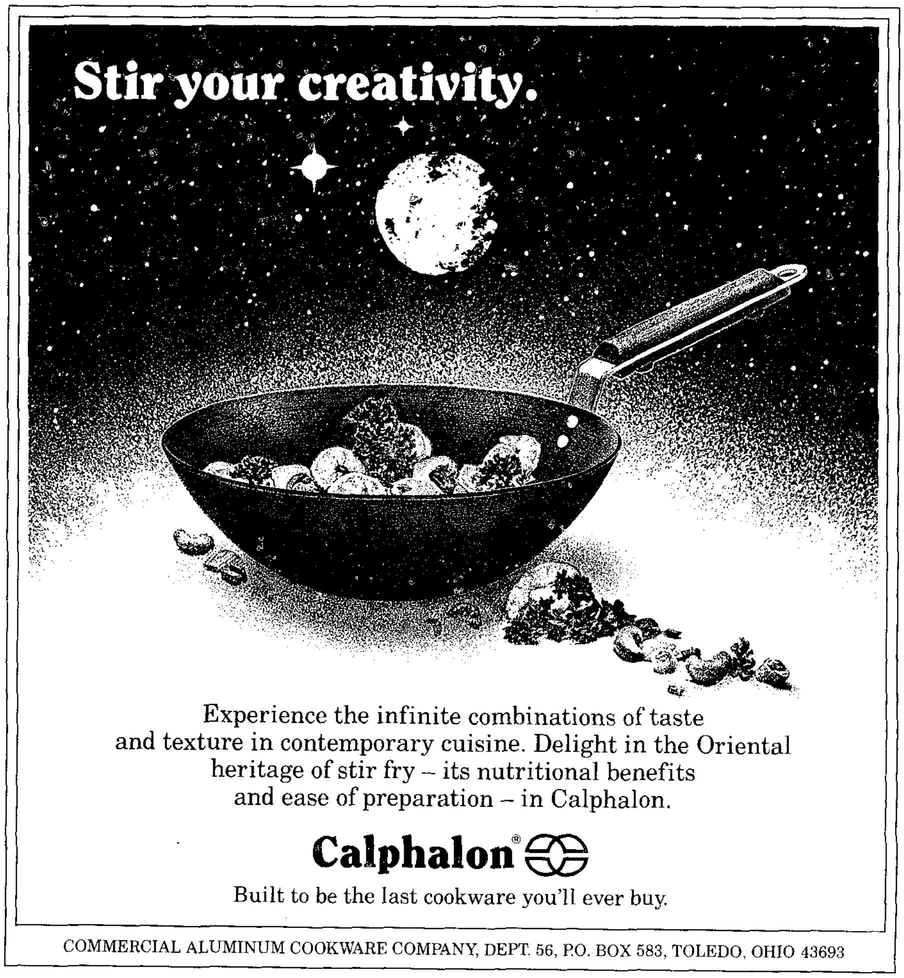
If an area is to be clear-cut, there must, of course, be a road into it, and the United States Forest Service has become the biggest road-building agency in the world. Into the fragile landscape of the national forests it has carved hundreds of thousands of miles of roads. Many have been abandoned, but today the national forests contain more than three hundred and forty thousand miles of operable roads. That is eight times the mileage of the entire interstate-highway system. Over the next fifty years, the Forest Service plans to build about a hundred thousand miles of new roads, and to rebuild over three hundred thousand miles. Despite the fact that most logging roads are not paved, they are expensive to build and maintain, because of the rough terrain they must penetrate and the disturbances to which they are always subject. Major logging roads cost forty-five thousand dollars a mile on the average, and secondary ones average fifteen thousand dollars a mile. The Forest Service pays for roads by the sale of timber and by direct grants from the federal government; in 1988, the grants amounted to a hundred and seventy-five million dollars.

Cutting across mountainsides, cross-


ROCKRESORTS

Choose from seven beaches. Or sail the four winds. Or windsurf, snorkel or scuba-dive in our crystal-clear waters. Take a sunset cruise. Play tennis. Dance in the evening, or enjoy Cruz Bay's shops and nightlife. You can be as active as you like at Caneel. Or simply relax on one of the seven beaches around our 170-acre peninsula. Now, too, choose European, Modified, or Full American Plan. FAP rates (all meals) are just $162.50 to $232.50 daily, per pers., dbl. occupancy through Nov. 15. Ask your travel agent about our honeymoon and vacation plans. Or call 800-223-7637. **Rockresorts, the natural.**

CANEEL BAY
St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands
A Rockresort


Stir your creativity.

Experience the infinite combinations of taste and texture in contemporary cuisine. Delight in the Oriental heritage of stir fry – its nutritional benefits and ease of preparation – in Calphalon.

Calphalon®

Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE COMPANY, DEPT. 56, P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

ing streams, dislodging rocks, creating piles of excess earth, roads are inherently destabilizing. When a road is bulldozed or blasted across a slope, tons of earth and rocks are moved. Often the excess soil is simply pushed over the side of the road, and there it forms a nucleus for future landslides. Every year, newly built logging roads make about a hundred and eighty thousand stream crossings. Each crossing involves a risk of damage to the stream. Ideally, roads should be engineered to allow streams to flow freely under them. In many cases, however, logging roads are simply cut across streambeds. Streams are often forced into drainage culverts that are inadequate to cope with the high-water flow or with the deluges of large branches, boulders, and logging waste, called debris torrents, that may be swept into the stream channel. Such debris torrents choke streambeds, causing floods, washouts, and landslides, which erode slopes, destroy the road, and silt up larger streams below.

Whatever the failures of the Forest Service in maintaining high standards of logging-road design and construction, those of British Columbia's Ministry of Forests are far worse. "We seem to be ten years behind in Canada in terms of forest legislation," Norm Godfrey told me. "There are laws telling our U.S. operation what to do in a way that doesn't exist in British Columbia at this time." As I toured MacMillan Bloedel's Vancouver Island concessions by plane with Godfrey and a group of other company officials, in the spring of 1989, and, later, on my own, I saw plenty of evidence to support his statement.

Since the discovery, in 1988, that the Carmanah Valley, which is part of a MacMillan Bloedel concession on Vancouver Island, contains some spectacularly large ancient trees, including the world's tallest spruce, this remote valley has become a tourist attraction and a cause célèbre among Canadian environmentalists. They have enlisted much support from hikers shocked by what they have seen of a logging operation that was not meant to be on public display. Staring down at the clear-cuts, Godfrey shook his head and said, "If we had thought ahead, we'd have planned the road to minimize the visual impact."

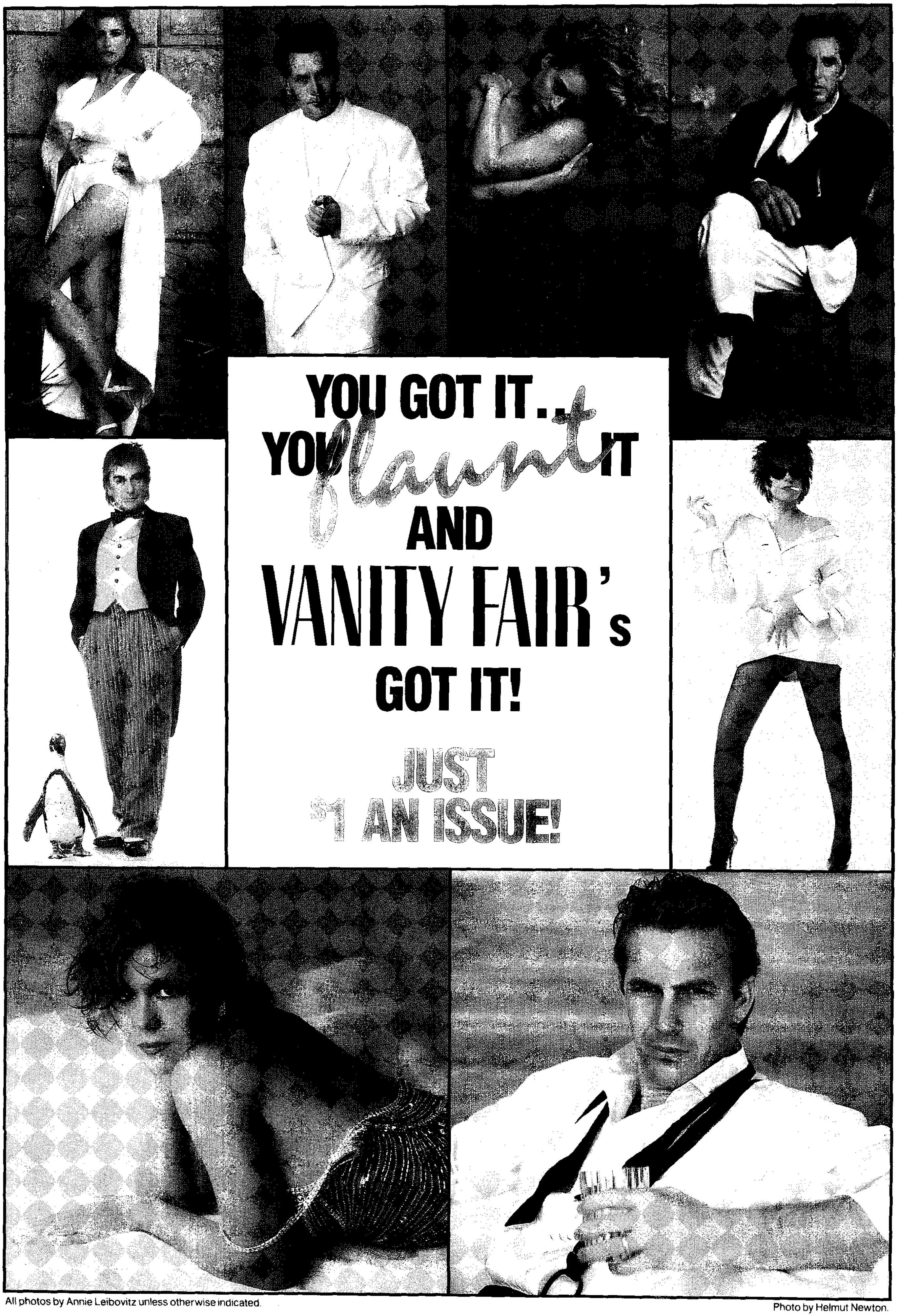
"You'd love to turn the clock back," Dennis Bendickson, the company's divisional engineer, murmured in assent.

Later, as we passed over the Cypre region, a mountainous coastal area where huge clear-cuts are crisscrossed by poorly designed logging roads, Godfrey said, "We wouldn't do it that way now. The cuts would be smaller. Not because we know something now that we didn't then but because of the changing expectations of the public." MacMillan Bloedel is still logging at Cypre. In the winter of 1988, erosion from the denuded slopes was so bad that the company had to spread a slurry containing legumes and grasses over the hills in a bid to save both the hills and Cypress Bay, which they were falling into. Environmentalists are particularly upset by the devastation of Cypre and nearby watersheds, because they are part of Clayoquot Sound, a beautiful area of coastal mountains, fjords, forested islands, and white sand beaches that together make up one of two of Vancouver Island's last large expanses of coastal rain forest. The Ucluelet forest, some miles farther south, adjoins the Pacific Rim National Park, a long, narrow expanse of pristine beaches. "We logged every square foot of Ucluelet," Godfrey commented. "But we wouldn't do it that way now."

Half a century of clear-cutting and road building has left North America with a severely fragmented forest. The northeastern area of Alaska's Chichagof Island is a poignant illustration. Almost every watershed of this once-perfect landscape of forests, rivers, white sand beaches, and snow-capped mountain ridges has been violated, largely as a result of the Forest Service's allowing loggers to search out and take the biggest trees, which are scattered in small stands—a process known as high-grading. Though these old-growth stands are a small part of the forest, they are the most profitable to cut. But they are also the heart of the forest ecosystem, supporting both a mass of timber and a mass of life. Many of the clear-cuts are separated from each other by narrow strips of standing trees. These strips are supposed to serve as wildlife refuges, but they are utterly inadequate to support the animals displaced by logging, according to John Schoen, a wildlife biologist with Alaska's Department of Fish and Game. Moreover, some of these narrow strips have been largely or completely destroyed by wind. Many rivers and lakes are logged right down to their edges. Pointing to Kook Lake, a sockeye-salmon fishery severely damaged by overlogging, Schoen exploded, "Has that been high-graded? Man, I tell you it has!"

According to the Forest Service, only twelve per cent of the forest of northeastern Chichagof Island has been logged. But the logging has been concentrated in the high-volume old-growth forest, and clear-cuts are spread over almost every one of the region's watersheds. Near the coastal town of Tenakee Springs, the watersheds of Basket Bay, Kook Lake, Crab Bay, Corner Bay, Indian River, Pavlof Harbor, and Kennel Creek have all been high-graded, and severely damaged from an ecological point of view. Gone are dense, low-elevation forests where deer sheltered and fed in winter, and riparian forests where brown bears lived and in whose waters millions of salmon spawned each spring. The four hundred square miles of northeastern Chichagof Island is now laced by two hundred miles of logging roads, and the Forest Service plans to build another two hundred miles of roads over the next twenty-two years. These roads will take loggers into the few remaining pristine watersheds and drastically change the lives of Tenakee Springs' hundred residents.

Tenakee Springs is isolated, and the residents like it that way. Outsiders can get there only by boat or floatplane. There are no roads, and so there are no automobiles. The town has a small electric generator, limited indoor plumbing, and, at the time I visited, last spring, two communal telephones. The townspeople bathe together, too—women in the morning and evening, men in the afternoon and at night—in hot springs that bubble up in the center of town. There are few jobs in Tenakee, and many of the residents go off for a few months each year to earn


YOU GOT IT...
YOU flaunt IT
AND
VANITY FAIR's
GOT IT!
JUST
$1 AN ISSUE!

All photos by Annie Leibovitz unless otherwise indicated.

Photo by Helmut Newton.

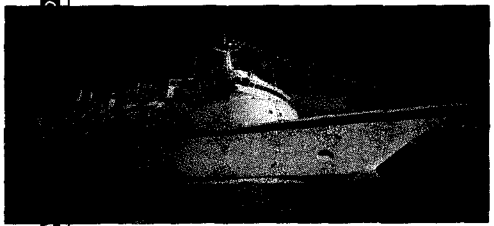
some cash; in 1988, several worked on the Exxon Valdez oil-spill cleanup. But the ocean, the rivers, and the forest provide much of what people need—food, firewood, and building materials.

In the early nineteen-seventies, the Forest Service decided that Tenakee Springs should be linked by a road to the larger town of Hoonah, twenty-four miles to the northwest, "for administrative reasons." (The road would connect two Forest Service districts.) Almost everyone in Tenakee is vehemently opposed to that plan. Even the Forest Service concedes that the road is unpopular. Helen Clough, then the district ranger who had jurisdiction over the road, told me, "A great majority of the Tenakee residents don't want a road to their town. They value that isolation, that remoteness—that's why they live there. It's one of the few remaining communities in Alaska—or America—where you can live that way."

The opponents of the road believe that an influx of cars and hunters will destroy the environment they love, and depend on for a living. Hoonah is already plagued by an excess of hunters. Because it is one of the hunting areas closest to Juneau, scores of hunters in camper vans make the short ferry trip to Hoonah each weekend during the hunting season. The pressure of hunting and the destruction of the animals' habitat by logging have reduced the island's bear population so much that the state Department of Fish and Game has had to drastically restrict hunting in northeastern Chichagof. Commercial guides, who must pay the Forest Service a small percentage of their gross income for the right to operate in the national forest, have been forced to cut back or abandon their businesses in the area.

Despite the opposition, the Forest Service went ahead and built a road from Tenakee to within six miles of the Hoonah road system. Because the road had to traverse town land for a short distance to reach the coast, the City of Tenakee Springs threatened to deny access unless the Forest Service and the Alaska Pulp Company, which has logging rights in the area, agreed not to connect the road with other road systems. In response, the Forest Service in 1988 used its power as a federal agency to condemn the right-of-way, offering to pay Tenakee Springs a hundred dollars in compensation. Meanwhile, both Tenakee Springs and three clans of Tlingit Indians have gone to court to force the Forest Service to consider what effect the road link and increased logging might have on wildlife and water quality. Tenakee Springs has also appealed to Congress to include a clause banning a road link across the island in forthcoming legislation. That is probably Tenakee's last hope in its nearly twenty-year-long struggle to preserve its isolation and its way of life.

NO one knows exactly how much of the ancient Pacific forest is left. There are no comprehensive maps or surveys of old-growth, and the little information that has been gathered is fragmentary and inconsistent. The United States Forest Service is only now developing a definition of old-growth—a step that British Columbia's forest service has not yet taken. One thing that is known is that the greatest extent of old-growth forest left is in coastal British Columbia,



BRITTANY HAIFA LAHAINA WATERFORD BALI NICE SYDNEY TANGIER JUNEAU LENINGRAD NAWILIWILI LISBON VANCOUVER LIVORN

UBLIN VENICE VILLEFRANCHE HALIFAX

CORFU STOCKHOLM A

ON YOUR NEXT TRIP TO

From April to October, the Royal Viking Star will be making seven-day passages to the pink sand beaches of Bermuda. For the remainder of the year, it is off to the Southern Caribbean and the sugar-white beaches of St. John, St. Thomas, St. Maarten and Barbados, among others.

En route, the Star will be carrying the five-star-plus service for which she is renowned: the 24-hour room service, the white-gloved waiters, the six sommeliers–in short, the countless comforts that make Royal Viking Line the most lauded fleet of cruise vessels on earth. For all particulars regarding these five-star-plus cruises, contact your courteous travel agent, or call for a colorful brochure at (800) 426-0821. As always, we look forward to seeing you on board.

ROYAL VIKING LINE
THE WORLD'S FINEST

PLAYA DEL CARMEN NAPLES MANILA KETCHIKAN LAS PALMAS OCHO RIOS MELBOURNE PUERTO VALLARTA SHANGHAI CARTAGENA B

Bahamian Registry

which also has the highest old-growth logging rates. And sixty per cent of British Columbia's coastal old-growth forest is estimated to have already been destroyed. Of perhaps seven million acres left, fewer than four hundred and fifty thousand have been set aside in parks and preserves. At the present cutting rate—about a hundred and twenty-five thousand acres a year—it is estimated that virtually all unprotected coastal old-growth will be gone by the year 2020. According to Douglas Williams and Robert Gasson, University of British Columbia forest analysts, the high-volume forests that both ecologists and economists value most will be gone even sooner—in fifteen years.

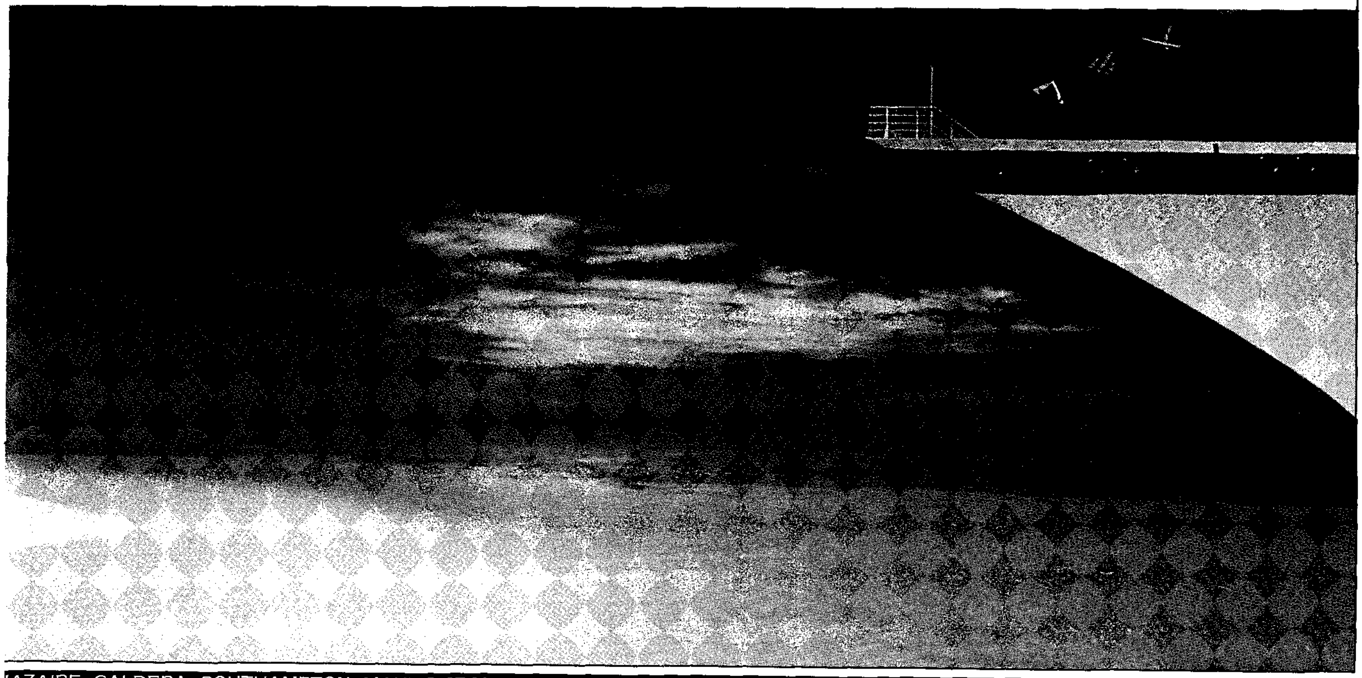
The Tongass National Forest takes in almost seventeen million acres and stretches across thousands of watersheds, over scores of islands, from valley bottoms to mountaintops, covering virtually the whole of southeastern Alaska. The general impression, even among foresters and environmentalists, is that the Tongass is the continent's great reservoir of old-growth. But although much of the Tongass is covered by very old trees only a small part of the region has the ecological and topographical conditions needed to support true old-growth forest. This classic high-volume old-growth, which originally covered almost a million acres, is being logged much faster than the rest of the forest, according to a study by Matthew Kirchhoff, a research biologist with the Alaska Department of Fish and Game. Twenty-five per cent of the classic old-growth is already gone, twenty per cent is legally protected, and thirty per cent is scheduled to be cut; the remaining twenty-five per cent is not scheduled for cutting at this time, because of technical and economic constraints.

Old-growth forests in the lower forty-eight states originally covered twenty-five million acres. The Forest Service estimates that the twelve old-growth national forests in Washington, Oregon, and Northern California have four million one hundred thousand acres of old-growth left. Adding in all other old-growth forests—those owned by the states or by the federal Bureau of Land Management, and those in national parks—brings the total for the region up to five million four hundred thousand acres, of which a million acres are under permanent protection. According to the Wilderness Society, however, the Forest Service has greatly exaggerated the extent of the remaining ancient forests. In the most comprehensive independent study of old-growth so far conducted, Peter Morrison, a forest ecologist, analyzed old-growth in six Pacific Northwest national forests for the Wilderness Society in 1988. Using Forest Service data and aerial photographs, Morrison and his colleagues found that the six national forests contained a total of one million one hundred thousand acres of old-growth, and not two and a half million acres, as the Forest Service had estimated.

The Forest Service, which is now conducting its own old-growth inventory, has reacted mildly to the society's study. "I have no problem with it," Karl Bergsvik, the agency's assistant director for timber management, told me a year ago in his office, in Washington, D.C. "The only problem I have—and it applies to our data as well—is that they used information from inventories that weren't designed to

ONOS KUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG BANGKOK QUEBEC ST. THOMAS VICTORIA WELLINGTON GIBRALTAR ST. MAARTEN CONSTANTA MACAPA

THE BEACH, TAKE A BLANKET, A BUTLER, 33 CHEFS AND 17,000 BOTTLES OF WINE.



IAZAIRE CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI PICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

© Royal Viking Line 1990

provide the kind of information we're developing." Old-growth estimates for several of the six forests studied by the Wilderness Society have since been revised. The estimate for the Gifford Pinchot National Forest, for example, has been lowered from two hundred and thirty-one thousand acres to a hundred and ninety-three thousand; the society's figure, however, was a hundred and nineteen thousand acres.

The Wilderness Society figures indicate that the ancient forests are much closer to extinction than was realized. Forest Service officials say, for example, that the Siskiyou National Forest has four hundred and forty-three thousand acres of old-growth now, and after fifty more years of logging it will have a hundred and eighty-one thousand acres left. But the Wilderness Society says that the Siskiyou has less than this already—only a hundred and forty-one thousand acres. Extrapolating from its study and taking into account state, private, and other federal lands, the Wilderness Society estimates that the unprotected old-growth in all of western Washington and Oregon comes to under a million five hundred thousand acres—less than half the official estimate. If this estimate is correct, at the present rates of logging every bit of unprotected old-growth in western Washington and Oregon will be gone in less than twenty years.

S
P
Judith Shahn

Efforts to protect the ancient forests have so far been inadequate. Less than five per cent of the original forest has some sort of legal protection. The situation in British Columbia is particularly worrying, for neither of the two biggest reserves there is completely secure. One, the South Moresby National Park Reserve, is the subject of unsettled native-land claims, and the government of British Columbia has already seriously eroded the other, its Strathcona Provincial Park, by opening it to hydroelectric development, mining, and logging. Insuring the survival of the ancient forests is not merely a matter of protecting a certain percentage of the original forest. A system of parks and reserves is adequate only if it reflects the diversity of the original forest—including, for example, the Sitka-spruce and Western-hemlock forests along the coast from Northern California to Alaska, the Douglas-fir forests of Oregon and Washington, the Western-red-cedar forests of coastal British Columbia and Washington, and the mixed evergreen-hardwood forest of Oregon's Siskiyou Mountains. The reserves should also contain a significant proportion of the forests that have the greatest degree of biological diversity—the low-elevation forests on good growing sites. "There's damn little of the lower-elevation forest set aside," Jerry Franklin, now of the University of Washington, says. "In our wilderness areas, it's mostly higher-elevation forest with poor biological diversity. So the wilderness areas don't do a good job of protecting biological diversity. And the parks, with the exception of the Olympic National Park, don't really do a good job, either." In both the United States and Canada, parks have been chosen for their dramatic scenery rather than for their biological significance. Most of the parks in the Pacific area are centered on mountain ranges. They consist largely of rocks and snow and ice, with perhaps a fringe of old-growth forest on the lower slopes.

Reserves must also be big enough to accommodate the needs of their native species. Charles Meslow, a spotted-owl specialist with the Fish and Wildlife Service, has said that each mating pair of spotted owls, for example, requires from fifteen hundred to four thousand acres of old-growth forest, depending on where the forest is. In general, according to Franklin, "it is preferable to have reserves of several hundred acres, but smaller patches may also be worth saving, depending on a number of circumstances, including the type of forest, how isolated it is, and how rare it is." In 1986, the Forest Service's Old Growth Definition Task Group, a committee of government and university scientists, concluded that stands of less than eighty acres are ordinarily too small to be viable in the Pacific Northwest. As the climate heats up, it is going to be important to have not only reserves of a viable size but also corridors of forest linking those reserves, so that plants and animals can migrate among different latitudes. The corridors would also allow several small reserves to function as one larger unit. Unfortunately, no such corridors exist, and much of what remains of the an-

BEFORE YOU SEND THAT PAINTING TO AUCTION, WE'D LIKE TO TALK WITH YOU . . .

Many people don't realize that as many as 40% of paintings on the auction block fail to meet their "reserves" — that is, the minimum price that a seller will accept. What happens if your painting doesn't sell? You must still pay the auctioneer a reduced commission plus all expenses such as photography, reproduction in a catalog, shipping and insurance. And worse, your painting becomes "tainted" because it didn't sell.

Vose Galleries has been handling consigned paintings for almost 150 years. Our computerized "want list" contains over 10,000 requests for specific paintings. Unlike auctions, we have more than two minutes to sell your painting and can take the time to offer your painting in a quiet, relaxed atmosphere. And what do you lose if your painting doesn't sell? The only expense for the consigner is the cost of insurance. And unlike auctions, your painting does not become "tainted" because its offering is a private matter. Auctions are public record.

VOSE GALLERIES OF BOSTON, INC.
Dealers in fine paintings for five generations
238 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON MA 02116
TEL. (617) 536-6176 • FAX (617) 247-VOSE

cient forest consists of small, isolated patches surrounded by clear-cuts or bisected by logging roads. The majority of the old-growth patches in the Siuslaw National Forest, in Oregon, for example, consist of less than forty acres.

"It's interesting that we're telling Third World countries, 'Don't cut your forests,' and yet look at the things we're doing here. We're wiping out our fish runs, we're wiping out our biotic diversity; we're sending species to extinction," Andy Kerr, of the Oregon Natural Resources Council, says. "You know, we're not a Third World country. We're not so poor that we have to destroy our ancient forests. And we're not so rich that we can afford to."

Our destruction of the greatest forests remaining on this continent has many consequences, certain to be long-lasting and in some cases irreversible. Fishing, tourism, and recreation are already suffering. It is harder for people who wish to do so to make a subsistence living. An ecological system that we do not yet understand is disappearing. Plant and animal species are being driven to the edge of extinction. Rivers and streams are dying. Drastic changes in our planet's climate are being hastened. In exchange, we are getting wood. But for how long? Instead of waiting the two hundred years it would take for the next generation of trees to produce as much wood as the ancient forest has produced, foresters are trying to speed up growth through the development of better seedlings, through the use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides, and through more intensive care of young trees. By these methods, the foresters figure, an eighty-year-old plantation could produce the same volume of timber as a forest two hundred and fifty, or even five hundred, years old—from thirty to fifty thousand board feet of timber an acre. The plantation trees will not be as big as those of the ancient forest, but there will be more of them per acre. "We know what nature can do, and we're relatively certain that we can do better than nature," George Leonard, the associate chief of the Forest Service, says.

Though the Forest Service insists that its reforestation program is a success, it is difficult to know for certain. The agency's records on reforestation and growth rates are incomplete and, in

FLY AAWAY
VACATIONS℠

Fly AAway to Mauna Lani Bay

Fly AAway to 5 diamond award winning Mauna Lani Bay with American's Fly AAway Vacations.℠ The Mauna Lani Bay is a perfect blend of sophisticated luxury, superb cuisine, world class tennis and golf. Golf, Tennis and Honeymoon packages also available.

Rated the #1 U.S. resort by "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous." The Mauna Lani Bay. Because nobody has worked harder or deserves it more. Every package is backed by American's exclusive warranty. Details available upon request. WARRANTY

$396.00 4 days, 3 nights per person, double occ. land only. Restrictions apply. Valid to 12/15/90.

THE MAUNA LANI BAY
Hotel and Bungalows
The Leading Hotels of the World

Contact your travel agent or call American Airlines at 800-321-2121.

AmericanAirlines
Something special in the air.℠

Father's Day

Give Him The Gift That's Certain To Be His Favorite Tie.

For Graduations • Birthdays • Or Any Occasion

Book Lover
Computers
Cardplaying
Sailing
Bicycling
Photographer
Baseball
Basketball
Running
Music Aficionado
Fishing
Wine Connoisseur
Swimming
Boating
Billiards
Golf
Gourmet Cook
Tennis
Gardening
Skiing
Hiking/ Camping
Football
Hunting
Woodworking

Delight every man on your gift list with a beautifully woven club tie that shows his favorite sport or hobby in rich jewel-like colors. A tie that's finely tailored, certain to look smart and fun to wear. Choose from 24 distinctive designs, specifying a Navy or Burgundy background.

ORDER NOW! Only **$18.95** plus $2.50 shipping for the first tie. Or save with each additional tie for just **$14.95** plus $1.00 shipping. Check, VISA and MasterCard (acct. no. & exp. date). **Your Satisfaction Is Guaranteed.** Father's Day delivery guaranteed by 6/15 if order received by 6/6. Call toll free: 800-662-TIES, ext. 23. Send to: His Favorite Tie, 27 Glenn Way, P.O. Box 758-F, Holmdel, NJ 07733.

HiS Fav♥rite TiE® NECKWEAR

© Copyright 1990.

some cases, unreliable. The Forest Service defines reforestation so narrowly that it can claim very high rates of restocking, but these claims may be misleading. In 1988, for example, officials of the Siskiyou National Forest said that more than ninety-nine per cent of the forest's logged-over areas had been replanted to Forest Service standards. But the agency sets standards only for the number of trees planted, not for the number that survive. Thus one area in the Siskiyou National Forest has been reforested to agency standards six times since 1961—and there is every indication that the latest planting will also fail. The agency keeps no records of how fast its plantations are growing, or how robust they are. "The agency doesn't want to know what's happening out there," says Julie Norman, who is president of the board of Headwaters, an Oregon group dedicated to promoting sustainable forestry, and who is an expert on the Forest Service's computer-modelling program.

Forest Service officials often assure the public that the forests of the future will consist of genetically superior trees—vigorous, large, and straight-trunked. But the agency does not breed improved varieties. Rather, it reforests with seeds taken from trees with desirable qualities, and hopes that those qualities will be passed on. It is, of course, impossible to know in advance whether a given trait is genetic or merely the result of circumstances. Intensive management of the national forests did not begin until the nineteen-seventies, and specially selected seeds have been planted on a large scale for just over ten years. The Forest Service has estimated that areas replanted with these seeds will produce ten per cent more timber than ordinary sites. The agency's calculations are based not on data on tree growth from on-the-ground surveys but on assumptions and computer projections. Some foresters have raised questions about the reliability of this estimate, especially since the agency is not attempting to insure that a site is reforested with seeds collected from the locality. Plants adapted to one site may not do well in another whose soil, moisture level, and exposure to sun and shade are different, according to Barry Flamm, who was formerly the supervisor of the Shoshone National Forest, in Idaho, and is now the chief forester for the Wilderness Society. "The jury isn't in yet on whether a lot of these so-called improved trees are really improved in terms of timber quality and in terms of survivability over a long period," Flamm says.

The Forest Service's expectation that growth rates will increase is based on two assumptions: not only that intensive management will raise productivity but also that intensive management will be able to continue. Critics charge that since the latter assumption, at least, has not always been justified it makes a mockery of the agency's growth predictions. Herbicide spraying to keep down competing vegetation, for example, has been banned in national forests in Oregon and Washington since 1984. "The agency assumed that using herbicides would boost the cut by as much as thirty-seven per cent, but the cut hasn't dropped to make up for the fact that they're not spraying—and that they're not meeting their targets for clearing the brush by hand, either," Julie Norman says. In another case, analysts at the Siskiyou National Forest, responding to a request from Oregon's Governor Neil Goldschmidt, raised their estimate of the forest's sustainable harvest level by four million board feet a year on the expectation—which they had previously felt was unjustified—that Congress would give them money for fertilizers.

"It's voodoo forestry," Richard Brown, a resource specialist with the National Wildlife Federation in Portland, says. "Shorter rotations, better seeds—they conjure up all these intangibles that are supposed to enhance future growth. They don't really care if it works. The point is that it provides them with an excuse to cut more big old trees now."

Intensive forestry in the United States has a very short history. Only a few managed forests predate the Second World War. The forest ecologist Chris Maser has written, "I know of

SAYING YES TO A DRINK

What would a grown woman do?
She'd tug off an earring
when the phone rang, drop it to the desk

for the clatter and roll. You'd hear
in this the ice, tangling in the glass;
in her voice, low on the line, the drink

being poured. All night awake,
I heard its fruity murmur of disease
and cure. I heard the sweet word "sleep,"

which made me thirstier. Did I say it,
or did you? And will I learn
to wave the drink with a goodbye wrist

in conversation, toss it off all bracelet-bare
like more small talk about a small affair?
To begin, I'll claim what I want

is small: the childish hand
of a dream to smooth me over,
a cold sip of water in bed,

your one kiss, never again.
I'll claim I was a girl before this gin,
then beg you for another.

—Deborah Gottlieb Garrison

• •

ONE WAY
BANK OF T
WEBER

“Now I believe it. New York is out of control.”

• •

no nation and no people that have maintained on a sustainable basis, plantation-managed trees beyond three rotations. The famous Black Forest in Europe is a plantation; it and other forests are dying at the end of the third rotation. The eastern pine plantations are dying. It’s the end of their third rotation.” Barry Flamm says, “It’s a justifiable worry that forest productivity will decline.”

Up to half the trees in the German and Scandinavian forest plantations are dying. In the mid-nineteen-eighties, the Forest Service detected a twenty-five-per-cent decrease in annual growth rates and a sharp increase in mortality rates in the plantations of the southeastern United States. The damage in both the American and the European plantations has been attributed to acid rain, but Maser hypothesizes that it is partly the consequence of several centuries of intensive management. By deliberately removing “extraneous” material, such as dead logs, from the forest floor, foresters interfere with the “dead-wood” cycle that produces the mycorrhizal fungi without which many trees cannot survive.

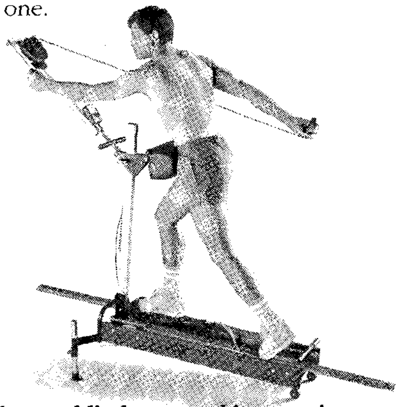
Though foresters like to apply agricultural metaphors to their trade, they face a much more difficult and uncertain task than do farmers whose crops mature in six months. First, trees must survive in a world of predators and environmental stresses for decades rather than for months. Second, the nature of the stresses is hard to predict or to guard against. “There are so many variables in the future—climate, insects, acid rain—that it’s hard to say whether the second growth will live up to our expectations,” Karl Bergsvik, of the Forest Service, says. Jerry Franklin adds, “We just don’t know if we can do repeated croppings without serious problems. I think even some of the industrial-oriented people would agree on that when you backed them into a corner.”

Research suggests that one solution is to mimic the natural variety and complexity of the forest—to try to grow forests rather than just trees. “What forestry has traditionally done is make the forest simple,” Franklin says. “What we have to learn to do is make the forest diverse.” The first step is to change the way we log. “Instead of working all over the forest, concentrate your activity for a decade or two at a time on smaller areas. Cut more of it in terms of percentage of landscape, but then get out, pull out the road system, and leave it alone. And in the cutting itself leave behind a lot of structure—green trees, dead trees, and downed wood.” Such an approach would result in man-made clearings that are more like the clearings made by wind and fire, which leave behind “legacies,” such as large living and dead trees, rotting logs, organic litter, spores of mycorrhizal fungi, and areas of undisturbed soil, that enable the forest to renew itself. “A diverse forest is more resistant to various kinds of perturbations, less susceptible to insects and diseases,” Franklin argues. “It’s likely to be more capable of responding to global climate changes, dealing with environmental stresses of one kind or another. So that simply by having a more diverse forest you increase its ability to resist—and if not to resist, then to recover from—these disturbances, and that also contributes to this idea of sustainable productivity.”

THE Forest Service is often criticized for selling timber from national forests at a loss, but the agency points out that, over all, its timber-sales program makes money; it made two hundred and sixty-seven million dollars in 1987. The profitability is largely due to the twelve old-growth forests in Washington, Oregon, and Northern California. Though the cost to the agency of doing surveys and building roads is just as high in the Pacific forests as in the other national forests, the volume of timber per acre in these old-growth forests is so much higher than it is in the rest of the country that sales of their timber are immensely profitable, even at low Forest Service prices. Ninety per cent of the Forest Service’s 1987 net timber receipts came from sales in these twelve

Take a walk on NordicTrack and discover why it's 8 ways better than a treadmill.

1. **Better exercise.** NordicTrack simulates cross-country skiing, the world's best total-body exercise.
2. **Non-jarring.** NordicTrack eliminates unsafe jarring motions which can damage joints & ligaments.
3. **Safer.** NordicTrack uses no electric motors or high-speed belts that can throw off a user.
4. **You are in control.** No panic starts and stops as with motorized devices.
5. **Quieter.** NordicTrack eliminates the pounding footstep noise associated with treadmills.
6. **No electric cord or outlet required.** With NordicTrack you are not constrained by outlet locations.
7. **Costs far less for equal quality.** NordicTrack needs no expensive electric motors and speed controls. And little upkeep is required.
8. **Non-boring.** 7 out of 10 owners are still using their machines more than 3 times a week, 5 years after purchasing one.



The world's best aerobic exerciser.

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Free Brochure & Video
Call Toll Free **1-800-328-5888**
(U.S. and Canada)
☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free video tape ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Phone ( ) ______
141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
265E0

forests, though two-thirds of the timber came from the other hundred and forty-four forests.

Because of a unique arrangement, the Tongass National Forest is the only one of the old-growth forests to lose money on its timber sales. When the Tongass was designated a national forest, in 1907, it was seen as the key to the economic development of southeastern Alaska, but then Forest Service officials labored vainly for decades to get a local pulp industry started. The aftermath of the Second World War revitalized the agency's dreams. In ceding Manchuria to China and Sakhalin Island to the Soviet Union, in 1945, Japan lost almost half its timber resources. Japanese businesses sought to have Alaska make up for those losses, and they were supported by the American military administration that ruled postwar Japan and was looking for ways to rebuild its economy. In 1953, the Japanese agreed to build a pulp mill in Alaska instead of simply taking the raw logs back to Japan for processing. The mill is operated by the Alaska Pulp Corporation, which is a consortium of virtually all the leading Japanese companies that have interests in any aspect of wood processing and trading. At around the same time, the United States government signed a contract to build a mill with the newly formed Ketchikan Pulp Company, which is now owned by Louisiana-Pacific.

In exchange for building the mills, the two companies received fifty-year contracts guaranteeing them timber supplies at extremely low prices. The contracts established what has been called a "duopoly" over two-thirds of the Tongass National Forest's commercial forestland. There is no competitive bidding for this timber; prices are subject to review every five years but can be raised only by agreement between the United States government and the mills. Almost all the timber from the Tongass goes to Japan and other Pacific Rim countries. Sitka spruce, which, along with Western hemlock, dominates the Tongass, is valued by the United States Customs Service at more than seven hundred dollars per thousand board feet. Alaska Pulp currently pays two dollars and twenty-six cents for a thousand board feet of Sitka spruce, and a dollar and twenty-two cents for a thousand board feet of prized Alaskan cedar. On the average, the company pays a dollar and forty-seven cents for a thousand board feet of Tongass timber. The Forest Service charges more than that for a road map of the Tongass. Ketchikan Pulp's prices are higher: they average just over forty-nine dollars per thousand board feet. Native Alaskans, who control about half a million acres of southeastern Alaska's forest, sell their timber abroad, because they cannot compete with the Forest Service's low prices.

In 1980, Congress set aside about a third of the Tongass as wilderness. The vast majority of the wilderness sites were mountainous areas, mostly rock and ice. Only nine per cent of the high-volume forest was designated wilderness, and the pulp companies were still guaranteed their contractual timber supplies. Nonetheless, Senator Ted Stevens, of Alaska, insisted on an addition to the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act, or ANILCA. Section 705(a) of the act requires the Forest Service to make four hundred and fifty million board feet of Tongass timber available for sale each year, and to spend at least forty million dollars a year building logging roads and preparing timber sales, whether or not anyone wants to buy the timber. A Government Accounting Office report found that between 1980 and 1986 the agency spent a hundred and thirty-one million dollars building roads and preparing timber for sales that never materialized.

The Tongass is the biggest money loser of all the national forests. In some years, the government has lost ninety-nine cents for every dollar it spent on timber programs in the Tongass. Between 1982 and 1988, Tongass timber sales cost the government more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. Though the point of the fifty-year contracts and of ANILCA's Section 705(a) is to create and maintain local jobs, the number of timber jobs in southeastern Alaska has dropped to eighteen hundred from twenty-seven hundred in 1980, largely because of automation and a decline in the Japanese timber market. The Wilderness Society estimates that each remaining job costs American taxpayers thirty-six thousand dollars a year in subsidies. Southeastern Alaska's main industry is now fishing, which employs twenty-six hundred people directly; recreation-tourism, which employs around two thousand people, is its fastest-growing industry. Both are threatened by the continued logging of the old-growth forest.

In 1981, an independent Alaskan logging company won a suit in federal district court in Seattle, and Ketchikan Pulp and Alaska Pulp were found guilty of conspiracy and restraint of trade. The judge ruled that they had used the advantages their contracts gave them "to control the Alaska timber market, to eliminate competition, and to maintain and exercise monopoly power." A Forest Service review of the case concluded that the agency had lost as much as eighty-three million dollars in its dealings with the two companies. The Forest Service claimed damages against the two companies, and the case was referred to the Justice Department. Ketchikan Pulp settled the claim against it by making minor modifications in its long-term contract and agreeing to pay a million dollars. Alaska Pulp decided to fight the claim, and in 1987 made a counterclaim, that the Forest Service owed it eighty-three million dollars, because the agency had failed to fulfill a contractual obligation to provide the company with profitable timber. The company had taken exception to recent efforts by the Forest Service to direct logging to areas other than the richest, high-volume parts of the forest, which had borne the brunt of the logging so far. By the time both sides were ready to argue the case, the Justice Department announced that the statute of limitations had run out.

Both companies say that they need the contracts and the low timber prices to stay in business. Environmentalists say that the contracts and the provisions of Section 705(a) that force the Forest Service to build unneeded roads are tearing the heart out of the forest. Bart Koehler, the executive director of the Southeast Alaska Conservation Council, says, "Conservation groups around the country are fighting the Forest Service's multiple-use system. They groan when I tell them that our ambition in Alaska is just to get to that point—to get the contracts off our back so we can just deal with the same problems that are driving them crazy." The House of Representatives has passed a bill that would terminate the contracts, open Tongass timber sales to competitive bidding, give protection to a million eight hundred thousand acres of important fish-and-wildlife habitat, and stop construction of the Tenakee Springs road. It would also repeal Section 705(a), making the timber harvest and the Forest Service's budget subject to review, as is the case in respect to all the other national forests. The Senate is considering a bill that is much weaker from an environmental viewpoint. The Forest Service opposes the bills, on the ground that contracts with the federal government should be inviolable. The pulp companies say they will sue the government for several billion dollars on a charge of breach of contract if either version of the Tongass Timber Reform Act is enacted.

Even in the lower forty-eight states, where there are no long-term contracts, the Forest Service does not attempt to charge for its timber what it

"Even I never received this much fan mail."
—W. A. Mozart

Austrian Airlines New York/Vienna non-stops reach a new height in passenger satisfaction.

"We were very impressed...it was so nice to be spoiled." "Food and service was the best...in 30 years of traveling." "It is impossible to surpass your service..."

With every flight attendant serving an average of just 12 passengers, the finest cuisine in the air and our famous Austrian hospitality, it's no wonder we're getting rave reviews.

For information and reservations, see your travel counselor or call 800-843-0002.

Welcome to
AUSTRIAN AIRLINES

Ask about *MileageCheques*℠, the most rewarding, least complicated, frequent flyer program.

costs to produce it or will cost to replace it; instead, the agency charges what it estimates the buyer can afford to pay. It calculates the selling price for the finished product—lumber, plywood, or pulp—subtracts the cutting, transporting, and manufacturing costs, and then takes off a ten-per-cent profit margin. The remainder is what the Forest Service charges. If there are several prospective buyers, the price may be bid up, but often there is only one bidder. Because the Forest Service is such an important source of timber on the domestic market, private companies are forced to charge lower prices, too. Many small-woodlot owners choose to leave their timber standing rather than sell it so cheap, and their decision further restricts the amount of timber available to domestic mills.

In the past seven years, civil disobedience has become increasingly common as a way of protesting threats to the forest. Protesters have blockaded logging roads with fallen trees, boulders, and their own bodies; buried themselves up to their necks in the paths of advancing bulldozers, and suspended themselves from trees, dangling a hundred feet off the ground for days at a time. Less frequently, they have engaged in controversial acts of sabotage, ranging from pouring sugar into the gasoline tanks of logging trucks, to disabling bulldozers, to rendering trees worthless—and dangerous—for milling by driving six-inch-long iron spikes into them. In most cases, however, protesters have been able only to delay or publicize the objects of their protests.

It is in British Columbia, where critics of the province's forest management have little access to information, no right of administrative appeal, and no recourse to the courts, that civil disobedience has been most effective. One reason is the alliance between environmentalists and the province's native groups, most of whom, never having signed treaties with the government, maintain claims to their traditional lands, which compose the bulk of the province. In 1987, Canada designated over three hundred and fifty thousand forested acres of South Moresby, the southern fifteen per cent of the Queen Charlotte Islands, as a national-park reserve. The declaration capped a thirteen-year struggle to stop Western Forest Products from logging South Moresby. The effort had gained national attention in 1985, when seventy-two Haida Indians were arrested for blockading a logging road. Hundreds of thousands of people wrote to the federal government in support of a national park. When William Vander Zalm, the premier of British Columbia, turned down a federal offer to pay the province a hundred and six million dollars in compensation for the land, he received almost thirty thousand telegrams in one week.

Meares Island, in Clayoquot Sound, off the west coast of Vancouver Island, is small and still largely unlogged. Two mountains, cloaked by the ancient forest, dominate the island and the coastal landscape for miles around. Eagles nest in huge spruces; black bears hibernate in the cavities of dead cedars; otters and mink live along the tree-sheltered shoreline; cougars and wolves hunt in the island's forests; scores of species of ducks and other waterfowl search for food in one of western Canada's largest mud flats; and sea lions, harbor porpoises, and gray and killer whales feed and swim offshore. For centuries, this rich land has been home to the Clayoquot and the Ahousat people. Opitsaht, a village on the island, has been continuously inhabited for more than five thousand years. The native people have challenged the legitimacy of the tree-farm licenses under which MacMillan Bloedel and another logging company, Fletcher Challenge, control virtually the whole island. In April of 1984, the Clayoquots proclaimed Meares Island a tribal park. In the autumn of that year, when a boatload of MacMillan Bloedel loggers came to Meares to begin cutting, they were met by a flotilla of boats and crowds of protesters on the beaches. The loggers departed and the dispute went to the courts. "We stood guard on the island for six months, taking turns according to who could take time off from work or be away from their family," Steve Lawson, a commercial fisherman and tour-boat operator who lives on a neighboring island, says. "We were out in the water at dawn every day. At least twenty people, and sometimes as many as three hundred." The following spring, British Columbia's Court of Appeal enjoined logging on the island until the native land claim is settled.

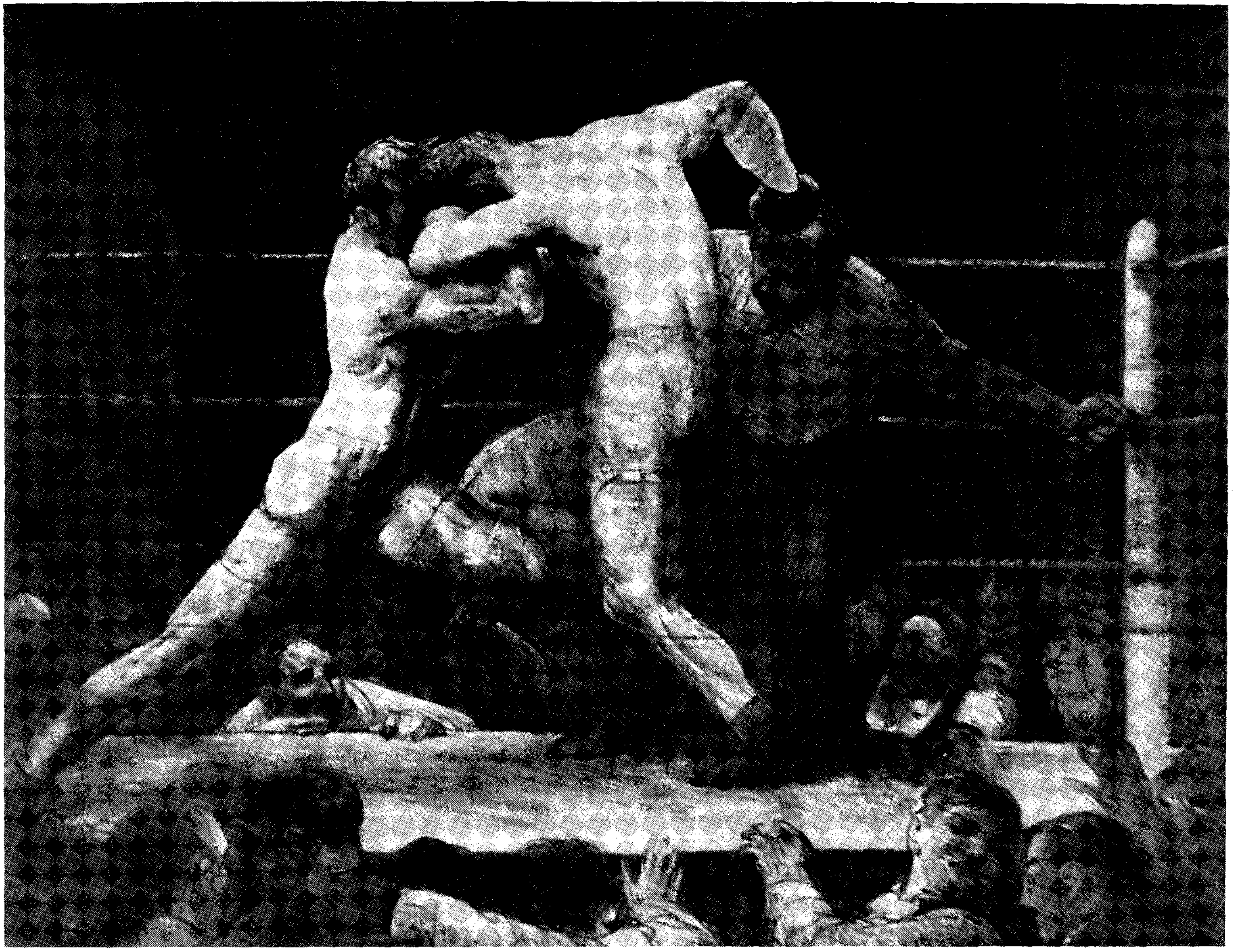
GRINDING SERVICE
LAWN MOWERS
Sharpened & Repaired
J. Capa

Lou Gold once taught political science at Oberlin College and at the University of Illinois. Now he is a part-time hermit and a full-time advocate for an ancient-forest national park. Gold went to southwestern Oregon in 1982 to visit friends who live near the Siskiyou National Forest. By the following spring, he had been jailed for taking part in a protest against a logging road being built to Bald Mountain, a place Gold had never seen. Environmentalists objected to the road because it would break up the largest unprotected area of virgin forest in the continental United States—an area that they believe should be a national park.

Gold now spends four months of each year living on Bald Mountain, clearing up the considerable mess that fire-lookout stations have left behind. The rest of the year he travels around the United States giving slide shows about Bald Mountain and the Siskiyou Mountains and gathering support for ancient forests and for the plan to turn most of the Siskiyou National Forest into a national park. Forest Service officials have remarked that they can follow Gold's progress across the country by the postmarks on the letters they receive from citizens complaining about their plans to log the Siskiyous and to build almost five hundred miles of roads in an area fifty miles long and twenty-five miles wide.

The Siskiyou Mountains are the northern extension of what the writer David Rains Wallace calls the Klamath Knot, a complex of ranges which straddles the California-Oregon border and includes the Trinity Alps and the Marble Mountains. The Siskiyou is the oldest range west of the Rockies—two hundred million years old in some parts. Unlike most of this continent's mountain ranges, the Siskiyou has an east-west orientation. It links

George Bellows, A Stag at Sharkey's, 1917.



A success story that started with a four-letter word: Guts.

Forbes now ranks second in ad pages among all magazines.

Over the course of 72 years, Forbes has built a tradition of gutsy, hard-hitting reporting that's made big fans of America's top executives. As well as savvy advertisers, who now have made biweekly Forbes second in ad pages ahead of traditional weeklies like TV Guide, People, Time, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated and U.S. News.

Forbes' success story is proof positive that top management prefers coverage that doesn't pull punches. In fact, more senior officers in America's largest companies say that Forbes gives them better information on companies—and offers them better judgments and insights—than either Business Week or Fortune.* And of the three, more rate Forbes their favorite.*

But while Forbes attracts the high and the mighty of the business firmament, advertisers are mighty glad to find that it's the lowest cost way of reaching them.

No doubt this is why Forbes is consistently ranked by the Publishers Information Bureau high among the topmost in advertising pages. And now only one magazine, which publishes twice as many issues a year, is—for now—still a bit ahead of us.

If you want what you're selling to be a hit with the heavyweights, run your ads in the magazine whose gutsy coverage grabs them. Forbes.

No guts. No story.

Forbes
Capitalist Tool®
Forbes Magazine—60 Fifth Ave. N.Y., NY 10011

*1989 Market Facts

Maupintour

Discover a grand style of escorted travel. Small groups, professional managers, one price covers everything. Treat yourself to the best!

BUDAPEST

Capture the friendly spirit and warm hospitality. Art treasures, history, great cuisine, architecture, culture. Danube dinner cruise. 8 days.

BRITISH ISLES

English Countryside, Britain by Rail, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Edinburgh Festival, Cornwall, Devon, Yorkshire and Lake District. 8 to 19 days.

TURKEY

Istanbul, Ankara, Goreme Valley cave dwellings, Aphrodisias, Ephesus, Troy, Bosphorus cruise. 15 days. Turkey and Egypt. 17 days.

FREE BROCHURES. For a copy of Maupintour's ☐*Soviet Union* (Budapest), ☐*British Isles* or ☐ *Egypt* (Turkey) brochures, call or check box and mail coupon to Maupintour, 408 East 50th St., New York, New York 10022.

quality escorted tours since 1951 Maupintour

name

address

city

state/zip nyk-bbt-0

Telephone 212-688-4106

the coastal mountains with the Cascades and the Sierra Nevadas, to the east. The links with so many different ecological communities make the Siskiyou a center for diversity and a source of adaptation for future changes. "It's an area where there's a lot of evolution going on, because there's so much material able to come in and migrate out," Tom Atzet, the Forest Service's ecologist for the area, says. In botanical wealth and diversity, it is rivalled in North America only by the Great Smoky Mountains. The Siskiyou is the major center of plant evolution west of the Mississippi; it contains more than a hundred plant species listed as rare or sensitive by the Forest Service, and is the only meeting point for southern species such as redwoods, and northern species such as Alaska yellow cedar. Dave Willis, a moving force in the national-park campaign, says, "If there is any place in the country that deserves to be a national park, and that needs the protection of being a national park, this is it." Last summer, I accompanied Willis to the Siskiyou.

The botanical richness was evident everywhere as Willis and I made our way on horseback to Bald Mountain. I was on horseback because of my deep aversion to carrying heavy packs up steep mountain slopes. Willis rode because thirteen years ago, while climbing Mt. McKinley, he lost his hands and feet to frostbite. The injury makes it difficult for him to walk more than a few hundred feet at a time, though he still manages to ride, rock-climb, and lead wilderness treks for a living. The forest changed as we moved uphill. We started off in a riparian forest that is home to one of the rarest and most valuable trees in the world, the Port Orford cedar. As we began to climb, we entered a strange forest of stunted pines and hardwoods, and towering Douglas firs, a combination unique to the Siskiyou area. Farther on, we passed through a lovely tan-oak-and-madrona forest whose slender trunks and dappled shade remind one of an English beech forest; finally, we reached the great Douglas-fir forest that crowns Bald Mountain. The mountain itself is the high point of a forested ridge, three thousand feet above the Illinois River, that is dotted with lovely meadows—"prairies" in the local argot. These prairies are among the most beautiful spots on earth, surrounded by gracefully drooping Douglas firs whose lower branches gently brush the deep-green grasses. In these islands of sunlight, flowers bloom in a profusion that I haven't seen in almost twenty years of botanizing here and abroad: bearded mariposa lilies; orange-spotted leopard lilies; blue irises; and scores of blue, yellow, and pink flowers that I couldn't name.

In the summer of 1987, a fierce lightning storm started dozens of fires all over the Klamath Mountains, including several that raged across almost a hundred thousand acres of Bald Mountain, destroying some groves, merely scorching the trunks of others, and completely bypassing still others. Fire is a part of the natural cycle in these forests, and two years later much of the burned area was beginning to recover. The blockades of the Bald Mountain logging road in which both Lou Gold and Dave Willis took part had succeeded in slowing construction, but by July of 1983, when a judge decided that the road was illegal, about half of it had been built. After the fires, the Forest Service announced plans to complete the road so that close to ten thousand acres of trees in fire-damaged areas could be logged. Environmentalists argued that the forest should be left to heal itself—that logging and road building would damage an already stressed ecosystem—but they succeeded only in reducing the planned eight-mile extension to a mile. The logging operation was proceeding at full steam last summer, using helicopters to winch trees, including a good proportion of healthy trees, out from roadless areas. "It's like mugging a burn victim," Gold said.

IN the United States, the future of the ancient forest is now being decided largely in the courts, where a symbiotic relationship has developed between government scientists and critics of the government. "It was the advocacy groups' picking up on the science and using it in their lawsuits that really brought us out of the closet," Jerry Franklin said last year. "If it weren't for them, I suspect, we'd still be in our ivory tower, shouting out the window with nobody paying any attention."

These lawsuits, which focussed on establishing the ecological value or vulnerability of individual sites scheduled for logging or road building, had mixed success. But as the ancient forest continued to dwindle a new element entered the equation—the northern spotted owl, whose habitat is the old-growth forest. In the early eighties, researchers in the Forest Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, and academic institutions established that the northern spotted owl was nearing extinction, and that further destruction of its habitat posed a threat to its survival. In 1987, environmentalists filed the first of three spotted-owl lawsuits. Those suits dramatically changed the clash over forest resources. For the first time, the courts were being asked to rule not on just one stand of trees but on large areas of old-growth, stretching across many national forests. The Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund filed the suits for various coalitions of plaintiffs, including *Strix occidentalis caurina*, the northern spotted owl itself.

In Northern Spotted Owl v. Hodel, twenty-five environmental groups joined the owl in challenging the Fish and Wildlife Service's refusal to list it as threatened or endangered under the Endangered Species Act. In 1988, the federal district court in Seattle ordered Fish and Wildlife to reconsider its decision that the owl was not threatened or endangered, saying that "expert opinion is to the contrary." The environmentalists won their point in the spring of 1989, when the Fish and Wildlife Service proposed to list the spotted owl as a threatened species—a category that requires special protection of its habitat. As yet, the spotted owl has not been listed; the Fish and Wildlife Service can take up to eighteen months to complete the process.

In the two related cases, environmentalists argued that the Bureau of Land Management in western Oregon and the Forest Service in Oregon and Washington had acted illegally in allowing timber to be cut from public forests without properly considering the impact that logging would have on the spotted owl. In the B.L.M. case, the judge found that the bureau's refusal to consider logging's impact on the owl was "arbitrary and capricious," but the case was dismissed as moot in December of 1989, because of a Congressional ban on judicial review of the bureau's timber-management plans. A series of injunctions issued in the case had prevented logging in western Oregon for nearly two years. In the Forest Service case, the federal district court in Seattle enjoined the disputed timber sales in March of 1989 until that case could be fully heard. That ruling halted about a billion board feet of timber sales, and a subsequent decision by the Forest Service to postpone for the same period all timber sales in spotted-owl habitat roughly doubled that amount. The injunction was lifted in November, after Congress placed further restrictions on judicial review of Forest Service and B.L.M. actions. Both of these cases are now on appeal by the environmentalists to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, in San Francisco.

One company affected by the spotted-owl lawsuits is Dahlstrom Lumber, in Hoquiam, a once-thriving mill town on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. The mills in Hoquiam and the surrounding towns depend on old-growth trees from the Olympic National Forest—an important home for the northern spotted owl. Monte and Kirk Dahlstrom are a good-natured, easygoing pair of brothers. They built their mills—a lumber mill and a veneer mill—themselves, financed by a Small Business Administration loan and second mortgages. Dahlstrom Lumber began operating in 1980. When the business is running at full capacity, it employs nineteen people directly and thirty through logging and trucking contractors. In addition, several hundred jobs depend in part on the lumber that Dahlstrom supplies to other factories. The Dahlstroms' sawmill and veneer plants require seven million and three million board feet of timber a year, respectively. They use nothing but old-growth hemlock from the national forests. "We bid only on the biggest timber," Kirk says. Sixty per cent of the lumber they cut is shipped to other mills in the United States, to be made into high-quality window frames, doors, and moldings. Twenty per cent is sent to Japan, for use in construction work. And twenty per cent is barely processed—just squared off into what are known in the industry as "cants"—and sent to Japan to be made into veneers, glued onto a ply-

The "boutique" hotel in the heart of Copenhagen.

A uniquely Danish ambiance keeps visitors returning to The Plaza–Copenhagen's leading boutique hotel.

From the renowned Russian cuisine of the Alexander Nevski restaurant to the Library Bar to the elegance of its beautifully appointed guest rooms and suites, The Plaza will make your visit to Copenhagen a warm and treasured memory.

Discover why Denmark–The Other Europe–is called the land of food, fun and fairy tales . . . and why visitors are captivated by the warmth and hospitality of the English-speaking Danes.

For information and reservations, call your travel agent or Steigenberger Reservation Service, Inc., at 1-800-223-5652.

The Plaza is a Royal Classic Hotel.

DENMARK
THE OTHER EUROPE

HOTEL COPENHAGEN
THE PLAZA

ROYAL·CLASSIC·HOTELS

For your free copy of "Denmark–The Other Europe," write The Danish Tourist Board, 655 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017, or call (212) 949-2333.

Robert Burns,
General Eisenhower,
the Painted Lady.
Who will you be mixing
with at Turnberry?

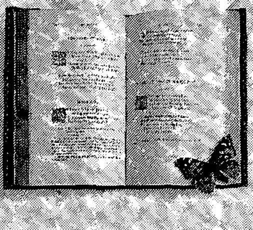
SPEAK TO THE CONCIERGE AT THE TURNBERRY HOTEL AND HE'LL DROP SOME FAMOUS NAMES.
SCOTLAND'S *MOST CELEBRATED* BARD, FOR EXAMPLE. HERE, IN 'BURNS COUNTRY', YOU'LL FIND *HIS* BIRTHPLACE, WORKPLACES AND RESTING PLACE. (INCLUDING THE AULD BRIG O'DOON.)
GENERAL EISENHOWER WAS A MORE RECENT NEIGHBOUR.
AFTER WORLD WAR II, A GRATE*FUL* SCOTLAND GAVE HIM PART OF ANCIENT CULZEAN CASTLE NEARBY. A VISIT TO HIS ROOMS IS WELL-RECOMMENDED.
THE PAINTED LADY? A BUTTERFLY THAT CALLS AYRSHIRE HOME.
JUST ONE OF THE MANY NATURAL RICHES ALONG OUR COAST.
OF COURSE, THE ROLL-CALL OF TURNBERRY'S ATTRACTIONS DOESN'T STOP THERE.
THERE'S THE HUNTING, FISHING, GOLFING. . . . BUT WE'LL LEAVE THAT FOR ANOTHER DAY. OR, WE SUSPECT, ANOTHER HOLIDAY.

Turnberry Hotel & Golf Courses
Turnberry Ayrshire KA26 9LT Scotland
Telephone 0655 31000 Telex 777779
Facsimile 0655 31706

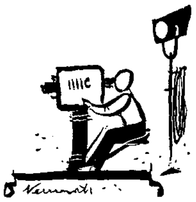
RESERVATIONS:
Leading Hotels of the World
New York (212) 838 3110 Nationwide (800) 223 6800
Orient Express Hotels
New York (212) 839 0222 Nationwide (800) 237 1236
BTH Inc.
New York (212) 684 1820 Nationwide (800) 221 1074

A MEMBER OF *The Leading Hotels of the World*

ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS



wood backing that originated as tropical hardwoods in Indonesia, and sent back to the United States as flooring. The veneer that the Dahlstroms make goes to a box factory in the United States and is applied to boxes for fruit, mostly kiwis and grapes. Old-growth veneer is used for this mundane purpose because it can stand up to the extended cold conditions under which the fruit is stored and shipped.



The moves to increase protection of the spotted owl have seriously threatened the Dahlstroms' timber supply. In January of 1989, the Forest Service announced that because certain lands were to be set aside as spotted-owl habitat, timber sales in the Olympic National Forest's Quinault Ranger District, which supplies the local mills, would be reduced to forty-two million board feet in 1989—less than half of what the service had been selling—and that future sales would drop to thirty million board feet a year. Despite that squeeze, the Dahlstroms felt that they could go on, though they would have to close the veneer plant to do so. They had a year's stockpile of timber, and they were high bidders on a timber sale, called the Canyon sale, that would keep them in business for a second year. But the Canyon sale was in spotted-owl habitat, so it was halted by the Forest Service-case injunction in the spring of 1989, as was virtually every other timber sale in the Quinault Ranger District. I visited the Dahlstrom brothers shortly after they learned that the Canyon sale had been cancelled, and they were still in a state of shock.

"All the value that we thought we were adding in expanding the mill—they just took it away with those injunctions," Kirk said. "But the point is, they're trying to take my way of life away. This is more than a business; it's my life." Both brothers contend that preservationists—as environmentalists are called around here—are outsiders who are toying with important local resources. "It's a living to me; it's a hobby to them," Kirk said. "My fight is supported by people in my community who know the situation. Theirs is supported by people in Boston, New York, Los Angeles, and Seattle, who don't understand. They want to live in a city, have all the advantages of living and working in the city, and play where I work, where I live." Casting a derisive eye at my notebook, he went on, "You know, this country can't survive on writers and computer punchers. It needs to use our natural resources, use them productively."

One of the Dahlstroms' biggest worries was having to fire workers. Closing the veneer plant meant laying off five people. "I have a good crew," Monte said. "I've got great guys. But a lot of them can hardly read and write. If we close, and the other local mills do, there's no place for these guys. Kirk and I won't starve—we'll be able to do something else—but what are they going to do?"

Kirk said that his worries about the business and the men who depended on him were putting him through "a mental anguish you can't believe." The idea, often proposed by environmentalists, of retraining for loggers and other workers in the old-growth-timber industry was met with contempt by both brothers.

"Don't insult me with low-interest loans," Monte said. "I don't want welfare. Just give me a timber supply."

Senator Mark Hatfield, of Oregon, came to the rescue of the Dahlstroms and the rest of the Northwest timber industry by inserting a clause in the 1990 federal appropriations bill which overruled the court injunction on the sale of timber from spotted-owl habitat. The clause required the Forest Service to release more than a billion board feet of timber from spotted-owl habitat for sale. The Canyon sale was one of those released. "The Canyon sale will get us through 1990," Kirk Dahlstrom told me earlier this year. "After that, though, we're not confident. We no longer have any faith in the federal government's promises." Pressure on the lands that supply the Dahlstroms' timber will increase because of a federal interagency report released last month, which concluded that the northern spotted owl is "imperilled over significant portions of its range," and called for three million acres of federal forestland to be withdrawn from logging in order to protect the owl's habitat.

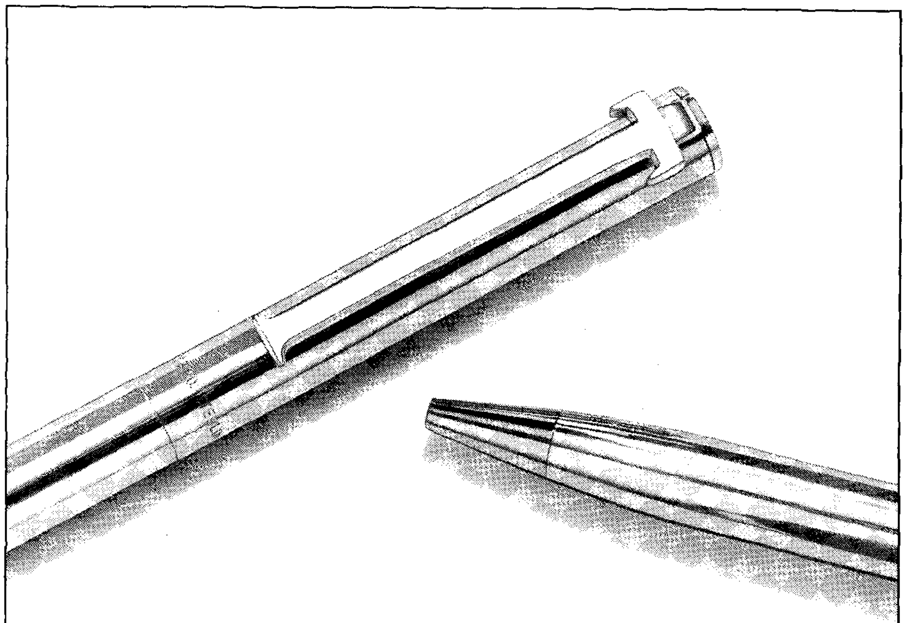
As far as loggers, millworkers, and others in the timber industry are concerned, the issue is a simple one: jobs versus owls. The anger and fear of the threatened workers are reflected in the black humor of bumper stickers saying

"SAVE A LOGGER, KILL AN OWL" and T-shirts emblazoned with the motto "I ♥ spotted owls . . . barbecued, fricasseed, baked, stir-fried." One mill-owner showed me a spotted-owl joke that had come through on his fax machine: "What's the difference between a spotted owl and a logger? A spotted owl can still make a small deposit on a new pickup."

The northern spotted owl lives only in Northern California, Oregon, and Washington, but it has become a symbol to timber workers everywhere who are fearful of losing their jobs. In imploring a Senate panel meeting in Sitka, Alaska, not to cancel the pulp mills' monopolies in the Tongass National Forest, John Parton, a logger for the Alaska Pulp Corporation, compared himself with the owl. "I, too, am an endangered species," he said. "I am . . . a Pacific Northwest logger. Will you give my mate and I thousands of acres of timberland, for that is what I, too, need to survive." All through the Pacific Northwest, loggers and others in the timber industry are holding rallies, marches, and "spotted-owl barbecues"—often with their employers footing the bill—to protest the threat to their jobs.

The timber industry in the Northwest has been suffering for years, however. Its problems predate public concern about ancient forests or the spotted owl. Throughout the region, mills—especially mills that depend on big, old trees—have been closing down. Some towns, such as Westfir, Oregon, that were founded on timber and until recently thrived on it have lost all their mills. Oregon's Department of Employment has reported that between 1977 and 1987 the state lost more than twelve thousand jobs in logging and wood processing, and that its timber industry now provides only about five per cent of Oregon's jobs. As other industries—notably tourism, now No. 3 in Oregon—pick up the slack, timber is losing some of its political clout in the region. Nevertheless, David Mumper, a timberlands resource manager at Weyerhaeuser, recently said of Washington State's growing population, "I look at it as twenty thousand people a year moving into the state that have no use for us, because our industry's not growing. Politically, the people in this state could kill us."

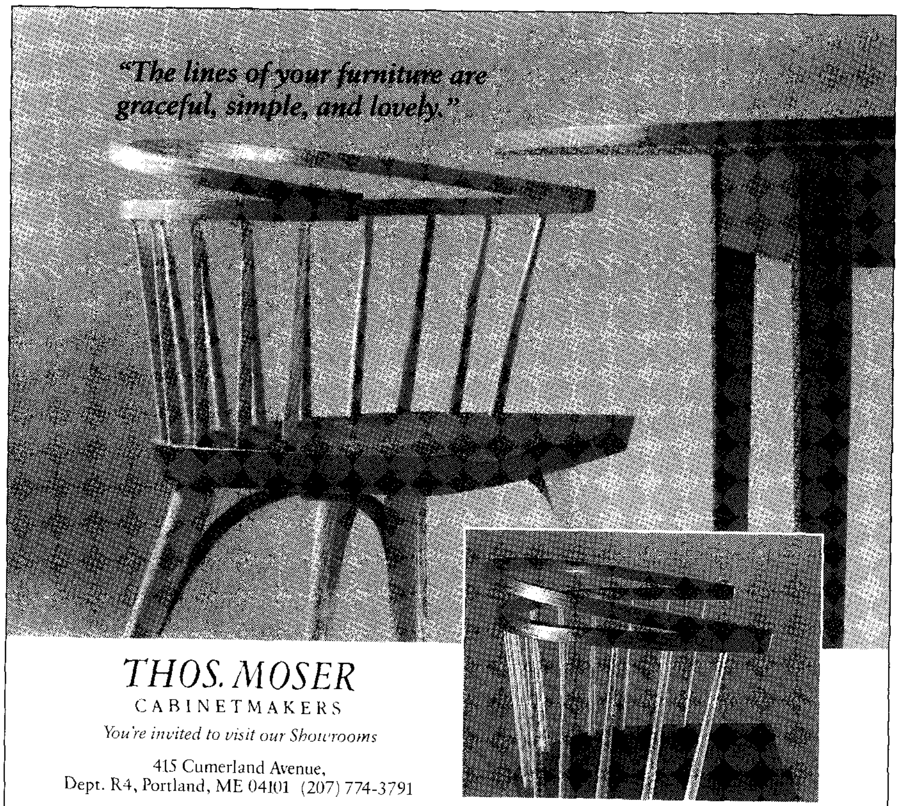
The reason for the job losses is not a shortage of timber from national for-



Tiffany to a T

The Tiffany "T" clip ballpoint pen
in sterling silver, $55. Available at all Tiffany Stores.
To inquire: 800-526-0649

TIFFANY & CO.


"The lines of your furniture are graceful, simple, and lovely."

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS
You're invited to visit our Showrooms

415 Cumerland Avenue,
Dept. R4, Portland, ME 04101 (207) 774-3791

210 West Washington Square,
Dept. R4, Philadelphia, PA 19106 (215) 922-6440

601 South Washington Street,
Dept. R4, Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-3447

Call or write for our 80-page, full-color Catalog, $9.

With its low, sweeping curves, our Chandler's Chair particularly complements a round or oval dining table. Detail: The unique double back flexes for comfort and support.

S. Caesar Raboy, President
Connecticut Mutual Life

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

Glossies from $187.50 · Color Photographs from $225.00

We're Now in Greenwich

Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111

English Garden Furnishings
Interior and Exterior Use

Benches
Chairs • Tables
Swings • Planters
Modular Architectural Trellis

Free shipment from stock

Country Casual* - *NY3
17317 Germantown Rd.
Germantown, MD 20874
1-301-540-0040
40 page Colour Catalogue $3.00

SPRUCE POINT INN
Maine's Oceanfront Resort
1-800-553-0289
Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538

ests; in fact, figures from Oregon's Departments of Employment and Forestry show that the amount of timber taken from the state's national forests has increased as jobs have disappeared. Oregon's fifteen-per-cent drop in logging and processing jobs accompanied a sixteen-per-cent increase in wood taken from the national forests. The main reason for the job decline is growing automation of the timber industry. In 1977, for example, it took 10.12 workers to process a million board feet of wood. Ten years later, only 8.2 workers were required to handle that amount—a rise of almost twenty per cent in worker productivity. As automation has reduced the number of jobs, "management has been able to extract some pretty strong concessions, including twenty-five-per-cent pay cuts from union members," says Jeffrey Olson, a former economist for Boise Cascade who now works for the Wilderness Society. Instead of pinning responsibility for pay cuts and lost jobs on their own modernization programs or on overcutting of the industry's own lands, managers have encouraged the notion that those problems result from environmentalists' demands to "lock up the forest."

Unlike the United States Forest Service, British Columbia's forest service makes no pretense of managing its public forests equally for timber and for other uses. The single goal of its timber management is to create a prosperous timber economy. Instead, by allowing overcutting, it has contributed to the destabilization of the timber industry. In the past decade, jobs in the province's timber industry have declined by twenty-five per cent, partly because of automation, partly because of a slump in the market, and partly because in some areas old-growth timber has run out. "It was a social contract," Cameron Young, the author of "The Forests of British Columbia," says. He explains, "The companies were given free access to public forestland. In return, they provided work and healthy economies. If there were no more fish in a stream, there was always another stream. If a forest was destroyed, there were always more forests. No one complained. But the social contract has been abrogated. Employment has declined even though they are cutting more and more wood."

Formerly prosperous mill towns in the province, such as Nanaimo and Chemainus, have turned to other sources of revenue, from sponsoring International Hell's Angels conventions and bathtub races to covering the town's walls with murals of the glory days of logging. The layoffs have come at the same time that timber companies have been making record profits. "Woodworkers accept that this is a cyclical industry, but this is the first time we've been losing jobs at the top of the cycle," Lyn Kistner, a union official, told the Toronto *Globe & Mail* a year ago. In the early nineteen-eighties, when timber companies were losing money because of a slump in the timber market, British Columbia's forest service adopted a policy known as sympathetic administration, under which standards for environmental protection, road engineering, timber wastage, and other such activities were lowered to save the companies money. "The focus was on turning a profit," Norm Godfrey says. "So the forest service set aside a lot of things they'd wanted us to do, to let us make a profit." It worked. A combination of sympathetic administration and a layoff of several thousand workers enabled MacMillan Bloedel, which had lost money from 1982 to 1985, to turn record profits, of two hundred and eighty-one million dollars in 1987 and three hundred and thirty million in 1988.

Many mills, like the Dahlstroms', are geared to process only trees at least two and a half feet in diameter, but those trees are almost gone. They are already gone from private lands, and once the public forests are cut down there will be no more big trees, ever. The hundred-and-fifty-to-two-hundred-year rotations needed to produce large-diameter trees are no longer economically feasible. Private companies, unable to afford long-term investments, are planning to cut their next generations of trees when they are only forty years old, or even only twenty-five, in the south. A few private timber companies—notably Medco, in Oregon; Plum Creek, in Washington; and California's Pacific Lumber, which owns the largest privately held virgin redwood forest—once tried to maintain long rotations by logging their lands slowly and selectively, but in today's market their large stocks of uncut trees are seen as underutilized assets, which should be cashed in. Two of these companies have recently been the subjects of leveraged buyouts by companies that plan to liquidate their timber resources as quickly as possible, in order to pay their debts, and the third is also getting rid of its timber, in an effort to prevent a takeover. Even the Forest Service, which originally planned rotations of a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty years in these forests, now plans to cut second-growth trees much earlier; according to the final management plans, some second-growth stands will be cut at sixty years in the Siuslaw National Forest and at seventy-five years in the Siskiyou. Shorter rotations are also planned in British Columbia. Older mills that do not retool will close; those which do install modern equipment will need fewer workers. Either way, the number of jobs in the timber industry will fall.

RIGHT now, most old-growth wood is used wastefully: centuries-old Douglas firs are cut into two-by-fours and used to frame our houses; rare cedar planks are nailed into molds for poured concrete and then thrown away; ancient hemlocks are pulped and converted into rayon or cellophane, wrapping paper or disposable diapers. "That's just plain wrong," Bart Koehler, of the Southeast Alaska Conservation Council, says. "When a four-hundred-year-old tree ends up on some baby's ass, it's an insult to all that's good and right with the world."

Fast-growing, coarse-grained, knotty wood from plantations can do many of the jobs now being done by wood from the ancient forests. But products that require high-quality wood—fine furniture, wooden boats, musical instruments, and more plebeian objects, like door and window frames—will become luxury items or disappear altogether. "Composite materials will take the place of solid wood," William Banzhaf, of the Society of American Foresters, says.

Environmentalists argue that the public forests are being exhausted to compensate for the industry's abuse of its own lands and its abandonment of domestic mills in favor of more profit-

LET AN OLD FRIEND TAKE YOU TO A PLACE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN.

TWA Getaway is proud to introduce its 1990 First Class programs to Africa, India, Australia, Egypt and Israel.

India
9 to 23 day escorted tours to India and Nepal, including Delhi, Agra and Jaipur, starting at **$799.**

AFRICA
10 to 16 day escorted safaris to Kenya with Tanzania and Kenya coast extensions, starting at **$1399.**

Australia & New Zealand
8 to 24 day escorted and hosted tours to Australia, New Zealand and Tahiti. Optional extension to Fiji available. Starting at **$674*.**

Israel
11 to 15 day escorted tours to Israel, including Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and the Dead Sea, starting at **$549.**

Egypt
9 to 14 day escorted tours to Egypt including Cairo, Luxor, Aswan, most with Nile Cruises, starting at **$638.**

Call 1-800-GETAWAY
or your travel agent

TWA Getaway® Vacations
TWA

All prices are per person based on double occupancy. All transfers, taxes, baggage handling and tips included. For all prices featured: Prices are subject to availability and vary by departure date. Cancellation charges and restrictions apply. Advance booking is requested. Airfare not included.
*Valid for travel until 11/1/90 when booked and paid in full on/before 9/30/90

MANHATTAN EAST SUITE HOTELS

UNQUESTIONABLY...
THE SURREY HOTEL
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL 1-800-ME-SUITE, EXT. 186

Suites that boast of lavish space, luxurious furnishings, a full kitchen. An uptown address that draws worldly guests of marked assurance. Les Pleiades, where classic French cuisine continually lures the surrounding art world.

Try as we may for an understated image, our unrestrained style always comes through. The only modest feature is our price.

The Surrey Hotel . . . New York's Biggest Secret.

ME

THE SURREY HOTEL, A MANHATTAN EAST SUITE HOTEL,
20 EAST 76TH ST., NY, NY 10021, (212) 288-3700, TELEX 4976057

The Manhattan Yacht Club
supported by the
New York City Sports Commission
and the
Women's Sports Foundation
present the

WOMEN'S WORLD
SAILING CHAMPIONSHIP

June 1–3, 1990
New York Harbor

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line for event details and to hear special messages from the event sponsors listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1•800•622•5456

THE NEW YORKER ☎
Official Magazine 30034

nautica. ☎
Official Apparel 30000

Safilo GROUP ☎
Official Eyewear 30091

TOURNEAU NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR GENEVA ☎
Official Retailer 30012

VOLVO ☎
Official Car and Sponsor of the Swedish Teams 30043

100% Colombian Coffee ☎
General Sponsor 30099

Ω OMEGA ☎
Official Timepiece 30002

Advertisement

able deals overseas. Less and less timber is coming from private lands, which have been crippled by overcutting. Thus more and more of the burden of supplying industry with timber is falling on public lands. Between 1977 and 1987, the amount of timber coming from private land in Oregon declined by almost nine per cent. In an effort to make up the shortfall, the timber harvest from public lands in the state was increased by thirteen per cent during that period. In 1987, public lands supplied sixty per cent of Oregon's timber cut, compared with fifty-four per cent ten years earlier.

Much of the Northwest's private forestlands are in the hands of a few large, integrated companies, such as Weyerhaeuser, Simpson Timber, and Boise Cascade. As mills are shutting—and mill towns are dying—for lack of timber, the giant companies are sending much of their timber overseas without processing it. Many are selling or closing their own mills to concentrate on the export market, where prices are fifteen to forty per cent higher than they are in the domestic market. Thus Japan, Korea, and Taiwan, rather than local economies, get the jobs, and the added value when the processed wood is sold, often back to the United States.

In 1988, three billion seven hundred million board feet of raw logs were exported from Oregon and Washington—a quarter of the total cut in those two states. Some of the exported logs are from national forests, even though federal regulations forbid exports of unprocessed wood from national forests or from land controlled by the Bureau of Land Management. The ban was imposed in 1968 to insure that federal forests provide raw materials for local companies, not foreign ones, but loopholes in the ban allow some large landowners to ship timber from their own lands overseas and feed their sawmills with federal timber—a process called substitution.

The Senate has passed a bill introduced by Robert Packwood, of Oregon, that would make the ban on federal log exports permanent and close the loopholes that allow substitution. The Bush Administration, on the other hand, has proposed to end the ban on the export of raw logs from federal lands. No other major wood-producing country allows the unrestricted export of unprocessed wood.

BED & BREAKFAST AT THE INN

Settle down in the welcoming warmth of a luxury room with charming views of the Ojai Valley. Summon a complete breakfast for two and room service will rush it to your side, or enjoy a bountiful buffet featuring our famous egg & omelette bar, fresh pastries from the bakery, and so much more.

$159 per room, double (Sun - Thur)
$189 (Fri & Sat)

During the day, challenge the legendary golf course, play tennis on eight courts, and enjoy a work out in the Health Club. In the evening, dine in the relaxed and romantic setting provided by Vista Dining.

2 night minimum stay - tax & gratuity not included. Effective thru 11/25/90 and are subject to change and availability.

OJAI VALLEY INN & COUNTRY CLUB
Ojai, California 93023
(805) 646-5511 (800)-422-OJAI

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF
CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

ZEUS • An excellent and striking example of the "Supreme God" of Hellenistic period. From the Louvre Museum, Paris. 10½" $130.00 P.P. in green bronze or sandstone finish.

GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Family operated, since 1901.

Whitehall Inn
Box NY, Camden, ME 04843 (207) 236-3391

SWITZERLAND $263- a la carte to $849. per week plus airfare

Vacation Weeks with choice of hotels in the most scenic Swiss resorts; 6-15 day Alpine & Swiss-Italian Tours. May-Oct. 1990.
Free brochures: A.J.S. Travel Consultants, Inc.
177 Beach 116th St., Rockaway Park, NY 11694
(718) 945-5900 • 1-800-221-5002

Even Third World countries such as Indonesia, Thailand, Malaysia, and the Philippines set strict limits. Canada has virtually halted exports of unprocessed logs, by imposing a heavy tariff on them and requiring that the exporters prove that the logs are not needed in Canada. "We are the last nation on earth that allows the unfettered export of raw logs," says Oregon's Representative Peter DeFazio, who has introduced a bill to allow states to ban the export of logs from their lands. "The Weyerhaeuser Company and others are getting very rich by selling our heritage to the Japanese, and they don't want things to change. It's easy money for them. It's very profitable and much simpler than running a mill, and, in fact, their recent pattern of mill closures shows that in many cases they'd prefer to close mills and continue exporting logs than make the capital investment to update the mills."

THE guidelines set forth in the 1976 National Forest Management Act were supposed to enable the Forest Service to resolve conflicting demands on the nation's forests. The conflicts have only intensified, however, and the courts have become the main arbiters of forest policy. Environmentalists, the timber industry, scientists, and politicians are all saying that Congress must step in. "The prospect is of the courts' essentially dictating and managing the forests," Peter DeFazio says. "I think we're close to the point where the policymakers are going to have to roll up their sleeves and get back into the middle of this debate."

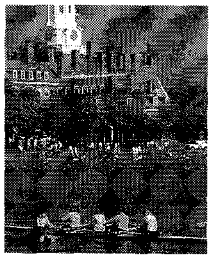
Andy Kerr, of the Oregon Natural Resources Council, agrees. "In 1976, when Congress confronted the fact that our forest policy was out of synch with public feelings, it lateraled," he says. "It just handed off to the Forest Service. It passed a law that let the Forest Service make all the tough choices. So it's telling the Forest Service, 'Cut a lot of timber and have a lot of everything else, too.' We are now at a point where there are conflicts that Congress alone can resolve."

Many in the Forest Service would welcome a clearer directive from Congress. "We'll manage the national forests of the United States however the citizens of the United States want us to," Douglas MacWilliams, the forest

SO TRANQUIL

SO CAMBRIDGE

The Charles River sets the mood. As sails catch the breeze and crewboats glide by below, you know you couldn't have found a more peaceful setting for business or pleasure. With the breathtaking skyline of Boston just over the river, and the prosperous business community



of Cambridge right in our backyard, you've got the best of both worlds. So relax. Enjoy our luxurious guest rooms, indoor pool, health club, and the food and entertainment at Toffs Cafe/Restaurant. You've reached a new level of comfort. You've found the Royal Sonesta.

Royal Sonesta Hotel Boston/Cambridge

5 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, MA 02142 (617) 491-3600

For reservations call your travel agent or Sonesta toll-free at 800-343-7170.

SO SONESTA

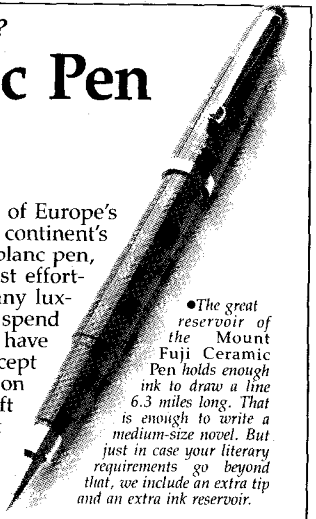
Sonesta Hotels in Boston/Cambridge, Key Biscayne (Miami), Orlando and Sanibel Harbour (Florida), New Orleans, Portland (Maine), Amsterdam, Aruba, Bermuda, Egypt, Israel.

Does the "replica" outperform the famous original?

Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen only $39.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal.**

One of the world's truly fine line of products is that of Europe's Montblanc pens, appropriately named after that continent's highest mountain. If you have ever written with a Montblanc pen, you know that writing with them is a delight and almost effortless. One substantial drawback, however, as with so many luxuries, is that their price is awfully high. It is easy to spend $150 or more for one of them. Our Japanese friends have created a "replica" of this outstanding pen, which (except for one small detail—it doesn't have that 6-pointed star on the top) is almost indistinguishable in appearance, heft and feel. Not surprisingly, they called it *Mount Fuji*. It has the same hi-lacquer finish, with goldtone accents, as the famous original. The ceramic writing tip provides silk-smooth, effortless writing. It will never flatten or skip, even after hardest and longest use.



●*The great reservoir of the* Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen *holds enough ink to draw a line 6.3 miles long. That is enough to write a medium-size novel. But just in case your literary requirements go beyond that, we include an extra tip and an extra ink reservoir.*

The most remarkable thing about the *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* is its price. We are the exclusive direct mail distributors of this splendid writing instrument and can offer it therefore for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Discard those tacky ballpoint pens and those clumsy felt tips. Write smoothly and easily, give character and good appearance to your writing. And make a really great buy. Treat yourself to better writing and get your *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order **Code #4800 A371** for *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen*. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. UPS/insurance: $4.95 for one *Mount Fuji Ceramic Pen* and $6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills®
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

A SCOTCH-AND-SODA
ON A SILVER TRAY,
CHECKERS HOTEL,
DOWNTOWN L.A.

CHECKERS
HOTEL

535 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90071
(213) 624-0000 (800) 628-4900
FAX: (213) 626-9906

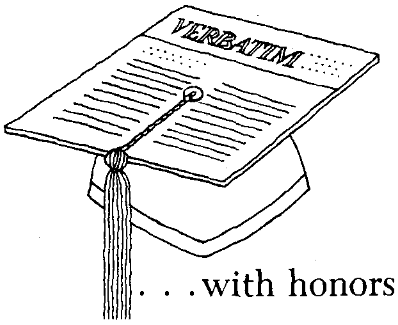
CONCORDE HOTELS GROUP
PREFERRED HOTELS®

The Grand Tour of Europe.

Magnificent hotels, Europe's most romantic cities and thirty-two hours aboard the King of Trains – 9 nights from an incredible $2,220. Send $2 for a full-color brochure.
Venice Simplon-Orient-Express,
1 World Trade Center, Suite 2565 -N,
New York, NY 10048.

VENICE SIMPLON ORIENT-EXPRESS®

© Venice Simplon-Orient-Express Inc. 1990



. . . with honors

VERBATIM P.O.BOX 78008, NM
INDNPLS, IN 46268
$16.50 a year
The Language Quarterly
FOR SUBSCRIPTION (MC/VISA ONLY): 1-800-372-0400, EXT 3

supervisor of the Mt. Baker–Snoqualmie National Forest, says. "We don't own them. We're managing them in trust for the people of the United States, but the people of the United States are giving us conflicting advice about how they want them managed."

Probably the strongest congressional supporter of continued high levels of cutting from public forests is Oregon's Senator Hatfield, a liberal Republican with an excellent record on all environmental issues except those which intersect with forest policy. Hatfield is certainly the politician most feared and detested by ancient-forest advocates. Since 1980, Hatfield, the ranking minority member of the Appropriations Committee, and Republican Senator James McClure, of Idaho, another influential member of the committee from a big timber state, have succeeded in getting Congress to direct the Forest Service to cut more timber than it had planned to.

Hatfield has also unsheathed a new, powerful, and highly controversial weapon to prevent environmentalists from challenging the Forest Service in court. Since 1985, he has loaded appropriations bills with numerous riders that restrict citizens' ability to appeal to the courts. The first such rider concerned the Mapleton Ranger District, in the Siuslaw National Forest. In response to a lawsuit charging that logging had destroyed half the salmon and steelhead habitat in the district, a judge had enjoined all timber sales there until the Forest Service completed the management plan required by the National Forest Management Act. Hatfield attached a rider to the fiscal-year-1986 appropriations bill which allowed some timber sales to go ahead. A subsequent rider, extending the exemptions from the judge's decree, stated that the draft forest plan "shall be treated as satisfying all requirements of the National Environmental Policy Act . . . and the Forest and Rangeland Renewable Resources Planning Act of 1974, as amended by the National Forest Management Act . . . and shall not be subject to administrative or judicial review for compliance with such acts."

The right to appeal federal land-management decisions is not a constitutional right but one created by Congress. Measures to limit judicial review have been used mainly to protect the

It's a great year to visit Hong Kong.

1990 is the Year of the Horse. (Maybe you'll need one to help carry home all your shopping bargains!) Really, this is *the time* to see what makes this place tick. The fascinating contrasts of east and west, the festivals, the streets, the sights. Not to mention the thousands upon thousands of restaurants that say "resist me if you can!" To get the full rundown on Hong Kong, write to us now. But do it fast.

Hong Kong Tourist Association,
P.O. Box 7720, Itasca,
Illinois, 60143-7720.

HONG KONG
Stay an extra day
NY/5/90

INITIAL ENCIRCLEMENT
Leonore Doskow transforms your initials into a delightful circle. A brooch for all occasions.
1½" inches of precious metal.
Sterling silver **$53.00**
14 Karat yellow gold **$395.00**
Underline last name initial
Prices include shipping & handling.
Send your check / money order to:
NY residents add sales tax
Croton Crafts
Telephone: 914-271-5981
P.O. Box 437, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10521

Classic Navajo Weave
OLD SANTA FE
SLEEVE GARTERS
Men & Women: *S (110-145 lbs.); M (150-185 lbs.); L (190-250 lbs)*

Sleeve garters were popular during the 19th Century, through the 30's. *This detail from a classic Navajo blanket is woven with cotton yarns in the traditional colors of black, grey, red, yellow and white.*—A downright nifty way to keep your shirtsleeves up. Satisfaction guaranteed. $18 pair, plus $4 shpg. & hdlg. STANLEY & STANLEY, 250 West 54th Street, Suite 800, New York, NY 10019. NY add sales tax.
VISA/MC/AMEX orders & catalog, call: 1-800-544-0894

national security. Increasingly, however, they are being used to override the laws designed to protect the environment. In a letter to his constituents Hatfield explained that his riders "are intended to mitigate the unacceptable economic disruption that would result if entire areas of the state were denied access to national-forest timber." The American Civil Liberties Union has joined environmentalists in protesting the use of riders to limit a citizen's ability to appeal to the courts.

Because the riders are attached to appropriations bills, which expire after a year, they must be renewed annually. So far, all of them have been, partly because few members of Congress or their staffs are aware of these brief amendments to appropriations bills that are several hundred pages long, and partly because Congress is a great respecter of local interests. Until recently, national-forest matters have been considered local issues, and in local issues Congress generally goes along with the representatives of the state or the region concerned. Gradually, however, national forests are becoming a national issue. "The old-growth forests are like Yellowstone or the Everglades or the Grand Canyon," Representative Jim Jontz, of Indiana, says. "Nobody would argue that just the people in Arizona should have something to say about the Grand Canyon."

Environmentalists argue that the prospect of economic dislocation should not hinder attempts to reform the timber industry and the management of the national forests. "When you have a war between nations, you don't refuse peace just because it might cause unemployment among soldiers," Lou Gold says. "And that's what we've got. We've been waging war on nature for a long time. It's time to declare peace with nature. We're going to have problems making the transition, but it's ridiculous not to end a bad practice because doing so would cause unemployment."

The "bad practice"—liquidating the ancient forest—will end when the forest is gone. And when it has ended, a large part of the timber industry will suffer and will need help in adjusting to the new reality. The shortages and the suffering have already begun. The fate of the whales and of the whaling industry presented the world with a similar problem. The question was a

"Cambridge SoundWorks May Have The Best Value In The World. A Winner."

David Clark–*Audio* Magazine 9/89

Henry Kloss, creator of the dominant speaker models of the '50s (Acoustic Research), '60s (KLH) and '70s (Advent), brings you Ensemble, a genuinely new kind of speaker system for the '90s, available only factory direct from Cambridge SoundWorks.

Cambridge SoundWorks™ has created Ensemble,™ a speaker system that provides the sound once reserved for large, costly speakers. It virtually disappears in your room. And because we sell it directly, Ensemble costs hundreds less than it would in stores.

Your living room works *with* Ensemble, not against it.

Putting other speakers where the room helps the bass may hinder the upper ranges, or vice-versa. Ensemble consists of two bass units and two high frequency satellites. The compact woofer units produce bass that normally requires large speakers. Place them behind furniture, on bookshelves, under a couch. The small satellites blend into *any* decor. So you get a full range, musically accurate speaker system without big boxes.

We ship worldwide, including APO and FPO.
MA residents add 5% sales tax.
*Plus freight ($7–$25). Delivery time usually 2–7 days.

Try Ensemble Risk-Free For 30 Days. Call 1-800-AKA-HIFI.†

Ensemble is sold factory direct by experienced audio experts. So you can audition Ensemble in your home for 30 days, at no risk. At $499* it is *the* value on today's speaker market. For literature, expert advice, or to order, call 1-800-252-4434 9AM to Midnight (ET) 7 days a week. †Canada 1-800-525-4434.
Fax: 617-332-9229.

Unlike seemingly similar satellite systems which use a single large subwoofer, Ensemble uses two separate, compact bass units. They fit more gracefully into your living environment, and help minimize the effects of the listening room's standing waves.

Avoid Price Increase
Order by July 1, 1990

VISA MasterCard AMERICAN EXPRESS

© 1990 Cambridge SoundWorks, Inc.™ Cambridge SoundWorks & Ensemble are trademarks of Cambridge SoundWorks, Inc. Reprinted with the permission of Audio Magazine, © 1989 Diamandis Communications.

CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS, INC.
154 California St., Suite 132MY, Newton, MA 02158 Tel. No. 1-800-252-4434

TAKE YOUR FAMILY BACK TO SUMMER THE WAY IT USED TO BE.

In this fast-lane, frantic, future shocked world it's nice to know some things never change. Summertime and Basin Harbor.

Basin Harbor Club. 700 acres on a secluded cove on Lake Champlain. Private country cottages, and two main guest houses. Golf, tennis and water sports, and a daily children's program. American plan. For reservations, more information, or to request our free video, please call 1-800-622-4000 (In Vermont: (802) 475-2311)

VERMONT'S
BASIN HARBOR CLUB
on Lake Champlain • Box NY, Vergennes, VT 05491
Owned and run by the Beach family since 1886

Boyt made your business travel easier...

Telescopic arms hold panels upright, slide in under protective roof for carrying. (Patented)

"Wally Lock" hanger system enables you to use your own hangers.

Zippers on top & bottom of back panel permit access to outside pockets.

Panels open completely for wrinkle-free packing.

Separating vertical zipper and top & bottom horizontal zippers permit full width access.

Panels snap securely into wide-open position.

Pocket access from inside or outside of bag.

Open panels let you view all your packed clothes.

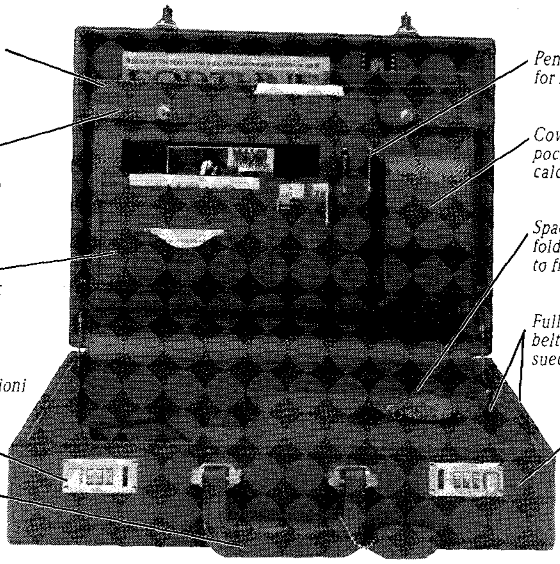
Adjustable tie-down strap securely holds clothes in place.

See-through interior pockets for quick identification.

Zippered snap-out accessory pocket.

with the "Walk-in Closet"® Garment Bag

Now, let us make doing business a pleasure!



File organizer with 3 deep, wide files for a neater presentation.

Leather file straps attached securely to wood frame to insure maximum strength.

Panel assembly for business cards, credit and travel cards, plus two sleeve pockets.

Brushed satin Castiglioni locks.

Leather padded carrying handle with Bontex reinforcement.

Pen holders large enough for Mont Blanc.

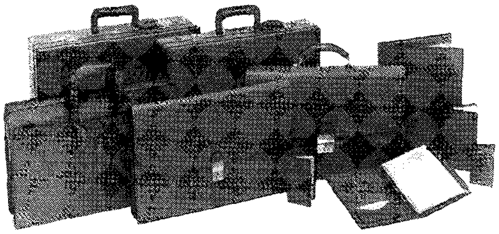
Covered accessory pocket for dictaphone/calculator.

Spacious interior permits folders and writing pads to fit upright.

Full grain industrial belting leather exterior, suede pig skin interior.

Concealed "tee nuts" make shoulder strap attachment a simple task. We call this Boyt's "stradaptability."

Boyt's Industrial Belting Leather Attaches



Boyt Builds a Better Bag.

BOYT
IOWA FALLS & OSCEOLA, IOWA

★Crafted with Pride in the U.S.A.
Iowa Falls, Iowa

BOYT DIVISION WELSH SPORTING GOODS CORP. Drawer 668 • Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126 • 800-247-5191

simple one: Should a species be exterminated to postpone the inevitable collapse of the whaling industry? The choice we now face is less extreme. Unlike the whaling industry, the timber industry is not doomed; change, not death, is inevitable. The question for us now is: Shall we destroy our ancient forests to postpone this change for a few years?

The battle to preserve what remains of our ancient forests is not driven by science or economics or an abstract respect for natural systems, though all those do play a role. It is driven primarily by passion for a place. Across the Pacific region, people have fought to save their patch of forest—the one they live near, the one they know, the one they walk in or camp in, the one that overlooks their town, the one they see every day. What has now come to be referred to as "the ancient-forest movement" was not started by professional environmentalists in Washington, D.C., for some theoretical or bureaucratic reason. It was started and is being carried on by scores of local groups, such as the Friends of Clayoquot Sound, the Cathedral Forest Action Group, the Save Opal Creek Council, the Northcoast Environmental Center, and the Quilcene Ancient Forest Coalition. Behind the groups are people who live in towns like Tenakee Springs, Alaska; Tofino, British Columbia; Arcata, California; Galice, Oregon; and Bellingham, Washington. They are people with jobs and children, with ordinary lives.

"Most people are shocked to find that this is going on—to find that there's *any* cutting in national forests, much less clear-cutting," Lou Gold has said. "If you look at any road map, you're gonna see these big green areas all over the West—national forest this, national forest that. People think that means these are protected forests, like national parks. And if you come out and drive through these forests it's still not likely you're going to find out what's going on, because of the 'scenic protection'—a fringe of trees along the highway, so that drivers don't have to see anything ugly. Ask yourself who that scenic protection is for—you or the Forest Service. They're hiding what they're doing, and that's because they know that the American people would be furious if they learned what was happening back there."

—Catherine Caufield

JAZZ

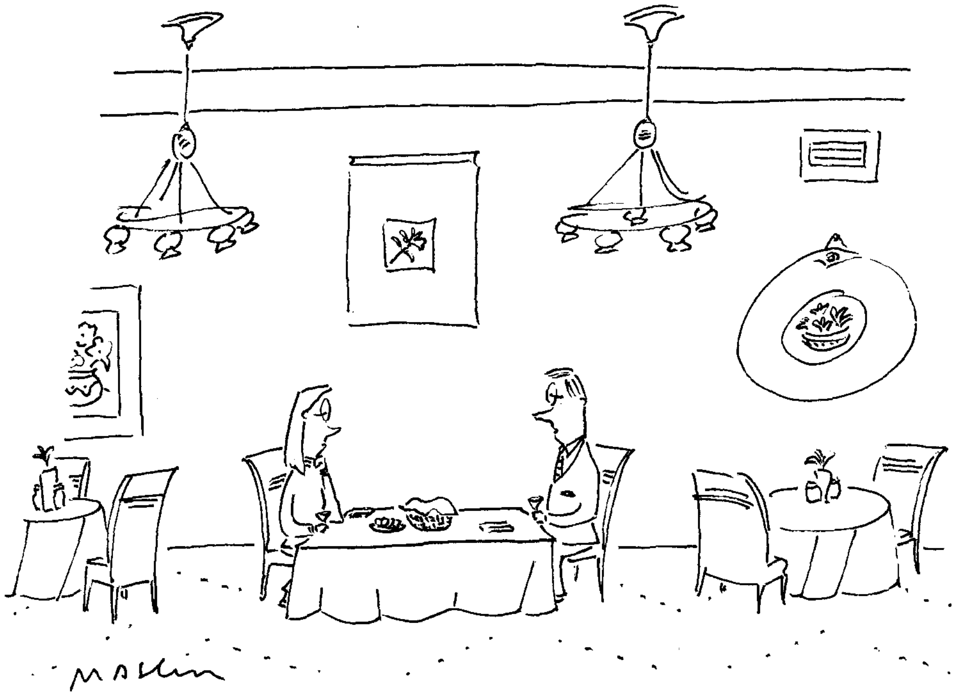
Keepers of the Flame

IN 1938, the pianist, composer, and bandleader Jelly Roll Morton, upset by a Robert Ripley "Believe It or Not" radio program in which W. C. Handy was credited with having invented jazz, sent a long letter to the Baltimore *Afro-American* and to *down beat* saying, "It is evidently known, beyond contradiction, that New Orleans is the cradle of *jazz*, and I, myself, happened to be the creator in the year 1902." Morton was a famous braggart, and the letter was hooted down; everybody knew—or thought he knew—that Morton had not done anything important in jazz until the mid-twenties, when he recorded with his Red Hot Peppers. But hyperbole often dances on fact. Twenty years after Morton wrote his letter, the stride pianist and composer James P. Johnson told an interviewer named Tom Davin that he had heard Morton at Barron Wilkins' club in New York in 1911. Morton "had just arrived from the West and he was red hot," Johnson said. "The place was on fire." So Morton may well have been playing some sort of jazz around 1902, and Johnson himself, with his Harlem confrères the pianists Luckey Roberts and Willie the Lion Smith, was probably playing a music akin to jazz not long after Morton came through town. All of which is to say that jazz pianists, extracting the choicest juice from ragtime, did help to invent jazz; and when the music has been struck by fads or fickleness they have preserved its lyrical essence. They have also been invaluable composers, leaders, and teachers; pianists taught the strange augmented chords of bebop to the young trumpeters and saxophonists of the early forties.

It is surprising that pianists should be the keepers of the flame, for the piano—inflexible and percussive and vibratoless—does not transmit emotion easily. But jazz pianists, repeatedly beating back the army of broken, out-of-tune pianos which has besieged them since the beginning of the century, have learned how to circumvent the instrument's coldness. By raising and lowering their volume in strategic places, they startle the listener and italicize their phrases. They get vibratolike effects by holding certain notes, and by using the little tremolos that Earl Hines invented. And they place notes, and even chords, in unexpected spots—a rhythmic juggling that creates a fine tension. These devices are all in evidence in a superb new recording by Tommy Flanagan ("Jazz Poet"; Timeless), and on three equally valuable, previously unreleased albums by Erroll Garner ("Easy to Love," "Dancing on the Ceiling," and "Too Marvellous For Words"; EmArcy).

Flanagan is still blooming at sixty. He arrived in New York in 1956 from Detroit. He had listened to Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson and Hank Jones and Bud Powell, and also to Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. For almost ten years, he was a busy journeyman, who worked with everyone from Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins to Coleman Hawkins and Harry Edison. But by the mid-sixties he had slipped into the semi-oblivion of the accompanist, turning up briefly with Tony Bennett and lasting more than a dozen years with Ella Fitzgerald. In 1978, exhausted by touring, he decided to go out on his own. He soon pulled even with such solo pianists as Dave McKenna, Hank Jones, and Jimmy Rowles. Then, about five years ago, his work took on a new subtlety. He began to play with a delicacy and steadiness that infused everything—his ballads, his blues, and his up-tempo numbers. He was continually refreshing, continually surprising. (Flanagan has never allowed himself to lean on pat phrases when his inspiration flags.) No jazz pianist had ever played with such poetic fervor.

Flanagan's recordings of the last decade—they include "Giant Steps" (1982), "Thelonica" (1982), and "Nights at the Vanguard" (1986)—are of the same high order. (He is accompanied on all three by George Mraz on bass and by either Al Foster or Art Taylor on drums.) But "Jazz Poet" (with Mraz and the drummer Kenny Washington), made just a year ago, reveals his present brilliance—or, at least, four of the eight tracks do. These are J. J. Johnson's "Lament," taken at a slow tempo and notable in the second chorus for an airy, beautifully spaced melodic line; a fast version of Juan Tizol's indestructible "Caravan," in which Flanagan fashions new melodies in a legato half-time, and, moving into tempo, a series of arabesques that spin away into the upper register; Matt Dennis's "That Tired Routine Called Love," complete with a quiet, restless, hornlike passage and a no-hands double-time run; and a "Glad to Be Unhappy," filled with melancholy, shadowy minor chords. As



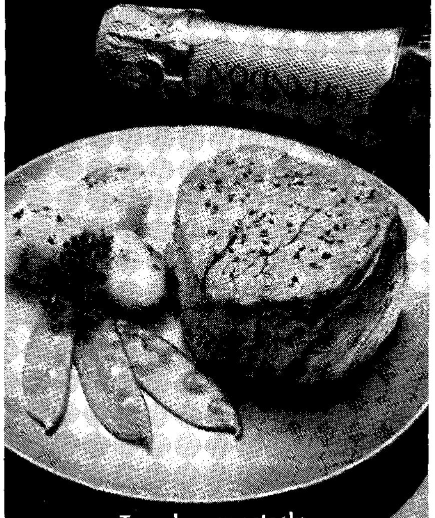
"You should know this about me, Miss Duane—I'm one who believes you should butter your biscuit while it's still warm."

An Introduction to Elegance by

Classic Steaks of Omaha
by Skylark Meats, Inc.

Experience the Midwest specialty. Receive six exquisite U.S.D.A. CHOICE, Filets Mignons, 6 oz. each, 1¼" thick, *Classic's* center-cut. Unconditional guarantee.

Save $15! Only $34.95
(Plus $4.50 shipping) Limit 3.
Offer valid until June 15, 1990



To order your steaks,
or Free Catalog

1-800-28TASTE
VISA, MC, AMEX, OPTIMA accepted

Antigua
HODGES BAY CLUB

Quiet Pleasures
Incarnate On the Beach.
Only 24 rooms A real Find!

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL DIRECT (809) 462 • 2300 OR
DAVID B. MITCHELL & CO. (212) 696 • 1323/(800) 372 • 1323

Pilgrim's Inn
Gracious lodging, outstanding food and drink, a superb saltwater location.
Listed on the National Register of Historic Places.
Deer Isle, Maine 04627
207-348-6615

($150.00) - Mass. res. add 5% tax.
Send ring size, check or
MC/VISA/AMEX
with exp. date.

Actual
Size

14K
Lover's Knot
Heart Ring
with bezel set .03ct. fine diamond
entirely handmade (*not a casting*)

MICHAEL BAKSA
Designer/Goldsmith
Theatre Marketplace
Rte.6A, Dennis
Cape Cod, MA.02638
(508) 385-5733

for the remaining tracks on the album, Flanagan's own "Mean Streets" is a runaway display piece for the drummer, but "Willow Weep for Me," "St. Louis Blues," and Billy Strayhorn's "Raincheck" are only inches below the best numbers. Because jazz pianists ordinarily don't carry their instruments with them, they are at the mercy of strange pianos—pianos whose action is too loose or too stiff, pianos whose high registers are shrill, or low registers are murky, pianos that simply seem hostile. As a result, there are very few successful solo recordings by jazz pianists. This one is an exception.

Erroll Garner died in January of 1977, at the age of fifty-three. From the mid-forties, when he first arrived in New York from Pittsburgh, until 1975, when he gave his last public performance, in Chicago, he travelled around the world, obsessed by his music, delighted, inexhaustible, casting his shadow over almost every pianist who heard him (Flanagan is one of the few who never mimic him), and making his audiences marvel at his ebullience and his melodic invention. Garner, who never learned to read music, could reportedly reproduce the styles of all the great pianists who preceded him, but his own style was inimitable, no matter how often it was copied. He liked to open a number with an ad-lib cadenza, lasting eight or ten bars and giving no indication of what was to come. Then he would drop his volume and slip into tempo, his right hand embellishing the melody with behind-the-beat notes broken by offbeat chords, and his left hand keeping strict time with on-the-beat guitarlike chords. He would take the volume up slightly at the bridge and shift into double-time octave chords, lower his volume again, and close the chorus with staccato notes that gave the impression they were wildly trying to break off from the melody they were a part of. The rest of the number would be a constant round of raised and lowered volumes, doubled or halved rhythms, staccato and legato passages, and boiling chordal interludes that wiped his melodic slate clean and prepared the listener for his next surprise. Garner's fast numbers skimmed the earth, and his slow ballads were stately, ceremonious dances.

Garner made countless recordings.

Special Care
for
Special People

Progressive education, home environment for the mentally handicapped child and adult. Opportunity for educational progress at any age – multiple recreational and social activities. A year-round program with an active and full lifestyle among friends on a 600-acre bluegrass estate. Est. 1893.

Phone 502-875-4664 or
write for brochure

THE STEWART HOME SCHOOL
Box 26, Frankfort, KY 40601

John P. Stewart, M.D., Resident Physician

GUARDIAN ANGEL
Pendant or Tac Pin
Actual Size
Gift Boxed

Pendant
18" Necklace Included
Sterling—$35.00
14K Gold—$195.00

Tac Pin
Sterling—$30.00
14K Gold—$165.00

To watch over you or
someone you love.

PPD
Visa/MC
1-800/558-3007
In Wisconsin call:
414/466-0829

Royal Castings
of America
P.O. Box 09991
Milwaukee, WI 53209

Going to Italy?

We will help you plan the very best Italian travel...your own. For our brochure, write or call *The Insider's Italy Travel Advisory*, 264 North Whisman Road, Suite 10, Mountain View, CA 94043.
Tel. 415-961-7441

EUROPE BY CAR
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

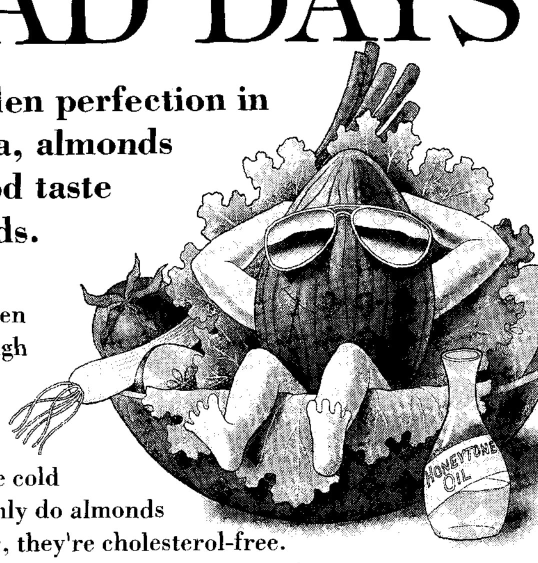
Whenever the spirit moved him, he'd rent a studio, summon his bassist and drummer, set down a dozen or more numbers—usually one take apiece—and go his cheerful way. For years, there have been rumors of a trove of unreleased Garner material, and at long last Martha Glaser, his manager and producer, has begun to issue what she believes is the best of it. The first two albums include twenty numbers and are drawn from five different sessions—three in 1961, one in 1964, and one in 1965. The third includes fourteen numbers, set down during one session in 1954. Almost all are prime Garner. (Of course, he had off days. There are missed notes, chords that don't quite land where they should, and endings that don't return to earth.) On the first album, "Easy to Love," he plays a slow, dancing "September Song"; a hustling "My Blue Heaven," its second bridge constructed of an exuberant boppish trumpet line; a "Somebody Loves Me" that includes an even more rakish single-note passage; a medium "As Time Goes By," with a laughing Debussy introduction; and a very fast "Lover Come Back to Me," with a bridge in which his hands invent totally different melodic and rhythmic lines in exhilarating counterpoint.

The second album, "Dancing on the Ceiling," is memorable for a seesawing staccato line in "It Had to Be You"; for a rocking, medium-tempo "After You've Gone," in which Garner takes the breaks—miniature wonders in themselves—and moseys along behind the beat; a strange, slow, rhapsodic gospel blues, "Like Home," played largely with the loud pedal and with heavy, damask chords; and a stomping, new "Ain't Misbehavin'." The third album has at least six marvels. There are an easy, rolling "Margie," an unexpectedly fast "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," and a brilliant medium-tempo "Louise," full of delayed notes, tone clusters, and double-time chords. There are a fast, ripping "My Gal Sal," a sly and beautiful "Too Marvellous For Words," and a complete, roaring, virtuosic re-shaping of Zez Confrey's brittle 1921 "Kitten on the Keys." Audible on all three albums are the hums, grunts, "myeh"s, and "oh-oh"s that Garner uttered as he played, the sounds of a man leaning deliriously into his work.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

SALAD DAYS

Ripened to golden perfection in sunny California, almonds add natural good taste to summer salads.



Experiment. Toss almonds in a leafy, green salad. Mix them through a fresh fruit salad. Sprinkle them over vegetable salads, or use them to enhance cold chicken salads. Not only do almonds add texture and flavor, they're cholesterol-free.

And, each crunchy nut is a storehouse of good-for-you nutrients, including Vitamin E, riboflavin, and magnesium.

Give summer salads a touch of California sunshine. For just $19.75, we'll send you a 5 lb. box of almonds. Money-back guarantee. You can even send them as gifts – we'll gladly do the shipping. Send your check or money order – with the street addresses to which you want packages sent – to:

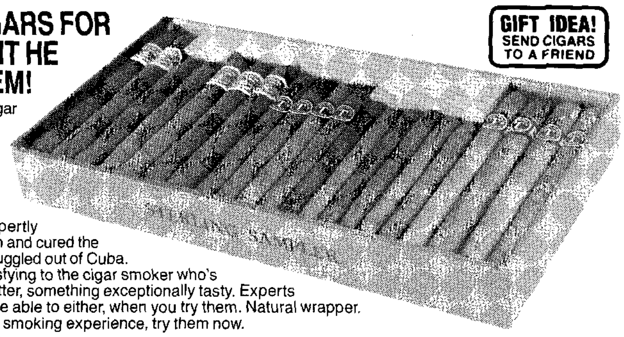
MARIANI NUT COMPANY

Mariani Nut Company, P.O. Box 664, Dept. 073
709 Dutton Street, Winters, CA 95694

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO ENJOY THE UNIQUE HAVANA FLAVOR!

CUBAN-SEED-LEAF CIGARS FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!

GIFT IDEA! SEND CIGARS TO A FRIEND



I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Sterling Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut-filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras from seed smuggled out of Cuba. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars—vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only $10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

THOMPSON CIGAR CO. Dept. BA85
5401 Hangar Ct., Tampa, FL 33634-5391

O.K. TOM! Ship me the Sterling Sampler under your money-back guarantee.
☐ Check for $10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 6% sales tax)
☐ Charge $10.90 to my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Other ______
PLEASE PRINT
Credit Card No. ______ Exp. Date ______
name ______
street ______
city ______ state ______ zip ______
OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED DELIVERY BY CALLING **TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559 IN FLORIDA, CALL: 1-800-282-0646**

THE ART WORLD

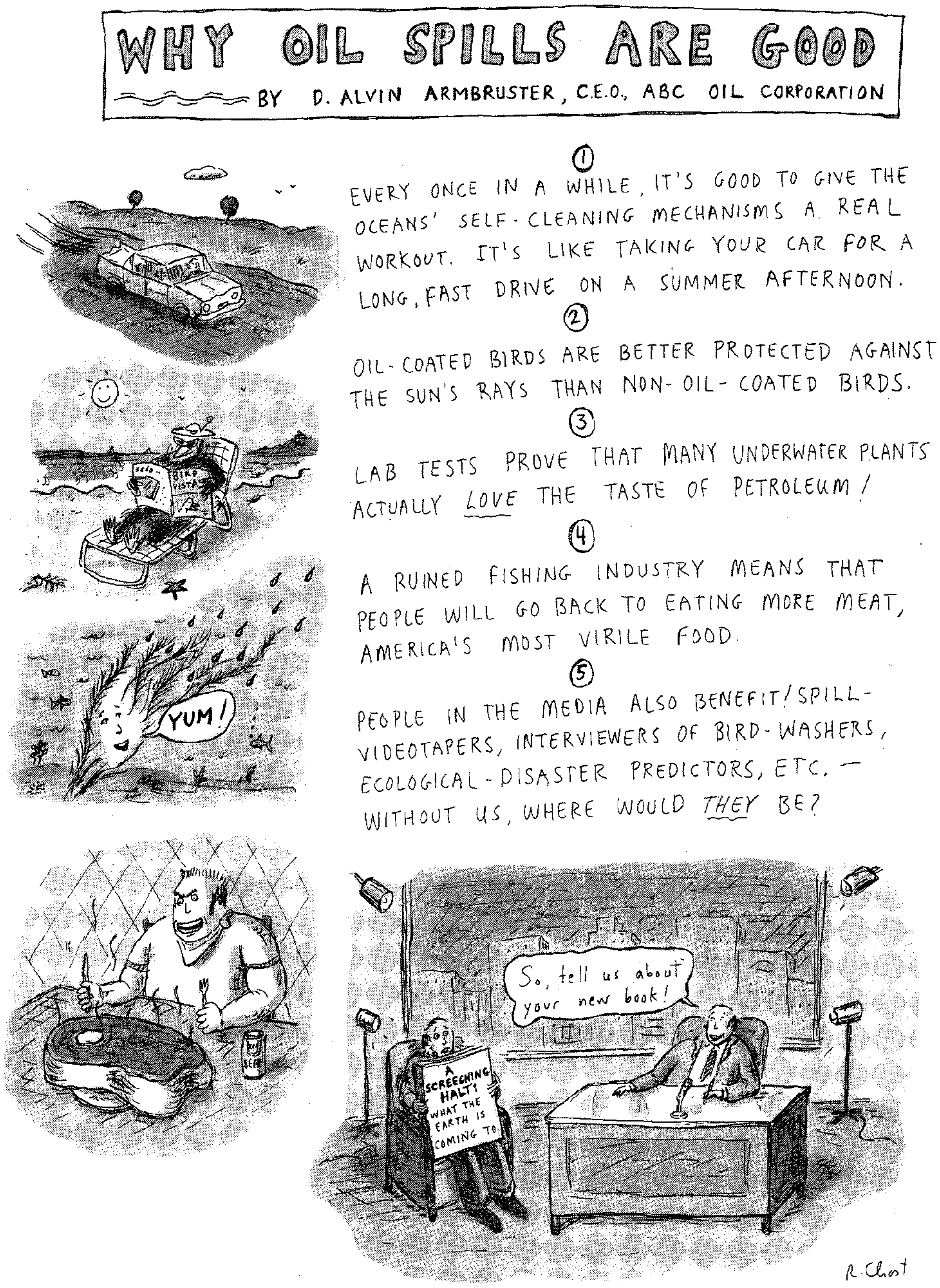
Bits and Pieces

IN the most alarming exhibition of the season, the American artist Bruce Nauman hung life-size foam casts of fragmented animal bodies from the ceiling of a big room at the Leo Castelli Gallery on West Broadway and then suspended wax casts of grimacing disembodied human heads from the ceiling of a little room beside it. All these macabre bits and pieces were in queasy, Play-Doh colors—dull magentas and blues and oranges. They were hung, like the wings of mobiles, in poised, symmetrical arrangements: four silver animal bodies, limbs pinwheeling out at unnatural angles, dangling from the arms of a single X-beam, or pairs of heads strung like beads—one head right side up, the next head upside down—along a single wire.

The installation was the centerpiece of what amounted to a makeshift retrospective, spread around the city throughout the spring, of a quarter century of Nauman's strange work. In addition to the show at Castelli on West Broadway, Nauman had a show at Castelli's second space, on Thompson Street, this one of foam animals piled on top of one another (there was a lot of debate among SoHo wildlife enthusiasts about whether these animal bodies were deer or hounds), and there was a show of his video pieces at the Sperone Westwater Gallery, on Greene Street. Nauman was present uptown, too, and still is: along with Richard Serra, he is one of the two heroes of the Whitney's big show of American sculpture of the late sixties and the seventies. The show, called "Between Geometry and Gesture," features two of Nauman's works from the early seventies. One is a short sentence spelled out in neon tubing, the other a seven-foot-high steel cage with another cage inside it.

Nauman's name is not instantly familiar even to people who pay attention to contemporary American art, and the diversity of his materials suggests one of the reasons he is not better known: he has never had a signature style. In the twenty-five years that Nauman has been active as an artist, his materials have included—in addition to the foam-cast body fragments, neon tubing, and steel cages—felt drapery, barbed wire, aluminum slabs, narrow plasterboard hallways, concrete bunkers, plaster ramps, fibreglass tunnels, knotted ropes, granite slabs inscribed with Roman letters, concrete houses, and masking tape. Yet Nauman has managed to invest all these materials with a signature emotion: a sense of entrapment and of vague, portentous dread, conveyed with a detached and inscrutable equipoise. If the catastrophe that Nauman's art seems to contemplate ever actually happened, and the history of contemporary American art was lost, his work might still be identified centuries from now as a single corpus, despite its variety, and he would probably be known as the Master of the Morbid Fragment.

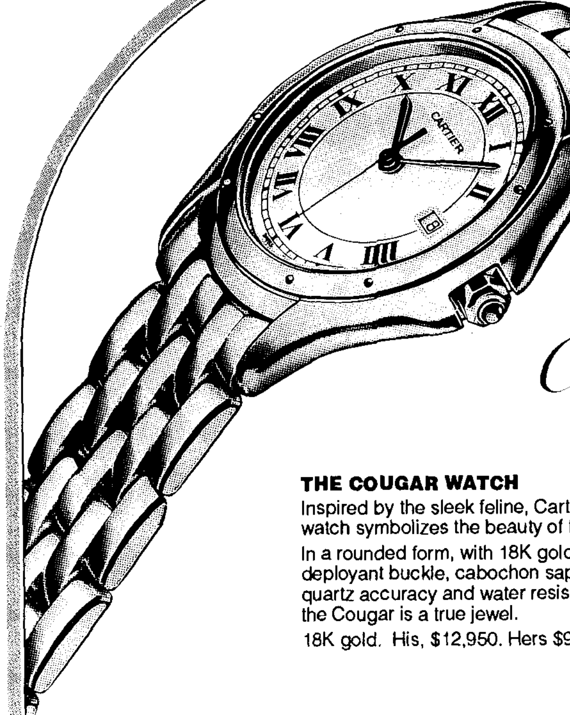
NAUMAN began to make art in 1965, when he was a graduate student at the University of California. It was a charmed moment in the history of California art—a time when the new gospel of site-specific art was being preached by Robert Irwin and put


WHY OIL SPILLS ARE GOOD
BY D. ALVIN ARMBRUSTER, C.E.O., ABC OIL CORPORATION
① EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, IT'S GOOD TO GIVE THE OCEANS' SELF-CLEANING MECHANISMS A REAL WORKOUT. IT'S LIKE TAKING YOUR CAR FOR A LONG, FAST DRIVE ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON.
② OIL-COATED BIRDS ARE BETTER PROTECTED AGAINST THE SUN'S RAYS THAN NON-OIL-COATED BIRDS.
SEED
BIRD VISTA
③ LAB TESTS PROVE THAT MANY UNDERWATER PLANTS ACTUALLY LOVE THE TASTE OF PETROLEUM!
YUM!
④ A RUINED FISHING INDUSTRY MEANS THAT PEOPLE WILL GO BACK TO EATING MORE MEAT, AMERICA'S MOST VIRILE FOOD.
BEEF
⑤ PEOPLE IN THE MEDIA ALSO BENEFIT! SPILL-VIDEOTAPERS, INTERVIEWERS OF BIRD-WASHERS, ECOLOGICAL-DISASTER PREDICTORS, ETC.— WITHOUT US, WHERE WOULD THEY BE?
So, tell us about your new book!
A SCREECHING HALT! WHAT THE EARTH IS COMING TO
R. Chast

into practice by (among others) James Turrell. From that milieu Nauman took away a belief, which has remained with him, that a work of art should be, above all, theatrical—a revelatory event or experience rather than an art-historical position paper lodged in an object. Yet the spirit of Zen transcendentalism that seemed so natural to California art—its insistence on using the paradoxes of perception to make the viewer newly aware of his own consciousness—seems to have appeared to Nauman a little fatuous. His environments, instead of proffering the veils of mysterious light which were the hallmark of the California artists, evoked the corridors and cubicles of the literature of anxiety. The dreamlike passages that he began to construct and install then (and has continued to make intermittently ever since) were narrow hallways, lit by yellow or green fluorescent tubes, leading nowhere and offering no way out.

Nauman began showing in New York, at the Castelli gallery, in 1968, when that gallery was the principal seat of a then triumphant minimalism as practiced by Serra and Robert Morris. There Nauman began to make stripped-down variants of the environmental installations he had made in California. His "Double Steel Cage," in the Whitney show, is made of chain-link fencing, and is meant to be experienced from within the narrow corridor between the two cages. Dispensing with the elaborate apparatus of the California environmentalists, the "Double Steel Cage" expressed Nauman's sense of entrapment within the dry, matter-of-fact language of minimal "primary structures." In Serra's rolled-steel spirals and in his slabs of sheet metal—in the liquid splashes of lead and the patinas of rust—there was still a residual happy modernist faith in simple things and basic stuff: an uncomplicated love of the mute primary materials of industrialized culture. Nauman took the same kind of industrial materials—fences and, later, neon tubing—and found in them an overtone of melancholic urban imagery: of alleys and fences and dead-end streets.

The way that the fragments of our everyday life could be isolated as art objects only to reëmerge as new kinds of symbols became Nauman's principal subject. At a time when American art was filled with plugs and tubes and



les must de Cartier

THE COUGAR WATCH
Inspired by the sleek feline, Cartier's newest watch symbolizes the beauty of this graceful cat.
In a rounded form, with 18K gold bracelet, deployant buckle, cabochon sapphire stem, quartz accuracy and water resistant, too, the Cougar is a true jewel.
18K gold. His, $12,950. Hers $9,950.

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BONWIT TELLER/TRUMP TOWER BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. INQUIRIES & ORDERS NY (212) 758-3265/1-800-223-1288. CORPORATE GIFT DIV. (212) 888-2955

THE TOURNEAU
TRADE-IN POLICY

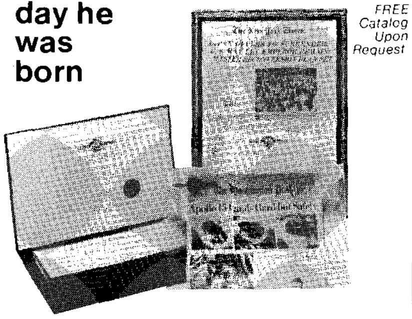
Now you can still trade beads, your old watch or old jewelry for something you want in Manhattan! At Tourneau, we've improved on history's original idea, and turned it into the perfect trading-in and trading-up policy!

Bring us your old watches or jewelry that you no longer want or wear, and we'll give you a free trade-in appraisal towards any new watch or jewelry.

If your trade-in was originally purchased from Tourneau, you'll get an extra trade-in bonus. And that's a policy that has stood the test of time.

TOURNEAU CORNER® NEW YORK BAL HARBOUR · GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BONWIT TELLER/TRUMP TOWER
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. INQUIRIES & ORDERS NY (212) 758-3265/1-800-223-1288.



Give him the *actual* newspaper printed the day he was born

FREE Catalog Upon Request

Now you can purchase a well-preserved, ***authentic*** edition of an original newspaper printed as long ago as 1880. *Not* reproductions or just front pages, these are *COMPLETE, ACTUAL* newspapers from major cities across America. Every page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city, and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for ***birthdays, holidays, business functions*** and other special occasions.

Newspaper In Clear Vinyl Portfolio $39.50 *

Newspaper in Personalized* Presentation Case $75.00 *

(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold.)

Newspaper in Classic, Gold-Leaf Frame $89.50***

It's the ORIGINAL EDITION! Not a reprint. We're Old News!

Ideal Gift for Father's Day

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-221-3221, Ext. 201
In N.J. 1-201-381-2332 Ext. 201

By mail: **Historic Newspaper Archives**
Dept. 01, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, N.J. 07065
*Add $3.95 UPS. ** Add $4.95 UPS. *** Add $6.95 UPS.
● UPS charges for Continental U.S.A. only ●
Major Credit Cards accepted. (N.J. residents add 6% sales tax.)
Sunday paper (main section only). Historical dates priced higher.

GALAPAGOS

You, nine others and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking and even college credit, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galapagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galapagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-YL 63rd. St., Emeryville CA 94608

—THE INN ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD—

A splendid country hostelry in the *Chilmark-Menemsha* area for 22 adult guests in handsome accommodations on our secluded 100-acre estate. Well kept gardens, lawns & woodland trails encircle the Inn & tennis complex. Minutes away, are superb beaches, sailing, golf, safe bike paths, fishing & horseback riding. Rates include copious country breakfasts, bulging picnic hampers for alfresco lunch at the beach or on the lawn, hors d'oeuvres at cocktail time, and our legendary dinners. *4 night minimum booking - Season from June 27 - Sept. 6.*

-PLEASE WRITE FOR BROCHURE & RATES-

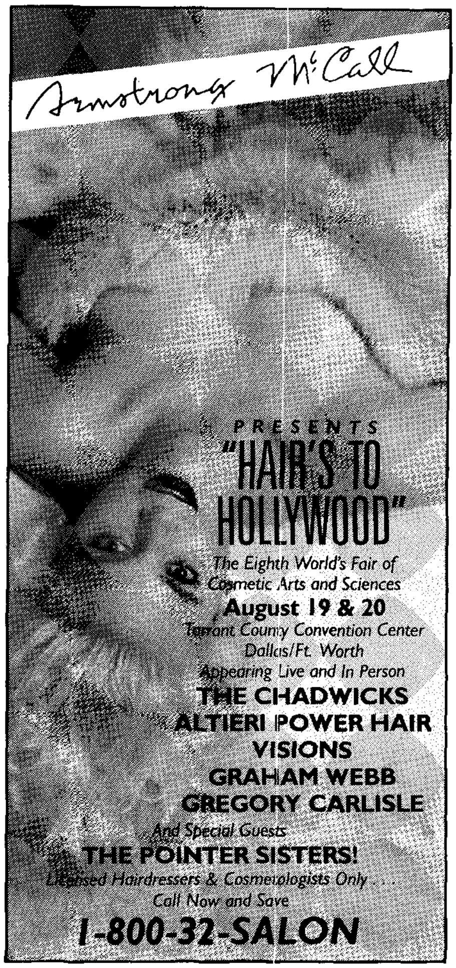
Blueberry Hill Farm

BOX 309 - CHILMARK, MASSACHUSETTS 02535 - PHONE (508) 645-2643

GIVE THE PERFECT GIFT
GUARANTEED FRESH FLOWERS
BEAUTIFUL, OVERNIGHT
PERSONALIZED CARD, 24 HOURS
1-800-458 AVIS-Oper. N
AVIS FLOWERS WORLDWIDE, INC.

glowing things—materials borrowed from the world of artificial lighting and redefined as art—Nauman saw that neon signs were interesting as neon signs. The neon-tubing pieces that he began to produce then, of which the one in the Whitney show is a fine example (somebody ought to organize a small exhibition of Nauman's neons), are, along with Christian Boltanski's memorials, the only worthwhile contemporary art that has to be plugged in. The best of the Nauman tubes are arrangements of short sentences, assembled in vertical rows to make nine- and ten-foot-tall columns on a gallery wall. Often Nauman has taken just a handful of simple, emotive words and mechanically generated dozens of possible variants, composing slogans with the detachment of a teacher conjugating lists of verbs: "EAT AND LIVE," "SLEEP AND LIVE," "LOVE AND LIVE," "HATE AND LIVE," "SPEAK AND LIVE," "LIE AND LIVE," "HEAR AND LIVE." These pieces look forward, obviously, to the earnest, spectacular didacticism of Jenny Holzer's displays, which they to some degree inspired; yet in Nauman the apparently cool translation of experience into random choices and public imagery seems observant rather than preachy. His art doesn't plead, or indulge in rhetorical pathos, and this makes it often disturbing.

Though Nauman's neon pieces have a Pop element, their spirit isn't anything like the Pop spirit. In fact, the experience of Pop hardly ever intrudes on his work; a naïve viewer coming to it would never guess at the explosion of celebratory, orgiastic lotusland art that was taking place elsewhere while Nauman was making his austere signs. Nauman's work, instead, comes directly out of the art of Jasper Johns. In the same way that Cy Twombly is the sole second-generation Abstract Expressionist painter—the only one who took over the style's assumptions and pushed them further—Nauman is in many ways the only authentic second-generation Johnsian. It is astonishing how many specific motifs in Nauman's work come directly out of Johns, from the dismembered limbs and wax-cast heads and bodies through the found words and broken bits of furniture. What Nauman claimed to love in Johns was the intellectual distance that he put between himself and the physical activity of making paintings,



Armstrong McCall
PRESENTS
"HAIR'S TO HOLLYWOOD"
The Eighth World's Fair of Cosmetic Arts and Sciences
August 19 & 20
Tarrant County Convention Center
Dallas/Ft. Worth
Appearing Live and In Person
THE CHADWICKS
ALTIERI POWER HAIR
VISIONS
GRAHAM WEBB
GREGORY CARLISLE
And Special Guests
THE POINTER SISTERS!
Licensed Hairdressers & Cosmetologists Only . . .
Call Now and Save
1-800-32-SALON

AWARDED EXCELLENCE

NUMBER SIXTEEN

Charming Townhouse Hotel
with Honor Bar and Breakfast.
Stretch your Dollars in
Downtown LONDON

GRANFEL HOTELS A FIRST CLASS TRADITION

16 Sumner Place, London, SW7 3EG, England,
Tel. 01-589-5232, Telex 266638, FAX: 01-584-8615

The leading sculling coaches in North America gather at the Craftsbury Sculling Camp to provide instruction for all levels of expertise, including beginners. Row on a long, exceptionally calm lake of drinkingwater quality. Delicious meals, the beautiful Vermont scenery and many other activities make the CSC a rewarding experience. The 1990 sessions begin May 11 and end Oct. 8. Call or write for brochure

Craftsbury Sculling Camp
Box Y, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827 802-586-7767

COFFEE OF THE MONTH

I've searched 31 countries to find my favorite coffees. Now you can find them in your mailbox. Whole bean only. Free grinder with 6 and 12 month subscriptions. Free brochure. Call 1-800-222-2726.

MY FAVORITE COFFEE
P.O. Box 416 Cornwall-on-Hudson, NY 12520

and the power of displacement in his work. Yet Nauman benefitted by coming to Johns by long distance, so to speak, so that he saw in Johns' fragmentary imagery—the palette of cast-off and broken things—a peculiar latent iconography of morbidity rather than the diagrammatic paradoxes of the picture plane which the New York art-world polemic insisted on finding there.

Johns' subject was the way that private signatures could emerge from public signs; Nauman's is the way that public signs can reëmerge from the private signature styles of abstract art. In the Calder-like form of the hanging mobile, for instance, Nauman saw a literal metaphor for torture and executions. In the early eighties, inspired by Jacobo Timerman's accounts of torture in Argentina, Nauman began to make pieces in which a fourteen- or fifteen-foot-wide orbit of steel girders enclosed an armless chair suspended like a pendulum. Nauman's "South America" chair pieces are perhaps the strongest single images of torture in modern art, conveying through the stark, spare means of Dada assemblage the essential experience not merely of pain but of being removed into a floating, timeless realm of isolation, silence, equidistance, and impersonality.

IN many ways, the installation at the West Broadway Castelli was the summing up and the climax of all the elements in Nauman's work. If Nauman has given license to a lot of contemporary art, it seems to have given license to him, too, allowing him to unleash the melodramatic and macabre and theatrical elements that have always been latent in his art. The grimacing heads were perhaps inspired by the masks and makeup of the clown who is the strange protagonist of a lot of his video pieces. The clown's pained expressions are meant to be taken as clichés, but they're not at all meant to be taken ironically. They're a set of conventional properties, borrowed from marginal sources like standard clown makeup and the heads of the eccentric eighteenth-century sculptor Messerschmidt, and used like the postures and set faces of academic art.

For the past decade, American art has been trying to find a way out of irony, and, in retrospect, Nauman seems to have been the unwitting leader of the expedition. If there's a common

Direct
From The New Yorker
Reader Services

Timely Information ♦
Special Promotions ♦
Retail Locations ♦

Use our convenient touch-tone phone line to hear special messages about the quality products and services listed below. Call toll-free from any touch-tone phone:

1 • 800 • 622 • 5456

St.Louis TheMeetingplace ☎ 30013

PINEHURST HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB
CrossCreek® MADE IN USA ☎ 30051
Free Golf Weekend Contest

BERMUDA.
A SHORT TRIP TO THE PERFECT HOLIDAY. ☎ 30056

Chrysler ☎ 30016
Test Drive Program

Spiegel ☎ 30011

HM Hotel Macklowe
Macklowe Conference Center ☎ 30017

Kennedy Galleries Inc.
AMERICAN ART SPECIALISTS ☎ 30022

DAVIDE CENCI ☎ 30001

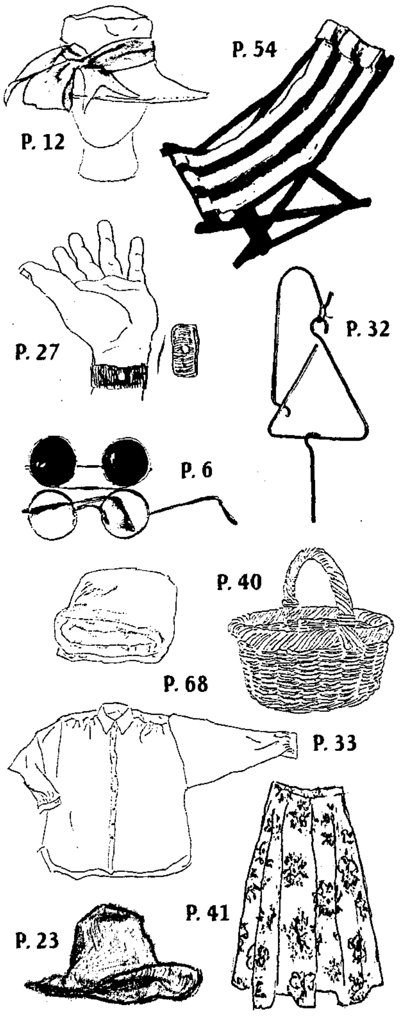
Beef. BEEF
Real Food for Real People. ☎ 30063
Caption Cartoon Contest

Young Island
ST. VINCENT ☎ 30015

CONRAD HOTELS ☎ 30024

Advertisement

The J. Peterman
Catalogue. (No. 6)
Summer '90.

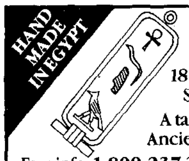


©1990 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ______ name
address ______
city ______ state ______ zip ______

The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
(800) 231-7341

NY5/14



Cartouche

18 K Solid Gold from $140.00
Sterling Silver from $ 35.00
A talisman with your name in
Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. 1-800-237-3759 Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc
Or write: Nationwide, Box 8474-1, Pgh., PA. 15220

THE
PELHAM
SUITES

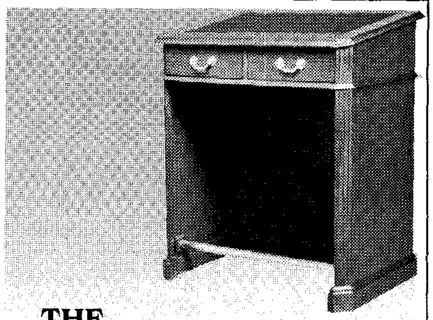
London

Magnificent
All Suite Hotel
in Sloane Street

DURLEY HOUSE,
115 SLOANE STREET, LONDON SW1X 9PJ.
TEL 071-235 5537 FAX 071-2596977 TELEX 919235 DURLEY G
USA TOLL FREE 1-800-553-6674

thread connecting the contemporary art that seems to move people most, from Anselm Kiefer's tableaux to Jenny Holzer's signboards, it is an extreme literal-mindedness, an urge to take over the duties and the solemnity of ceremonial art through blunt, unmistakable symbols and signs. The old fragmentary language of the avant-garde is nearly the only shared artistic language that we possess, and we watch its struggles to arrive at plain public speech with tender attentiveness and, perhaps, with excessive celebration of its smallest victories. Fortune-cookie maxims or historical names scratched on canvas are applauded by an eager public as though they had the depth and complexity of the Federalist Papers. Nauman's gift was to have recognized from the beginning that you can get past irony by going deeper into it—that the quizzical poetry of the displaced object already held a vein of literalism.

For many younger artists, the love of the obvious can lead either to mordant parody, as in Jeff Koons' creepy objects, or to a bald, uninflected didacticism, as in Holzer's cliché aphorisms. For Nauman, the two elements are linked, and the desire to mock in order to improve has in it something strangely moralizing and old-fashioned. Nauman has been for a quarter century now the puritan conscience of the American avant-garde. If this puritanism is responsible for the austere spirit that he has brought to so much of his work, it is also responsible for the curious industry with which he has compulsively tried to reuse the oblique, laconic language of assemblage in order to say something prophetic. Yet, where his predecessors among the curators of ordinary things—Johns, say, or Cornell—were always almost too intensely themselves, Nauman's expression seems intentionally generalized, even a little vague. Though everyone agrees that his grimacing heads and broken bodies are portentous, it is hard to say exactly what they portend. Nauman's dread seems to float, suspended, above any particular anxiety. Perhaps this is why his work evokes not pity but a sense of constant gloomy purpose—of a curious kind of *duty*. Nauman is a bringer of order rather than a singer of things, and his work seems possessed by the belief that since the millennium is bound to come we can at least put a fright mask on to greet it. —ADAM GOPNIK



THE
STAND•UP
DESK
COLLECTION

Catalogue, $ 1.00. Call
1-800-227-9256. In Texas,
call collect (512) 220-1211.
Fax (512) 270-4501
301 South Frio
San Antonio TX 78207

Any Recording By
Phone or Mail

Now you can order any CD, Tape, or LP in print from our 200-page catalog. Send $6.00 (refundable on your first order) for our 45,000 title catalog with $50 in merchandise credits. Subscribers get our Annual Catalog + 1 year of **FREE** updates covering new releases & specials. Absolutely no obligation or unrequested shipments.

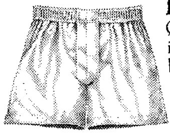
BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

Call ☎ 1-800-233-6357 or send to
Bose Express Music, D2, 50 W. 17th St NYC, NY 10011

O·X·F·O·R·D
AND CAMBRIDGE

• UNIVERSITY VACATIONS •
Exclusive series of one and two-week cultural vacations for adults. Spring, Summer, and Autumn programs.
FREE BROCHURE. In the U.S. contact:
• UNIVERSITY VACATIONS •
9602 N.W. 13th St., Miami, FL 33172
TOLL FREE: 800-792-0100

THE BEST UNDERSTATEMENT
EVER MADE.



Quality fabrics, colors, patterns. Sea-island cotton® boxer shorts you can't buy in stores. For exclusive brochure:
THE
GREEN POND
COMPANY®
Dept. GP-2 3060 Peachtree Rd., Atlanta, GA 30305, 1-800-827-POND

Gracious. Glorious.
Waterview suites. Glorious gardens.
American Regional Cuisine.
Open Year Round.
Coonamessett Inn
Of Cape Cod
P.O. Box 707Y, Falmouth, MA 02541 ■ 508/548-2300

THE THEATRE

Pranks

“Accomplice,” a thriller by Rupert Holmes, at the Richard Rodgers, is a work of such relentless facetiousness that it chills the blood and numbs the mind. The rule of secrecy in reviewing thrillers is easy to obey in this instance, since I sat in a kind of daze, from beginning to end, unable or unwilling to grasp what was going on. As in “Sleuth,” it is the audience that is fooled, time and time again, by one trick after another, but the characters here, unlike those in “Sleuth,” are as artificial as windup toys. They are a pair of English couples, but there are multiple identities and multiple couplings (sexual and otherwise). I will abide by the rule; nevertheless, it may be told that the program gives the first hint that something odd is afoot. Four actors are listed, but they are assigned no roles, and at the performance I attended an announcement was made that one of them, Michael McKean, would be replaced by an understudy. (Automatic groan from the audience.)

The settings (good ones, by David Jenkins) are a cottage in the country and a suite at Claridge’s. An old mill wheel hung on ropes beneath floor level is used as a wine cellar to some effect when it is hoisted up. Actually, the sight gags and props are, in every instance, above reproach. It is the verbal jokes—many of them of the “in,” show-business kind (“iniquitous”: “in Equity”)—that fall far below. The British accents assumed by the company are so patently fake that they can be considered just one more joke. Poisoning and stabbing are among the lethal activities discussed and/or engaged in. Considerable dexterity is called for.

If the foregoing seems more inventory than review to you, you’re right. The actors—Natalia Nogulich, Jason Alexander, Pamela Brüll, and, yes, Michael McKean (damn, I’ve told you!)—are able enough, but a knack for charades is more to the point in this romp. “Accomplice” is indeed a clunky show, and a rotten choice for this theatre, so recently renamed to honor Richard Rodgers—a blithe spirit if there ever was one. —Edith Oliver

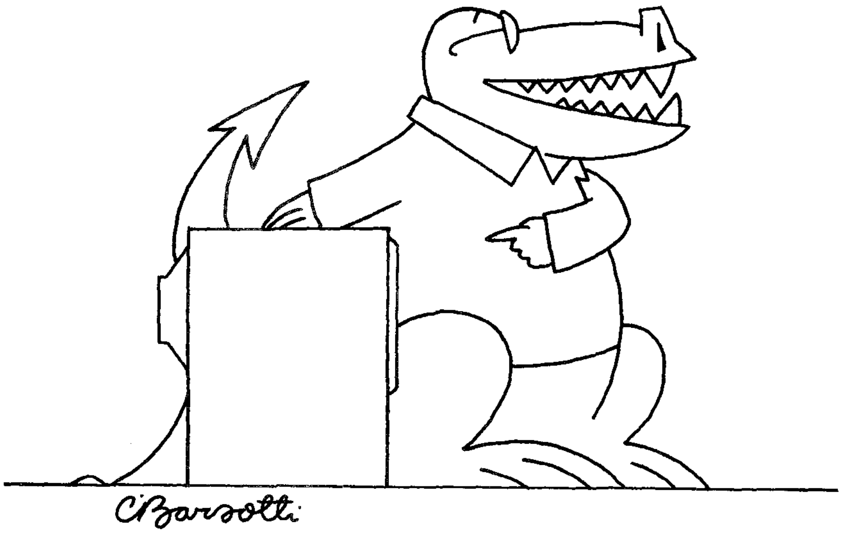
Small Change

THEY say the unexamined musical is not worth having seen. I don’t know where that leaves “A Change in the Heir,” the god-awful musical that opened on April 29th at the Edison Theatre, but I left it at intermission. Written by George H. Gorham and Dan Sticco, directed by David H. Bell, and originally produced by New Tuners Theatre, in Chicago, “A Change in the Heir” is set in a fairy-tale kingdom and concerns a prince and princess each of whom, for reasons beneath your notice and attention, has been reared as a member of the opposite sex. The show (which has a lot of brave performances by talented actors like Judy Blazer, Brooks Almy, and J. K. Simmons, all of whom manage to cloak their embarrassment with positively heroic distinction) begins with what I take to be a comic simulation of birth; as I say, I don’t know how it ends. Perhaps with a comic simulation of abortion.

Lest anyone mistake “A Change in the Heir” for another of those breathtakingly bad musicals one wants to have seen because everyone will be talking about it for years—relax. This isn’t “Carrie” or “Prince of Central Park,” or even “Welcome to the Club.” “A Change in the Heir” isn’t extravagantly bad, though it includes lyrics like “Bless these children, keep them chaste, Keep their little undies laced”; it’s just dully bewildering. At whom can this show be aimed? Not children. (There’s a song about genitalia called “Take a Look at That.”) Not the audience for Stephen Sondheim’s “Into the Woods.” (There’s a lengthy production number consisting entirely of pratfalls and slapstick.) And not the audience for drag theatre, whose premise, after all, is that homosexuality is pervasive. (The jokes here ride on the assumption that homosexuality is nonexistent.) So crass and outmoded is the style of the show (how hearts must have sunk at the first dress rehearsal when David Murin’s Disneyesque synthetic-fibre costumes were revealed) that when a siren went off in the theatre about ten minutes into the show—a ridiculous wailing sound, like a vaudeville fire alarm, a cartoon of a noise—it was impossible to know that it was not part of the production.

The siren continued to sound. It went on and on, stopping at regular intervals and then starting up again, drowning out the dialogue. All over the theatre, respectable, soberly dressed people were convulsed, weeping and dying with laughter. Finally, Miss Almy, managing to make herself heard, ad-libbed something about getting the situation taken care of. Shortly thereafter, an actor who had made a perhaps unscheduled exit reëntered and interpolated a line about taking a short break. A brief interval was announced over the P.A. system. I half expected the voice over the loudspeaker to add, “Actually, folks, we’ve decided this whole thing was a mistake. You can all go home.” But the show resumed five or ten minutes later, and from then on all one could do was wait glumly for the next chance of escape.

—Mimi Kramer



“Hurry, dear, it’s the Brutal Gourmet.”

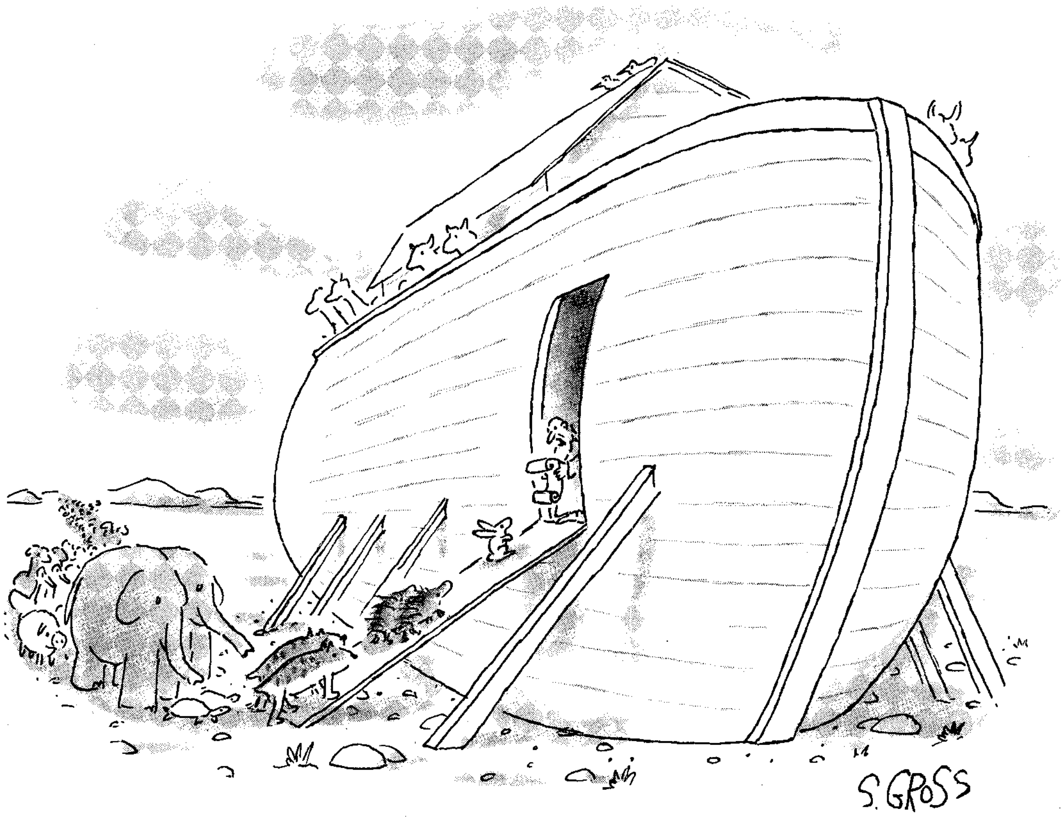
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 3

HAVING had foreign-policy events break very nicely since he took office, President Bush finally came to the hard part in his relations with the Soviet Union when Mikhail Gorbachev attempted to strangle—or at least slow (no one is yet sure)—Lithuania's move to independence. Until that point, reached a couple of weeks ago, Gorbachev, probably because he had little choice, had been a splendid former adversary—liberating Eastern Europe, moving toward a collection of arms-control agreements, opening up the Soviet Union to political and economic reform. Ever since the Administration, as of May of last year, got beyond the "Is Gorbachev for real?" phase, officials had been on an exhilarating ride. They (or most of them) had come to see Gorbachev as a man of great, if not infinite, flexibility—some of them called him "the man with the moving bottom line"—and found excitement in the heady series of bilateral dealings. They felt, with reason, that they were participating in a major moment in history, one in which the relationship between the superpowers was undergoing fundamental change. Then, with Lithuania, they hit a wall. For the first time, the Bush Administration had to face the classic postwar question faced by previous Administrations, going back to Harry Truman—how to respond to Soviet repression. But this time the question arose in the new, post-Cold War context. As they talked about the Lithuania crisis, Administration officials' voices became more sombre, their concern evident. The episode, however it turns out, told most of them that Gorbachev had less room for maneuver than they had thought (despite all the talk about the problems he was facing within his own country), and they feared that the difficulty over Lithuania could spill over into all manner of dealings between the two nations—try as the Administration might to contain the damage. The episode also told them that Gorbachev the master tactician wasn't always as able as they had come to expect. (They already knew that he was more tactician than strategist.) Bush, in his own handling of the matter, bobbled; even if he comes out at the right place, he has shown an uncertainty, and even some ineptitude, complicated further by his difficulty with the English language.

Because Gorbachev had been so flexible on other matters, and because he had given indications that he wouldn't stand in the way of independence for the Baltic states—Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia—and because Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze had assured Secretary of State James Baker, and Gorbachev had assured Bush at Malta, that the Soviet Union wouldn't use force to hold the Baltic states in the Soviet Union, officials here came to assume that there would be no great problem over the Baltics. The Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939, which turned the Baltics over to the Soviet Union, had, after all, been renounced by the Congress of People's Deputies in August, 1989—but the renunciation was accompanied by the statement that, despite the illegal pact, Lithuania had "chosen" to join the Soviet Union. Furthermore, the Soviets argue, the Lithuanian legislature had enacted various laws that affirm its membership in the Soviet Union. Still, it was believed here that the real difficulty would come over the secessionist tendencies of such Soviet republics as Georgia, the Ukraine, and Azerbaijan. What hadn't been anticipated was that Soviet leaders wouldn't make a distinction between the Baltic states and the other Soviet republics, and that when the Lithuanians made their bolt for independence Gorbachev would make a brutal example of them. It was, an Administration official said as Gorbachev tightened his grip on Lithuania, "the first time we've seen Gorbachev draw a bottom line and remove options that would give him flexibility."

Administration officials had thought that Gorbachev might engage in what they termed "Baltic exceptionalism," and they offered an explanation, which wasn't very convincing, of how Gorbachev could give up the Baltics without fear of losing other Soviet republics. The idea is that Gorbachev could arrange a federative relationship with the other restive republics, giving them more autonomy, as he suggested two years ago, but several ob-



"Your husband went back to his first wife and is already on board."

SAKRUN
PRESENT
PEAK
W
E
AVERAGE
FORECAST
S

Your Window On The Weather.

Full line of matched weather instruments are housed in 6½" solid brass cases. Microprocessor-based weather computers display trends as well as current information on wind speed/direction, barometer, thermometer and wind chill. Analog displays also available.

Ideal for home or office, for a gift or for yourself, Maximum instruments are available through select dealers, or direct from us.
Maximum, Inc.,
Suite N05, 30 Barnet Blvd., New Bedford, MA 02745
(508) 999-2226.

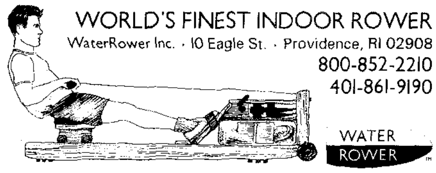
Free Catalog

MAXIMUM

VISITING LONDON?
Tucked away in the heart of London you will discover the London Lodge Hotel with its own unique character and style. We have been hosts to the well travelled at this prestigious and outstanding hotel for a quarter of a century. Your visit with us will stay in the memory long after you have returned home.
Rooms From $60.00 Per Person
Whether it be for business or pleasure make your Reservation with
LONDON LODGE HOTEL
136 LEXHAM GARDENS, LONDON, W8 6JE, ENGLAND
TELE (01144 71) 244 8444 TELEX (851) 922921 FAX (01144 71) 373 6661

Upper East Side...*Way Upper East Side.*

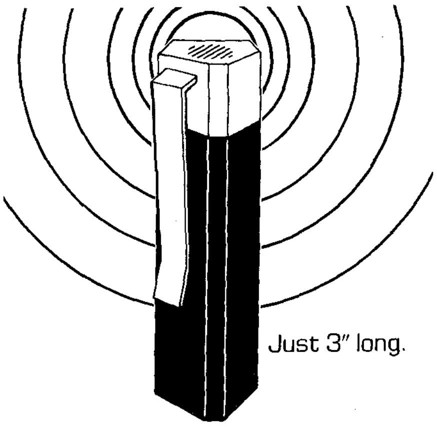
The BALSAMS
Grand Resort Hotel
Dixville Notch, New Hampshire
♦♦♦♦ AAA 1-800-255-0600 ★★★★ Mobil



WORLD'S FINEST INDOOR ROWER
WaterRower Inc. · 10 Eagle St. · Providence, RI 02908
800-852-2210
401-861-9190
True Water Resistance · Solid North American Cherry

servers, including Soviets, think it is now too late for that—that Gorbachev should have moved in this direction two years ago. A senior Administration official said, after the Lithuanian matter became serious, "It's easy for us to say the Baltics are different because of the Hitler-Stalin pact, but if you happen to be a Moldavian or an Armenian or an Azerbaijani it doesn't seem so different." Actually, it hadn't much occurred to people here until fairly recently that there was any possibility of independence for the Baltic nations. Though the United States never officially recognized their incorporation into the Soviet Union, more people than will now admit smirked as each year, during the third week in July, we commemorated Captive Nations Week with parades and ceremonies calling for the overthrow of Communism. Captive Nations Week was regarded as a little indulgence given émigrés from the Eastern European and Baltic nations, and a bit of exploitation of these émigrés by the Republican right wing. In fact, although the Baltics were independent between the First and Second World Wars, Russian hegemony over the Baltics goes way back: Peter the Great won Latvia and Estonia from Sweden's Charles XII in the Great Northern War, thus gaining for Russia its coveted "opening to the sea," and most of what is now Lithuania, a large state in medieval Europe, came into Russian hands later in the eighteenth century. This history stirs something primeval in the Russians when faced with the prospect of independence for the Baltics. Still, starting in December of last year, as the Lithuanian Communist Party voted to break away from the Soviet Communist Party, and the Latvians and Estonians began to make separatist moves, most people here, euphoric over the quick collapse of Soviet control over the Eastern European nations, anticipated Baltic independence as one more wave to ride.

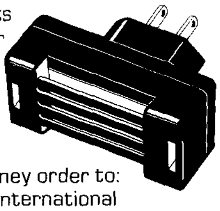
Lithuania's declaration, on March 11th, that it was independent of the Soviet Union has been interpreted by officials here as an attempt to move either before the Supreme Soviet adopted legislation spelling out a process by which republics could become independent or before Gorbachev could exercise his new power of "Presidential rule" to, in effect, take over Lithuania —or both. The new process for secession from the Soviet Union is onerous



ULTRASOUND MOSQUITO REPELLER
Makes picnics, fishing, hunting, camping and Safaris more fun. High frequency sound drives away annoying flying, stinging insects. Effective within 7' radius of wearer.
$19.95 each. **2** for **$35.** Battery inc.

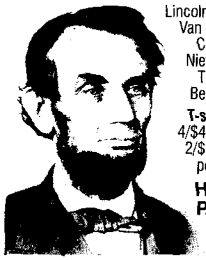
ELECTRO ANTI-INSECT
Stop annoying insects –simply by using your wall outlet. Clean, economical and safe.
$14.95 each.
2 for **$25.**

Send check or money order to:
Retail Marketing International
P.O. Box 2272 Darien, CT 06820
Money-back guarantee if not satisfied.



OUR OWN PINK BEACHES
Bermuda's finest cottage colony in a glorious garden setting. Privacy and seclusion combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Tennis. Golf nearby. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dining in our Club House with its superb seascape.
See your travel agent
or David B. Mitchell & Co.
NYC (212) 696-1323; (800) 372-1323
PINK BEACH CLUB
BERMUDA

MORE LITERATE T-SHIRTS!
Lincoln, Dickens, Sherlock Holmes, Bach, Van Gogh, Billie Holiday, Kafka, Gandhi, Churchill, Dostoevsky, Jung, Mozart, Nietzsche, Che Guevara, Cheshire Cat, Thoreau, Darwin, Mark Twain, J.F.K., Beethoven, DaVinci, Whitman, others.
T-shirt: (white, lt. blue or red) $12.75, 4/$46. **Sweatshirt:** (white or grey) $23, 2/$44. **Sizes:** S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $2.25 per order. **Illustrated brochure:** 75¢.
HISTORICAL PRODUCTS
P. O. Box 220 Dept. X 29
Cambridge, MA 02238
1-617-787-1176



NATHANS
Fine Food & Spirits
3150 M Street, N.W., Georgetown
Washington, D.C. 20007
(202) 338-2000

AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE

Sheraton Towers Over Cancun

Vacation With The Sun Gods Of Cancun

$72 50* per person per night in our new Towers

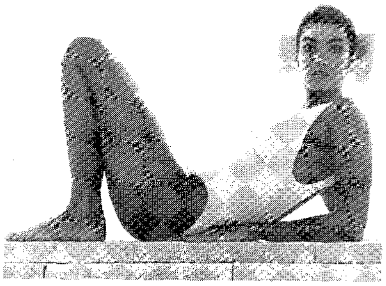
We're celebrating the opening of our magnificent Towers building with a level of service that's almost as remarkable as the white sand beach and crystal clear Caribbean waters that surround our fabulous 5-star resort. With such special features as exclusive registration, a private lounge for complimentary continental breakfast and personal Butler Service as warm as Mexico. Plus three pools, shopping arcade, 12 restaurants & bars, lively entertainment, water-sports, health club, and excursions to ancient Mayan ruins. No wonder our new Towers is the talk of Cancun.

Sheraton Cancun Resort & Towers

The hospitality people of ITT

800-325-3535

or see your travel agent



*Based on double occupancy. Effective 4/1-12/20/90. Does not include tax/gratuities/airfare. Subject to availability.

AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT • AT SHERATON LITTLE

"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
THE HIDEAWAY REPORT

THE POINT Experience life as it's meant to be, at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack mountains—private, romantic, and eminently civilized. Enjoy breakfast in bed or under the hemlocks; cruise over crystal-clear upper Saranac Lake by canoe, sailboat, or vintage mahogany motor boats; enjoy golf, croquet, waterskiing, or just a snooze in the hammock; dine elegantly by candlelight in the Great Hall with old friends and new. Discover The Point—endorsed by nine years of rave reviews, and one of only twenty-one Relais & Chateaux in the U.S.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
(518) 891-5678 (800) 255-3530

IN SAN FRANCISCO
SPRING SPECIAL - April - May

Just 2 blocks west of Union Square. Complimentary Continental Breakfast. Home of the highly acclaimed Post St. Bar & Cafe.
$76-$98

THE ANDREWS HOTEL
624 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94109
- Call for Brochure -
(800) 227-4742 (415) 563-6877
In California: (800) 622-0557

—some Administration officials say they find it feasible, at least in the case of Lithuania, others say that it seems designed to prevent any republic from leaving the Soviet Union. Since people in the other Soviet republics seeking independence saw no difference between the Baltics and themselves, the secession process had to be made difficult. However, since Lithuania has a smaller proportion of ethnic Russians than the other Baltic states, it was the most likely to secede under the new process, which requires, among other things, that two-thirds of a republic's populace support independence through a referendum. Gorbachev's rough response to Lithuania's attempt to bolt had the effect of radicalizing the populations of Estonia and Latvia—encouraging them to speed up their own moves to leave the Soviet Union. Some Administration officials think it also backfired in the other Soviet republics, encouraging nationalist tendencies. (At the same time, some people in the other Baltic states, especially Estonians, resented the Lithuanians for forcing the issue and making escape harder for the rest of them.)

FROM the time that Lithuania declared its independence, some officials began to think in a general way of what our options would be if Gorbachev cracked down. One official says, "We didn't do that much contingency planning; we don't have time for much contingency planning." In the Bush Administration, foreign policy—or, at least, the most important foreign policy—is run by a very small group of people at the top of the State Department and on the staff of the National Security Council. These people live in a constant state of overload. In the case of the Baltics, they considered that though all the public talk (and even private talk) between the United States and the Soviet Union was about the possible use of military force, economic leverage might be Gorbachev's preferred weapon. But the Administration's private communications with the Soviet Union didn't address this. Gorbachev's first steps were ominous enough: an ultimatum that Lithuania invalidate its declaration of independence; some conspicuous troop movements in Lithuania; a demand that Lithuanians turn in their firearms (this was Gorbachev's first executive order after he assumed the new office of President); restrictions on foreign visitors and the expulsion of two U.S. diplomats from Lithuania; the dispatch of an armored convoy to Vilnius. At first, Bush continued to warn against the use of force in Lithuania, and then the Administration changed its rhetoric to hint of displeasure if the Soviets used economic pressure, warning publicly and privately against "intimidation" and "coercion" of Lithuania. On March 23rd, the President said, "Any attempt to coerce or intimidate or forcibly intervene against the Lithuanian people is bound to backfire." However, this "nuance" was largely lost on the public here—much of foreign policy is about nuances that can be lost on the public, and perhaps on the intended recipients. The policymakers can take such pains over finding just the right word that they assume others will attach as much importance to the word as they do. Shortly after the first threatening moves against Lithuania by the Soviets, an Administration official said to me that it had been thought that Gorbachev would soft-pedal the matter more. This official said, "The question is, Have they just had enough—has some straw snapped? We just don't know." The essence of the private messages sent to the Kremlin was to warn the Soviets that they were traveling down a dangerous road. The problem, as this official and others saw it, was that once Gorbachev started ordering the Lithuanians to do things a bloody confrontation became more likely. In such a tense situation, a wayward spark could set off a conflagration. This official conveyed some exasperation with Gorbachev for not finessing the issue: "He should have said, 'Your declaration is null and void; let's talk.' There were lots of ways to not force the issue." However, before long the prevailing sentiment within the Administration was exasperation with Lithuania for forcing the issue.

Throughout the Lithuanian crisis, the Administration struggled over what to say about any given development, or whether to say anything at all—and didn't always get it right. On the day that Soviet troops dragged Lithuanian military deserters from a psychiatric hospital outside Vilnius where they had taken refuge, and beat some of them, the Administration declined to comment. White House Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater refused to say whether the latest Soviet action constituted the use of force, and said, "We do not want to inflame the situation." This was, an official admits, a "screwup" in timing. Officials had decided that the Administration should get away from day-by-day commentary on the situation in Lithuania, both because they didn't want to encourage Lithuanians to think we would give them more support than we planned, thus "inflaming" the situation, and because they didn't want to get into the position of the Carter Administration during the hostage crisis: commenting each day on whether things looked better or worse—and looking helpless. Shortly after this, the Soviets took over the offices of Lithuania's chief prosecutor, and occupied Vilnius' main printing plant, and barred all foreign reporters from Lithuania.

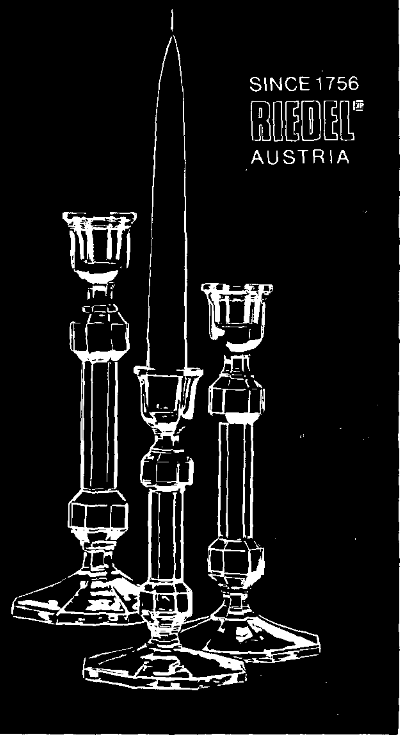
There have been differences within the Administration all along as to just how much Gorbachev's behavior toward Lithuania has been guided by his own daunting domestic difficulties (the economy, rising nationalism, increased political opposition) and how much by his own refusal to preside over any dissolution of the Soviet Union itself. This hasn't been the subject of any tremendous dispute within the Administration, but it has colored attitudes on how to deal with Gorbachev over Lithuania. Little notice was taken here of the fact that at a meeting of the Congress of People's Deputies, in March, resolutions were adopted calling on the new President (Gorbachev) to maintain the territorial integrity of the Soviet Union, and not to recognize the Lithuanian move for independence. The strength of the conservative forces in the Congress of People's Deputies may have been underestimated, as was the growing unhappiness of the Soviet military. By now, the military had many grievances: the war in Afghanistan had been unpopular and a failure; the use of Soviet troops earlier this year to quell ethnic unrest in Azerbaijan was unpopular; the military had sat by while Gorbachev released Eastern Europe, forcing the return of large numbers of troops to the Soviet Union, where there is a severe housing shortage; and the military was facing difficulties with its conscription, which a rising number of young Soviets were trying to avoid. All these factors, but especially the last one, made the desertion by Lithuanians from the Soviet armed forces intolerable to the Soviet military.

In early April, it suddenly became all the rage here to say that Gorbachev was having grave problems with the military, and that this explained much of his recent behavior. But such sudden fashions are always cause for skepticism, and some officials think that this theory has been given too much weight. The ministerial meeting here in early April between Shevardnadze and Baker and their respective entourages, in which the Soviets pulled back some arms-control concessions they had made in Moscow in February, and the prominent role played by Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, Gorbachev's military adviser, at the April ministerial meeting, gave rise to the military-in-the-saddle theory, which was buttressed by a briefing given here shortly after the ministerial meeting by some Rand Corporation analysts, who said that the Soviet military was enjoying a resurgence of power.

One senior official said to me not long ago that, though the military was "a piece" of the story, not too much should be made of it. Another thought the Rand analysts had gone overboard. There is, the first official pointed out, a strong history of military subservience to civilian authority in the Soviet Union (though for different reasons than here), and no history of military coups. The military, he said, is thoroughly penetrated by the K.G.B., and is part of the power structure, concerned about its place in society following the war in Afghanistan. According to this theory, the civilian leadership gave the military its day in regard to arms control and Lithuania, and would have to decide when enough is enough. A third senior official says, "I was and remain very skeptical of assertions that Gorbachev is being buffeted by the military—though the military is unhappy. My own view is that Mikhail Gorbachev alone decided the policy on Lithuania, though he was getting advice from people." This official continues, "There's such an obviously self-serving part of this—Gorbachev's people saying he's under pressure from the right and therefore you have to be understanding. What they mean is that we have to do what he wants about Lithuania." This official thinks that the Soviet behavior at the April ministerial meeting—with Shevardnadze being unprecedentedly deferential to

Candlelight is magic. Magic is the title of this 24% full lead crystal candlestick collection. All part of a dazzling ensemble calculated to bewitch and enchant. Write for the complete folio of internationally acclaimed RIEDEL. 41 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

SINCE 1756
RIEDEL
AUSTRIA



An Elegant, Yet Practical Gift for a Special Bride.

Save 20% on Sheffield Silverplate.

A pineapple, traditional symbol of hospitality, decorates the tops of these pyrex-lined silver-plated casseroles. 1 qt. reg. $80.00 now $65, 2 qt. reg. $90.00 now $72.50, 3 qt. reg. $100.00 now $82.50 postpaid and gift wrapped. MC/Visa 1-800-345-0053.

pitt petri
378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y. 14202

MAINE. MUSIC.
AND OTHER SECRETS OF UNWINDING THIS SUMMER.

Quisisana is a unique music resort on the shores of beautiful Lake Kezar in Maine. It's cottages in the pines, superb food, sand beaches, all water sports, 3 clay tennis courts, etc. And, best of all, a staff of talented musicians from America's leading conservatories who perform everything from Broadway shows to classics and opera in the evening.

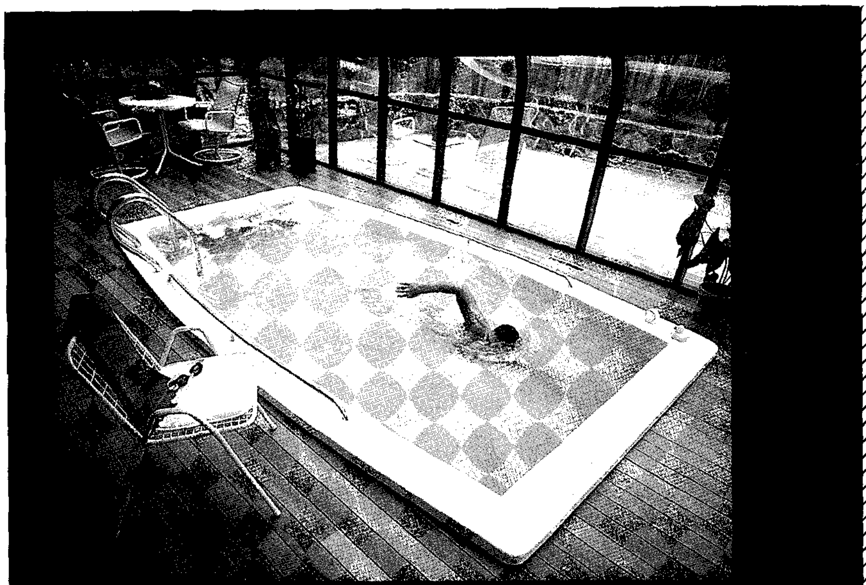
QUISISANA
A full American Plan resort
Center Lovell, Maine 04016
(914) 833-0293

Akhromeyev—was a piece of self-serving theatrics, a ploy designed to get us to yield on various issues. The official says, "I think Gorbachev is in charge of the Soviet Union." An official says, "Sure there were pressures on Gorbachev to take even harsher measures—to invoke Presidential rule—but it's implausible that he would not have moved without pressure. Gorbachev was not anxious to see Lithuania leave on its own terms, and he has to show that, despite all his problems, he can rule." When Bush was asked at his press conference today about a report in Britain of an attempted military coup against Gorbachev in February, he said he had no knowledge of such an event, and Administration officials discount the story. One says, "Moscow is a city of rumors, especially right now—everybody's nervous. Moscow is like a dark room with a gas leak and nobody knows where the gas leak is coming from. If you light a match, you might explode the whole room. But the more you know about the Soviet military, the less you think they'd try a coup." In answer to another question, Bush did say, "I think he's under extraordinary pressure at home, particularly on the economy, and I do, from time to time, worry about a takeover that will set back the whole process." But this is said to stem from a generalized sense on the President's part of danger to Gorbachev. Others share his worry to varying degrees.

GRADUALLY, the realization grew here that the Lithuanian question was a very personal one for Gorbachev, that he felt quite strongly that the sudden dash for independence was some sort of diabolical maneuver. He expressed to American visitors deep animosity toward Vytautas Landsbergis, the Lithuanian President—it is as if Landsbergis were Gorbachev's Daniel Ortega. Senator Edward M. Kennedy commented after a visit with Gorbachev in late March that Gorbachev didn't appear to understand nationalism and viewed Lithuania's move to independence as some sort of palace coup. The Russian mind, according to some observers, doesn't understand nationalism, and Gorbachev is a Russian. For Gorbachev, according to this thinking, Eastern Europe was an entirely different matter from the Baltics, much less the other Soviet republics. The Baltics instill in Russians the pull of empire. Gorbachev has to consider, an Administration official says, that Russian history books would be no kinder to him if he let Lithuania leave over twenty years than over five years. And Gorbachev has made it clear that he feels that if Lithuania were allowed to leave the Soviet Union quickly—in the next year or two—he would shortly be superintending the departure of other republics. Landsbergis—no longer a musicologist, now a political figure—has to think of the history books, too, this official says. In this view, the declaration of independence was such a historic, psychological act—after fifty years of injustice—that to go back on it would be a historic betrayal. Gorbachev, according to some observers, was acting like the czars of old, telling a people, "You can't do this, you can't do that." Some officials here also understood that Gorbachev the reformer was in the tradition of other great Russian modernizers, such as Peter the Great and Alexander II. Gorbachev's notion of openness, according to this view, is strictly utilitarian: not openness for its own sake, not grounded in any spirit of enlightenment—he's no Thomas Jefferson. The prevailing view at the top of the Soviet Union's leadership, according to some American officials, was that the leadership had tried to signal to the Lithuanians to hold off any move for independence until the forthcoming Party congress, in early July, where Gorbachev would have other fish to fry. Among other things, he wanted to get on with reforming the economy. (More recently, Gorbachev backed off once again from taking the radical steps—moving toward a market economy, introducing price reform, and making the ruble convertible—that numerous observers think are essential for staving off economic collapse but that Soviet leaders decided the public wouldn't stand for. The Soviets take polls, too. This latest postponement was seen here as a disturbing sign, and as more likely to bring on calamity than the reform might have.) According to this Soviet view, even to suggest a secession process was a big move for the Soviets—and Landsbergis jumped the gun and was very hard to deal with. Gorbachev is reported to have been, since early on in the affair, highly annoyed with Landsbergis for declining invitations to come to Moscow for talks. According to a senior Administration official, Landsbergis has been invited to Moscow several times but doesn't want to look as if he is being commanded to go to the center of the empire, and may want some guarantees in advance that any such visit would lead to a serious dialogue. Gorbachev was willing to meet with Landsbergis as the President of one of the fifteen republics—a status Landsbergis couldn't accept.

AMERICAN officials, while professing their own desire to see Lithuania free (and, in some cases, their disappointment that Gorbachev hadn't handled the Baltics in a way that would have avoided the crisis), expressed privately their own perturbation with Landsbergis. They felt that he had acted impulsively and unrealistically. (Lithuania is, as we've all found out, heavily dependent upon the Soviet Union economically.) They felt, too, that Gorbachev, who has done so much that is in our—and a lot of other people's—interests, should not have been pushed so hard on so sensitive a subject. They said far and wide that if it hadn't been for Gorbachev the Lithuanians wouldn't even be attempting to achieve independence. They were (and still are) annoyed that this, in their view, essentially extraneous issue might get in the way of a good thing—the evolving relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States. The United States–Soviet agenda is a heavy one right now: a summit meeting is scheduled for the end of May (Gorbachev wanted it moved up from late June in order to have time to prepare for the Party congress); two major arms-control agreements are being negotiated, with the hope of completion this year; though the Warsaw Pact is defunct, Soviet troops remain in Eastern Europe, with a large contingent in East Germany; sensitive negotiations are going on right now on the future status of Germany. Weighed against these things, the thinking within the Administration goes, a delay in Lithuanian independence—most assume, correctly or not, that it will eventually be free—would not be tragic.

From the outset, the goal of United States policymakers was to get the Soviets and the Lithuanians to talk—an undertaking that proved far more difficult than expected. The effort was to find a way to get both countries beyond what some key policymakers here refer to as the symbols: the Soviets' insistence that Lithuanian independence go through the Soviet Union's new process, the Lithuanians' insistence that they were no longer a part of the Soviet Union and therefore couldn't be subject to its processes. United States officials quietly floated the idea of a referendum in Lithuania, but in short order both sides were too dug in for that to be a solution. (The Lithuanians said that since there was overwhelming popular support for independence they wouldn't resist a referendum, but Landsbergis said he would consider a referendum that asked whether the independent nation of Lithuania wished to join the Soviet Union.) The United States held off recognition of Lithuania as an independent country, citing the legality that Lithuania didn't meet the criterion of having control of its territory, but acting on the practical point that if the effort was to get the two sides to talk it wouldn't be useful to say that one side was right and the other wrong. (No European nation recognized Lithuanian independence, either; this coincidence of policy appeared to be no accident.) Besides sending signals to the Soviets that they were headed down a dangerous path, and one that might result in some action by the United States, there was little that we could do directly. Administration officials were chary of talking directly with Landsbergis and other top Lithuanian leaders, feeling that they were dealing with amateurs who might publicly describe any United States private suggestion of flexibility as a suggestion that they give up. Eventually, an indirect channel to the Lithuanian leadership was established, through an American who is not part of the Administration. One idea floated in the direction of the Lithuanians as well as the Soviets by the United States was that the Lithuanians suspend—rather than abandon—their declaration of independence, giving the Soviets face and time. But the Lithuanians, though expressly willing, as the noose tightened, to suspend certain laws adopted to implement independence, remained adamant that they wouldn't go back on the declaration itself. Still, in the view of one key Administration official, the Lithua-

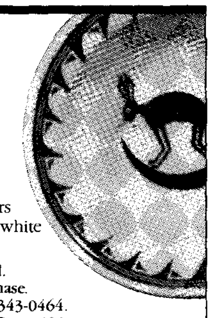


SwimEx.™ The year-round compact lap pool, where you swim in place at your own pace.
The SwimEx 6′ x 12′ personal pool is designed to let you swim naturally in place against a broad, consistent current that is adjustable from 0 - 4.5 mph. Swimming is the ideal all around exercise. With SwimEx you can get in shape and stay in shape in the comfort and privacy of your home. Contact us for ideas on installation and our brochure. Video available. $10.

Call or write:
SwimEx
Systems, Inc.
11 Market Street
P.O. Box 328
Warren, RI 02885
401-245-1200

Swimex

If a family member should require extended care for a psychiatric illness, you may want to consider the Greystone Program as an alternative to hospitalization. Since 1980, we have been providing services for a small group of residents in a warm, distinctive setting within our arboretum-like campus. The Greystone Program emphasizes personalized care in the Quaker tradition of respect for the individual. For more information, call (215) 831-4779 or write Barbara Hines, R.N.,M.S.N., The Greystone Program at Friends Hospital, 4809 Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, PA 19124.



SANTA FE MIMBREÑO Dining Car China

Striking reproduction ware features stylized animals and geometric borders in the burgundy, gray and white hues of the originals.

Cereal bowl shown, $17 ppd.
Brochure $1, free with purchase.
Check, VISA/MC. Call (301) 343-0464.
Or write: Nostalgia Station, Dept. 105,
20134 Valley Mill Road, Freeland, MD 21053.

Nostalgia Station
Wonderful things for the collector

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to the Village of Fearrington

Be neighbors with bluebirds, hollyhocks, shops, a country inn, and fascinating people of all ages. For complete information – 1-800-334-5475 or Box 111-N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.

BIKE, WALK FRANCE. HIKE the SWISS ALPS.

May-Oct. tours featuring painstakingly chosen off-the-beaten track routes through the lesser known French provinces. Arduous alpine hikes in the Berner Oberland; hut-hopping Luzern-Pontresina.

Superb accommodations/cuisine.

For adventure in the heart of France and
the heights of Switzerland:
EUROPEDS 883 Sinex Ave. Pacific Grove, CA 93950
(408) 372-1173

Blue Note™
WORLDS FINEST JAZZ CLUB-131 W. 3rd ST. 475-8592

Blue Note *SPRING SONGBOOK'90*
A Tribute to the "Divine One"
SARAH VAUGHAN 1924 1990

Week III **PHYLLIS HYMAN**
May 15-20

Week IV **NANCY WILSON**
May22-27

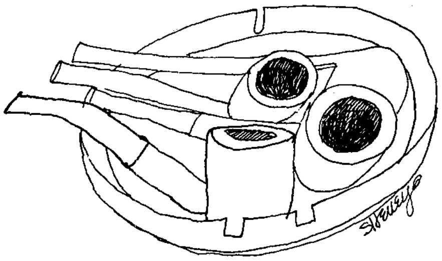
Week V **ANGELA BOFILL**
May 29-June 3 *All Shows at 9 & 11:30*
WEEKEND JAZZ BRUNCH SAT. & SUN.

nians were coming close to giving Gorbachev "an explanation" for easing up on Lithuania, and initiating a dialogue. The official said, "They have the makings of an explanation if Gorbachev wants it, but he may hold out for suspension." Privately, the Administration was asking the Soviets why they couldn't begin a dialogue. In background briefings, officials pointed to polls showing that the great majority of the American people were more interested in preserving our relationship with Gorbachev than in independence for Lithuania.

As Gorbachev made one harsh move after another, the Administration sent out confusing signals. In late March, Bush sent Gorbachev a letter that Fitzwater characterized as reiterating the United States policy of supporting Lithuanian self-determination and calling for the Soviets to engage in peaceful dialogue. Bush told reporters he had sent the letter so that Gorbachev would "understand that we are not trying to make things difficult for Lithuania or for the Soviet Union." It also warned Gorbachev that if he in effect strangled Lithuania this might have adverse effects on the relationship with the United States. On April 10th, shortly after the Soviet leadership indicated that it was prepared to tighten supplies of oil and gas to Lithuania, and Gorbachev said that he hadn't ruled out imposing Presidential rule there, Bush and Canada's Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, meeting in Toronto, were effusive in their praise of Gorbachev, who, Bush said, "has a record of encouraging, or certainly acquiescing in, the peaceful evolution of democratic change in Eastern Europe" and "is committed to peaceful change and the evolution of democracy." Bush did add that "should things deteriorate regarding peaceful solution to the question of Lithuania, it would be extraordinarily difficult to move forward as rapidly as I'd like to see us move forward with them on a lot of questions." But Bush was soon to show that this warning was without meaning.

MEANWHILE, there had been periodic meetings of senior foreign-policy officials—below Cabinet rank—to review the catalogue of possible reprisals. An official says, "It *didn't take a rocket scientist* to figure out that the economic sphere made sense for a lot of reasons: the Soviets would be using economic power against the Lithuanian people, and the economic agenda was of more immediate interest to the Soviet Union than to us. We'd said at Malta that we were proposing the economic agenda because the relationship was improving." No one wanted to interrupt negotiations on arms control, since they are in our interest. Even when considering economic measures, another official says, "we began to run into the explicit recognition that our equity in the United States–Soviet relationship is so much greater than ever before in the postwar period that the old instincts, when we used to use the economic lever, didn't apply."

When, on Friday, April 13th, Gorbachev gave the Lithuanians an ultimatum—if they didn't annul the declaration of independence within two days an economic blockade would begin—officials knew that the time had come to make decisions on whether and how to respond, and by Monday a list of potential economic reprisals was ready. On Wednesday, April 18th, Baker offered carefully prepared testimony before the House Ways and Means Committee, saying that the Administration's response to economic coercion would be focussed on "bilateral commercial contacts," which "may be more directly in their interest than in ours," and he cited as examples most-favored-nation trade status for the Soviet Union and negotiations on investment and tax treaties, and others. Baker cited as in our interest the freedom of Eastern Europe, cutbacks in Soviet weaponry, and reform within the Soviet Union. Some people began to speculate that perhaps the forthcoming summit would be cancelled, but neither this nor other suggestions of actions stronger than Baker was suggesting took into account exactly what Baker said: that much in our relationship with the Soviet Union is in our interest—and, by implication, Bush's political interest. It's in Bush's political interest to have a summit and to reach arms-control agreements with the Soviet Union.



On the same day as Baker's testimony, there was uncertainty over whether the Soviet economic blockade had actually begun. Also, because of some public comments Shevardnadze had made in Moscow—that there were "certain problems" with the ultimatum and the "tough deadlines"—Administration officials speculated that there was a power struggle within the Soviet Union over how rough to be on Lithuania. But by the end of the week, when the Soviets had shut off the flow of oil and reduced the supply of natural gas to Lithuania, officials knew that Shevardnadze had lost. They believe that Shevardnadze argued that if the blockade went forward there would be adverse foreign-policy effects and Gorbachev's international standing would be damaged. Baker had two phone conversations with Shevardnadze that week, making the point that the Soviets couldn't just talk about having a dialogue, they had to do something, and probing for ways to get a dialogue going. But the problem remained, an official said, "that each side is hung up on symbols, and neither side is willing to be creative about the symbols." Despite all Bush's warnings, and Administration officials' predictions and assumptions that he would act, Bush appeared to be stalling—aides said he wanted to consult with the allies and with members of Congress. (When he wanted to act in Panama, he acted. "Consultations" with congressional leaders on foreign-policy issues are usually pro forma and after the fact. Actually, Bush, as much as any President and more than many, deeply resents congressional "interference" in foreign policy.) In Key Largo on Thursday, April 19th, the President said, "We have not been able to confirm, oddly, the exact extent of any Soviet crackdown." He added, "I am convinced that Mr. Gorbachev knows that there are limits in terms of this matter. . . . I don't think that there is any danger that there will be a misunderstanding on this point—none at all."

This claimed lack of knowledge about what the Soviets had actually done seemed odd, but Administration officials insist that it was difficult to tell what had happened, since we have no representatives in Lithuania, and the foreign press had been ejected. (The United States in the past had sent Embassy representatives from Moscow or

Leningrad to Lithuania, but now the Soviet government was turning down requests that someone be allowed to go.) Some phone calls might have helped the Administration learn what was going on.

STILL, despite signs that the President was in no hurry, the assumption of the officials who had drawn up the options and would have to implement them was that the President would act the following week. So sure were they that on Saturday they held a meeting to work out the logistics of implementing the President's expected decision. The assumption was that he would go ahead with some economic sanctions; the idea was not to get into a tit-for-tat set of actions, because at some point we could run out of feasible options. The big question within the Administration had been "When did Gorbachev cross the line—making it necessary for us to react?" All the members of this working group—who represented an array of government agencies—assumed that the time had come. There appeared various news stories, on the basis of background briefings by officials, that the President was about to invoke sanctions against the Soviet Union. And, although the President had been careful to say that he was "considering" actions, the impression given to the American public—and the world—was that the President would act.

Brent Scowcroft, the President's national security adviser, believed that when Gorbachev cut the supply of oil and gas to Lithuania the line had been crossed. So did the Secretary of State. Members of the working group waited as the President convened a meeting of the National Security Council, in the Cabinet Room, in the early evening of Monday, April 23rd, and they were stunned—"floored," in the words of one—when they were told that the President had decided not to act. Among those the President met with, the only real dissenters from acting were the representatives of what are referred to as the economic agencies—the Treasury and Commerce Departments and the office of the United States Trade Representative, as well as the Agriculture Department. A senior Administration official who is not part of those agencies says, "The economic agencies never want to apply sanctions. It goes against their agenda." The economic agencies were engaged in expanding our trade relations with the Soviet Union—in fact had representatives in Paris ready to work out a new trade agreement with the Soviets. But the objections of these agencies—whose underlings coördinating matters with the working group gave no clue that they would object—would not have been enough to override the views of the national security adviser and the Secretary of State. The real reason the President didn't act, I was told by some of those around him, was that he didn't want to—and had never wanted to.

Afterward, a number of reasons were given for the President's decision. Some were understandable reasons, some were rationalizations. Even those who felt the time had come to act didn't find it an easy question. One reason was the fear that Gorbachev would have to react to our pressure by demonstrating that it had no effect on him—and squeeze Lithuania all the harder. Also, a delegation of Lithuanians was in Moscow, and perhaps the Soviets would talk to them. (The delegation eventually saw some Soviet officials but, according to Administration officials, not much came of it.) Another stated reason was that numerous allies had been consulted over the weekend, and none of them wanted to take action against Gorbachev. The allies are usually less inclined toward sanctions than we are, and in their view, according to a senior official, we and they have big things going with Gorbachev—Eastern Europe, German reunification—and there was no sense throwing all that away for Lithuania. (The Germans, who have long been hesitant about economic sanctions, because of their own deals with the Soviet Union, were particularly reluctant to have anything jeopardize Soviet cöoperation in German reunification—a cöoperation they are encouraging through financial incentives. As one United States official put it, the Germans are "paying off" the Soviets for reunification.) Top officials—and the President—were reluctant to get into a flaming row with the allies over this issue at this time, but, of course, there were certain actions the United States could have taken that didn't require either the cöoperation or the assent of the allies. On the day that the National Security Council meeting was to be held, the Soviet Union presented a

THE NATURE COMPANY

LIFE SIZE
INFLATABLE
PENGUIN

The full-grown Emperor penguin stands 4' tall and weighs around 90 pounds. Our inflatable version is over 4' tall and accurately depicts this rare bird's colorful appearance. Printed on heavy-gauge vinyl.
$21.50 ppd.

THE NATURE COMPANY

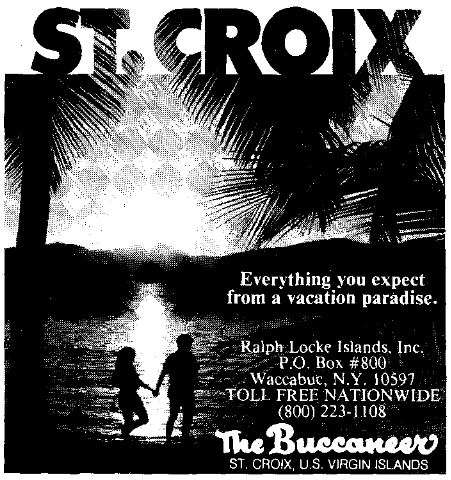
NEW YORK
LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO

BOSTON
MINNEAPOLIS
WASHINGTON D.C.

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-227-1114

THE NATURE COMPANY DEPT NY 40 P.O. BOX 2310
BERKELEY, CA 94702 (ADD TAX WHERE APPLICABLE)

PLEASE ASK FOR OUR NEWEST CATALOG


ST. CROIX
Everything you expect from a vacation paradise.
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
P.O. Box #800
Waccabuc, N.Y. 10597
TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE
(800) 223-1108

The Adams Family's

Cartwright Hotel

San Francisco

We've transformed our little hotel into a home. Antiques and fresh flowers in every room. Complimentary afternoon tea. One block from Union Square.
$80 to $150.

(800) 227-3844

524 Sutter at Powell, San Francisco, CA 94102

AUTUMN
in the
PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Aboard the 138-passenger
Yorktown Clipper

Our 13-day voyages explore Oregon's Columbia River and Washington's Olympic National Park at a time when nature is at its most spectacular. From **Seattle,** we'll sail to **Victoria** and **Vancouver, B.C.** and then head south to isolated **Neah Bay,** home of the Makah Indians, **Astoria** and the **Columbia River Gorge** in the Cascade Mountains, ending our voyage in **Portland.** Departing September 15, 27 and October 9, 1990.

For information, call toll-free
1-800-325-0010
or see your travel agent.

CLIPPER
7711 Bonhomme Ave. • St. Louis, MO 63105-1965 • (314) 727-2929

International
Pinot Noir
Celebration
July 27, 28 & 29

You're invited to join 50 of the world's finest Pinot noir producers from Burgundy, Oregon, California, Australia and New Zealand for 3 days of seminars, wine tastings and Northwest cuisine in beautiful Western Oregon.
WRITE or CALL 503-472-8964.
International Pinot Noir Celebration
P.O. Box 1310-NY, McMinnville, OR 97128

HOMEWOOD INN
ON CASCO BAY, YARMOUTH, MAINE
Resort Cottages w/fireplaces for 2, 4 or more in country setting 20 min. from Portland, 10 min. from L.L. Bean. Hearty country breakfasts, Pool. Tennis. Housekeeping avail. Open all year.
P.O. Box 196Y, Yarmouth, ME 04096.
Phone 207-846-3351 for brochure.
Featured in ***Country Inns and Back Roads***

Silver Howling Coyote
Santa Fe silversmith Richard Lindsay creates the original whimsical Howling Coyote design for lapel or ears. Sterling silver with moon or stars. Pin: $42. Earrings: $66. Add $3.50 for shipping. VISA or MC 505/988-4571.
1½" Tall
® © Richard Lindsay 1990
Richard Lindsay Designs
1404 Luisa St. #4
Santa Fe, NM 87501

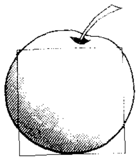
demarche to the State Department, saying that it had heard that some countries were considering measures against it and that would be the wrong thing to do. Also that day, the Soviets suggested they could live with a two-year freeze on the Lithuanian declaration, rather than its annulment. (The next day, they took this back.) One reason I was given for the inaction, which wasn't made much of publicly, was that China's Premier Li Peng was in Moscow at the time, and it didn't make sense to do something that might encourage warmer relations between the Soviet Union and China.

98¢
YOUR CHOICE

Another reason that was given publicly was that the congressional leaders hadn't urged the President to act—but that wasn't quite the case, and, anyway, his meeting with them was on Tuesday, after he had decided not to take action. Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell, who, along with six other Democratic senators, had seen Gorbachev in Moscow during the Easter recess, had twice advised Bush (once just after his trip to Moscow and the second time at the leadership meeting) that he felt he should take some action to express our displeasure with the Soviet sanctions on Lithuania—both, Mitchell says, to express displeasure and to deter further actions against Lithuania during any negotiations that might take place. Mitchell says, "We all want negotiations, but there can't be good-faith negotiations if one side has the capacity to impose sanctions and pressure the other, if one side has the other by the throat." Administration officials say Mitchell wasn't specific about what he wanted the President to do. In fact, Mitchell told the President that the specific American response should be left to the President but would receive broad bipartisan support. Had Mitchell been more specific, the Administration no doubt would have accused him, as it often accuses Congress, of "micro-management" of foreign policy. Dante Fascell, the Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, suggested that the President postpone the summit. Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, strongly opposed inaction. The assembled leaders didn't know that the President had already decided not to act. White House officials continue to insist that the meeting with the congressional leaders was "consultative."

One of the less noble reasons given for the President's decision was that there was no public outcry for sanctions. (An official points out that there also was no great public outcry against the Soviet economic sanctions on Lithuania.) The idea that a President might have to act before—or without—any public outcry goes unmentioned. The day after his decision became known, the President, replying to charges by Landsbergis that America had sold out Lithuania ("We feared that America might sell us"), and that the President's decision amounted to a "Munich," said, "The policies and decisions I've taken have had strong support from the American people, and that's who I work for." Aides had frequently cited the polls as among the reasons for the President's decision. This spectacle was disheartening. Even if the President made the right decision, and even though we knew that this Administration is particularly wedded to the polls, the reflexive citation of the polls in justification of a difficult foreign-policy decision doesn't give confidence. Someday it may be necessary for the President to do the right thing without public support. Most of the Washington establishment agreed with Bush's decision; the Democrats were undoubtedly aware of the polls as well. However, Senator Bill Bradley, Democrat of New Jersey, a man who comes to his positions very carefully, and is often more long-sighted than most, said on a television program last weekend that Lithuania was, to date, "a lost opportunity" for both the President and Gorbachev; the President, he said, had lost "the opportunity to take a stand on principle." Mitchell positioned himself to criticize the President if that seemed appropriate.

When, two days after the President's decision not to act became known, it also became known that the United States and the Soviet Union had reached agreement in Paris on a trade pact giving the Soviet Union most-favored-nation status and other benefits, the President left himself open to more criticism. On the following day, ten Republican senators denounced the agreement: among them was William Cohen, of Maine, a moderate. Cancellation of the trade talks in Paris was



A NEW STANDARD IN PREVENTATIVE HEALTHCARE

Experience the ultimate in Medical Screening with all the comforts of a private suite overlooking the Thames. Our Harley Street consultants will complete the most thorough medical checks available and provide a detailed report for you and your doctor.

For full details and brochure please call London, England 323 9292 or fax 323 4484.

Medical insurance is one way of preparing for the future.
We think reassurance is better.

Executive Health Centres PLC
48 Harley Street London England

Comfort never looked so good.

Our new pillow-soft leather lounger may be the most comfortable chair ever made. Handcrafted from buttery top grain leathers, it's an updated classic.

H 36"
W38"
D40"

Introductory price: $899
Matching ottoman available

For catalog, send $5.00 (credited to your first purchase).
MASTERCARD, VISA
Prices subject to change. Shipping costs extra. No COD.

YORK LEATHER COLLECTION OF HICKORY
DEPT N-5 · BOX 785 · HICKORY, NC 28603 · 704/327-8118

MAINE & CANADIAN RIVERS
Northern whitewater, wild and remote, with Maine's foremost guides & outfitters. 4-10 day expeditions, May-October, incl. Quebéc, Labrador, and the Yukon. 20 years experience. Excellent instruction, fishing, food & company. Corporate & group arrangements available. Catalog:
SUNRISE COUNTY CANOE EXPEDITIONS INC.
GROVE POST, MAINE 04638 (207) 454-7708

BOSTON BOUND?
Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.
Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

one of the sanctions the President had considered. Some Administration officials became concerned about getting the trade agreement approved by the Congress. With good reason: on Tuesday of this week, the Senate voted seventy-three to twenty-four for a resolution saying that it was the sense of the Senate that the President shouldn't submit the trade agreement to the Senate for approval until the Soviet Union has lifted its economic embargo against Lithuania and has entered into negotiations with the Lithuanians.

One problem throughout the affair was that the President, in his public statements, was never very clear about what his considerations were, and in interviews Administration officials weren't very clear, either, about what they feared would be the consequences if we pressed Gorbachev on the subject of Lithuania. No one I spoke with in the Administration believed that Gorbachev would be overthrown if Lithuania left the Soviet Union with relative ease. One top official said to me that the concern was "less specifically what would happen to him, but that he might be forced to turn harder-line, to toughen up on the German question, or arms control—just take a sharp turn to the right. We don't see anyone else over there" to take over from him now, "but he's not a free agent." Another concern, this official said, was "If you do something do you give Landsbergis a signal that we're behind him and therefore he could be very tough?" (In explaining his decision, the President said he didn't want to repeat the events of Hungary in 1956, when the Eisenhower Administration led Hungarians to expect more help than we would give.) This person did concede that it was possible that the Soviet Union would get the wrong signal from the President's decision not to act—the message that Gorbachev had a free hand—and, perhaps because of this concern, or perhaps to forestall adverse criticism here, some officials said, without any apparent great conviction, that the President might still act in the next two or three days. That was some time ago. At about the same time, another senior official said, "We have a problem: we are going to be in limbo for a while, and, even if the Soviets do nothing more, if you freeze an economic blockade the condition of Lithuania is going to get worse."

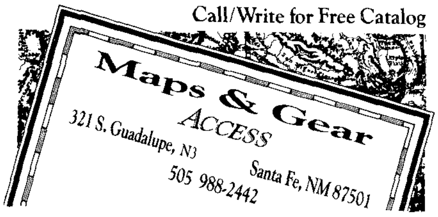
Despite current signs of a possible

Blantyre
A very gracious, very special country house hotel. 23 guest rooms on 85 acres. Exceptional cuisine . . . tennis, croquet and swimming.
Named one of 6"Favorite Hideaways of the 80's" in the USA by Hideaway Report, and recipient of the "International Welcome Award" 1989 from Relais & Châteaux Hotels.
Season, May through November. Please call 413-637-3556 (summer) or 413-298-3806 (winter).
Lenox, Massachusetts 01240

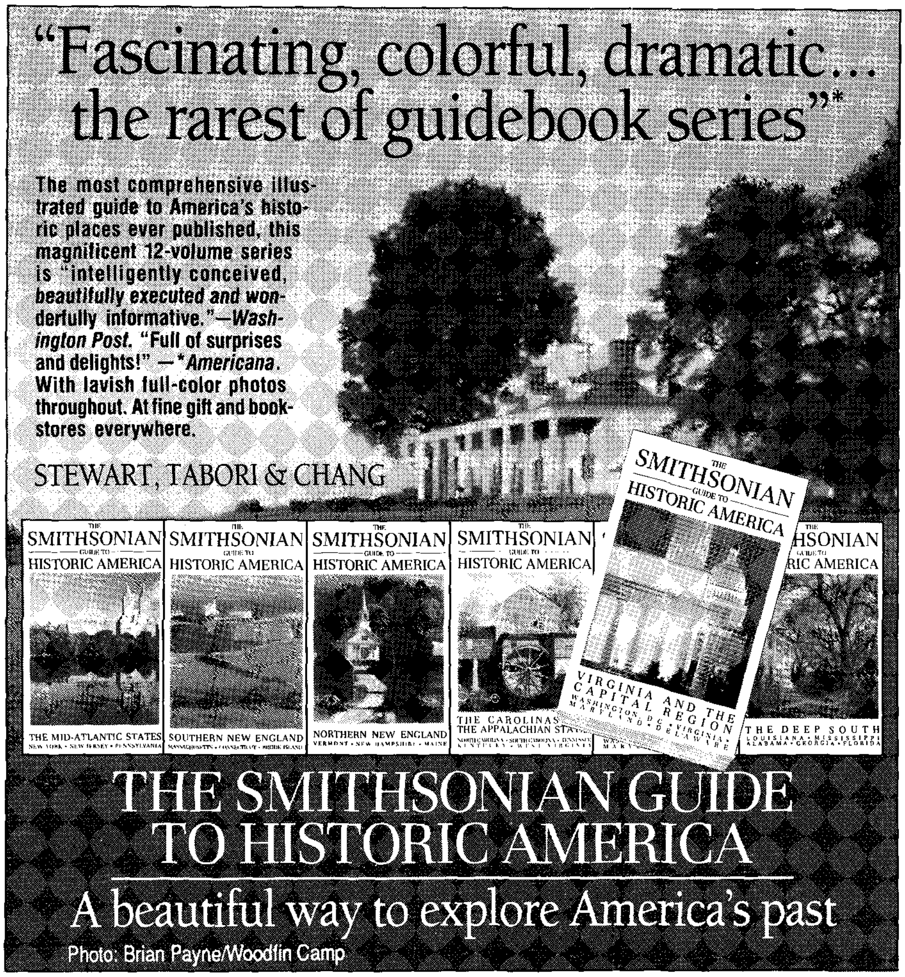
FREE COFFEE!
Experience the enticing aroma and superb flavor of Fairwinds Gourmet Coffee FREE! Write or call today to receive a fresh-roast, vacuum-packed sample of our 100% Hawaiian Kona Coffee. Special nascent club offer included.
Send $1.00 for S&H (coffee free) to:
Fairwinds Gourmet Coffee
Fairwinds Gourmet Coffee
PO Box 1294-N, Concord, NH 03302
Toll-free 1-800-448-7359 (M-F,days)

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 800-845-6966

Call/Write for Free Catalog



Maps & Gear
ACCESS
321 S. Guadalupe, N3
Santa Fe, NM 87501
505 988-2442


"Fascinating, colorful, dramatic... the rarest of guidebook series"*

The most comprehensive illustrated guide to America's historic places ever published, this magnificent 12-volume series is "intelligently conceived, beautifully executed and wonderfully informative."—Washington Post. "Full of surprises and delights!" —*Americana. With lavish full-color photos throughout. At fine gift and bookstores everywhere.

STEWART, TABORI & CHANG

THE SMITHSONIAN GUIDE TO HISTORIC AMERICA

A beautiful way to explore America's past

Photo: Brian Payne/Woodfin Camp
THE SMITHSONIAN GUIDE TO HISTORIC AMERICA
THE MID-ATLANTIC STATES
SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND
NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND
THE CAROLINAS AND THE APPALACHIAN STATES
VIRGINIA AND THE CAPITAL REGION
THE DEEP SOUTH

Never miss nature's best performances!

Join readers of "Gardens & Countrysides" and receive the only international travel journal written *for* garden enthusiasts *by* garden enthusiasts.

Discover who's who and what's where in the world's countrysides, plus tips on how and when to enjoy nature at her best. One year (ten issues) just $57 (regularly $75).

1-800-531-5314
VISA/MC or check

Gardens & Countrysides
Dept. F, 401 Austin Hwy., Ste. 209
San Antonio, TX 78209

Clifton Lodge

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON

Period 19th century townhouse, now completely modernised and providing self-contained fully serviced and equipped luxury studios and 2 roomed apartments

• SERVICED DAILY • RESIDENT MANAGERESS •
• COMPETITIVE RATES • EXCELLENT SECURITY •

The most convenient spot in town 3 mins Harrods, exclusive Knightsbridge shops, Victoria & Albert and other museums

CLIFTON LODGE 45 Egerton Gdns. London SW3 2DD
Toll Free: 1-800-642-2747 Tel: 071 584 0099
Fax: 071 823 9194 Telex: 936238 CLFTON

Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409
Charlotte Hall
MD 20622

PERSONALIZED CARTOUCHE

Your name or initials translated into ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics
18k Gold Pendant from $150
Sterling Silver $40
1-800-237-3358
Discoveries
207 Ramsay Alley, Dept. NY1
Alexandria, VA 22314 (703) 548-9448 (in VA)
Free Brochure Available
Cartouche shown: "Jane"

HANDMADE IN EGYPT

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS
Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

breakthrough, Administration officials aren't yet very optimistic. At the end of last week, German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and French President François Mitterrand—working in concert with the Administration—wrote to Landsbergis, suggesting that, in order to facilitate talks, Lithuania suspend for a time "the effects of the decisions taken by your parliament." Lithuania was not being asked to annul or suspend the declaration itself, but to suspend laws—having to do with citizenship, military service, control of the borders, and so on—passed to implement the declaration. The Administration wanted to avoid being overtly associated with a call for a suspension of Lithuania's effort to gain independence. (It was noticed here that Mitterrand came under some criticism in the French press for being associated with such a call.) The Lithuanians had already indicated that they might be willing to suspend the laws, but their responses to the letter remained ambiguous over several days—a matter of great frustration to our officials—and finally, yesterday, Landsbergis said that his government would consider suspending some of the laws. Moscow has been giving conflicting signals as well, some of them indicating it is ready to talk. However, officials say, even if the two sides start talking that doesn't mean that Lithuania is willing to seek secession under Soviet law or that Moscow necessarily wants a deal. This afternoon, President Bush met with Lithuanian Prime Minister Kazimiera Prunskiene. Fitzwater told reporters she was being met "as an acknowledged and freely elected representative of the Lithuanian people"—that is, not as the Prime Minister of a country. At his press conference this morning, the President, looking defensive, said, "If anybody has any doubt about where their President stands—of course, we favor self-determination. I don't think that's new—*my saying that. And of course* we favor democracy and freedom. There's a lot at stake in all of this, and there's a lot—there's complications in all of this. Poland. Eastern Europe. I want those troops out. And I want to see the firming up of the democracies in Eastern Europe. And I want to see us keep this process going forward. So our foreign policy is not based on just Mr. Gorbachev."

—Elizabeth Drew

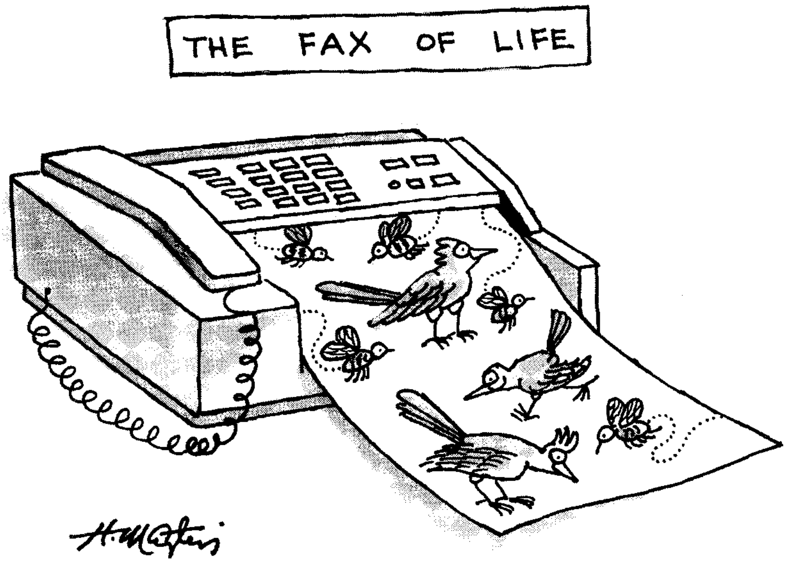
BOOKS

Virgin and Dynamo

"Ever Yours, Florence Nightingale: Selected Letters," edited by Martha Vicinus and Bea Nergaard (Harvard; $29.95), is a modest sample (a hundred and seventy-five letters out of thirteen or fourteen thousand that survive) chosen to portray the public figure—the "Lady with a Lamp"—and reveal the private woman. Along with letters to family, friends, politicians, medical men, reformers—to famous people and to people who must be identified in footnotes—the editors have printed many of the letters that Nightingale habitually wrote to herself, expressing feelings or examining perplexities she could confide only to paper. We can hear Nightingale's voice in every selection; even in letters of business, her style is conversational—informal, unself-conscious, and direct. Vicinus, a professor of English, and Nergaard, a psychotherapist, have linked their selections with ample explanatory passages, which outline Nightingale's life, and their introduction includes a survey of the more important biographies. They offer their work as a contribution to "the continuing reconsideration of Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) as a person who influenced not only her own age but also subsequent generations" and who continues to evoke intense responses from biographers and historians.

Writing to herself, Florence Nightingale once recalled that she had always craved "a profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill & employ all my faculties." But when she began to read about hospitals, study parliamentary reports on public health and sanitary reform, and think of becoming a nurse, her rich and well-connected family objected. A lady accepted paid employment only as the alternative to starvation, and besides, nurses were not ladies; they were thought to be alcoholic and unchaste—and many were. However, when Florence was thirty-three, after more than a decade of domestic uproar, her father at last allowed her to take a job as superintendent of the Institution for the Care of Sick Gentlewomen in Distressed Circumstances, a Harley Street charity that Florence called "a Sanatorium for sick governesses, managed by a Committee of fine ladies."

She had been recommended for the post by her friend Elizabeth Herbert, whose husband, Sidney, was at the War Office when England entered the Crimean War, in 1854. After the London *Times* correspondent William Howard Russell reported the lethal muddle and filth in Army hospitals, Sidney Herbert took a daring step: he sent Florence, at the head of thirty-eight nurses, to the hospitals in Scutari, Turkey. Women had never before nursed in British Army hospitals; nursing, such as it was, had been left to untrained orderlies and convalescing patients. The conditions that Russell described and Florence found are stomach-turning, but Vicinus and Nergaard don't dwell on details that appear in other books; nor, in the letters they select, does Florence. Writing to Sidney Herbert, she mentions that "thirty were bathed every night by Dr. MacGrigor's orders in slipper-baths, but this does not do more than include a washing once in eighty days for 2300 men" before going on to discuss deficiencies in the supply services. The letters selected from Florence's Crimean War years emphasize her quarrels and complaints, rather than her attempts to cope with those horrific conditions, and therefore, I think, somewhat misrepresent the way she spent her time and emotional intensity. In their introduction to this section, the editors say that "Nightingale had a genius for large-scale organizational and administrative reform; she was woefully lacking in tact, patience, and compromise," but in the Crimean War she had no one to compromise with. Her opponents wanted her to go away. Her chief enemy, Dr. John Hall, who was the head of the expeditionary force's medical services, tried to have her shanghaied onto an England-bound ship when she was ill with "Crimean fever." Dr. Hall (correctly) regarded her arrival at Scutari as a sign that the government agreed with the criticisms his service had evoked in the press and in Parliament. He was, in any case, no innovator: Cecil Woodham-Smith, in her biography of Nightingale, recalls that he disapproved of chloroform, which had just been introduced as an anesthetic, and warned his surgeons against using it. The editors regard Florence's objections to a second party of nurses, which Herbert later shipped out without consulting her (and without making it clear in advance that they would all come under her authority), as a personality conflict among strong-minded women. Florence's fury, however, was aroused by what she considered Herbert's aggravation of the administrative chaos in the medical services. She says just that in a letter to him (not included in this volume) that Sir George Pickering quotes in his 1974 book, "Creative Malady," a study of illness in the lives and minds



Love and death in black and white

"It begins, like a detective story, with an obscure murder. . . .*Because It Is Bitter* is at once a gripping family melodrama and an expansive narrative meditation upon the rising racial and social tensions of the late 1950s and early '60s—one of Ms. Oates's most powerful novels yet." —Michiko Kakutani, *New York Times*

"A splendid artistic achievement: **the best and truest book so far by one of America's finest realistic novelists."** —*Washington Post Book World*

"Her finest achievement. . . Oates's novel is powerful because it recreates with empathy and honesty a pivotal time in our collective experience."—Digby Diehl, *Playboy*

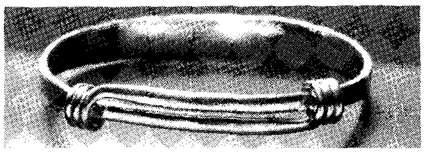
© 1988 Brian J. Berman

JOYCE CAROL OATES

Because It Is Bitter, and Because It Is My Heart

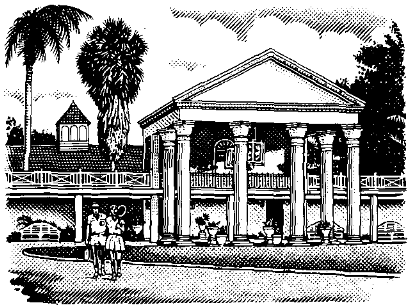
A NOVEL

A Dual Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club
A William Abrahams Book
DUTTON
Penguin USA



THE PERFECT FITTING
EXPANDABLE BRACELET
Hand Made by American Craftsmen
WOMEN'S STERLING $55 14K $495
MEN'S STERLING $55 14K $595
VITTI ARTISANS GALLERY

since 1974
590 Valley Road
Upper Montclair
New Jersey 07043
(201) 746-1715
Major Credit Cards & Checks
Postage Included
N.J. Residents Add 6% Sales Tax



Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
For brochure or res. call your travel agent
or 800-237-3237 or 305-666-3566
Member Elegant Resorts of Jamaica

Subscribe to LE JOURNAL FRANCAIS D'AMERIQUE, America's largest-selling French language newspaper.

travel to France

News, travel, books, art, cinema . . . tout en français.

24 times a year for only $31

☐ I enclose $31 (1 yr./24 issues) ☐ Bill me

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State _____ Zip _______

JOURNAL FRANÇAIS D'AMÉRIQUE
Room 104, 1051 Divisadero St. (800) 272-0620
San Francisco, CA 94115 In CA (415) 921-5100

N. Y. FOUNDLING HOSPITAL NEEDS VOLUNTEERS
Development Department
Typing/Clerical
(212) 633-9300 Ext.6979

ARCHAEOLOGICAL TOURS
1990 TOURS LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
Egypt; Thailand/Nepal; Guatemala; Indonesia; Italy; Sicily; Tunisia; Greece/Santorini/Crete; Turkey; Malta/Sardinia/Corsica; Caves & Castles; Morocco; Anasazi Four Corners; Himalayas; India; Britain; Egypt & Israel; Yunnan & Thailand
archaeological tours
30 E. 42 St. Ste. 1202E, NY, NY 10017 • (212) 986-3054

of several figures, including Darwin and Nightingale. The letter reads:

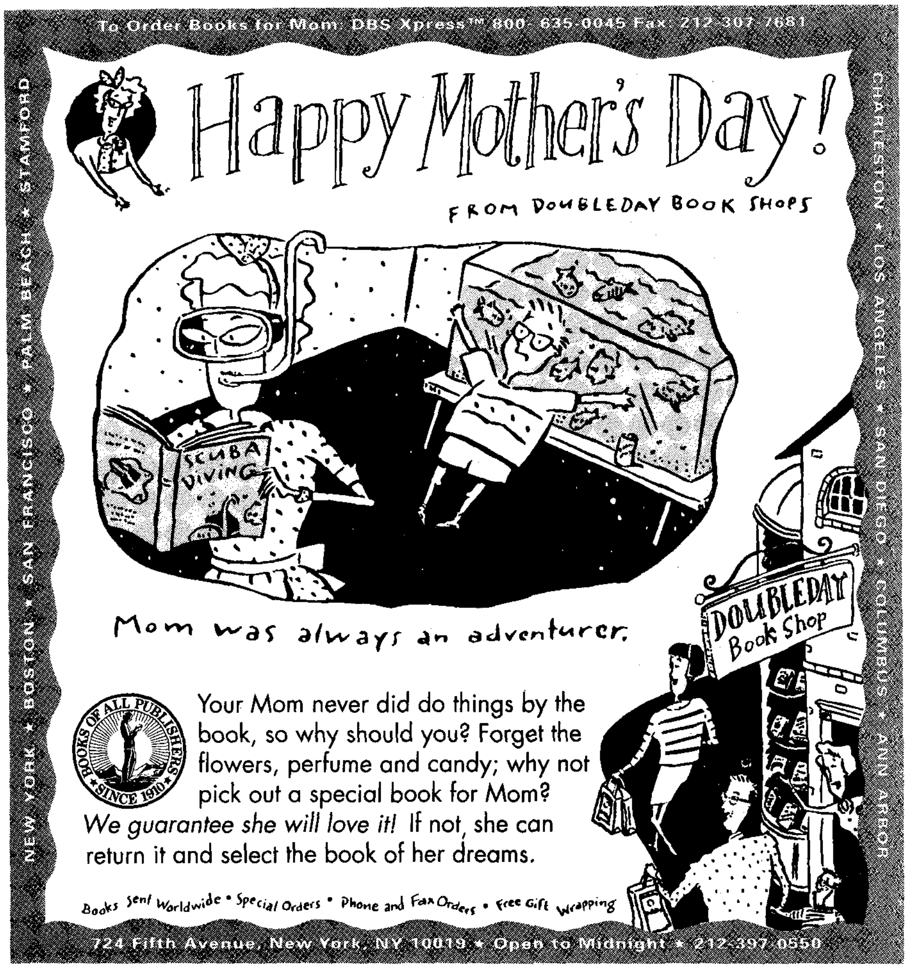
> There is a far greater question to be agitated before the country than that of these eighty-four miserable women—eighty-five including me. This is whether the system or no system which is found adequate in time of peace but wholly inadequate to meet the exigencies of a time of war is to be left as it is—or patched up temporarily, as you give a beggar half pence—or made equal to the wants not diminishing but increasing of a time of awful pressure.

Pickering, I think, gives a more accurate picture of Florence's duty in the Scutari hospitals than Vicinus and Nergaard. "She was known to spend eight hours on her knees dressing wounds, and she would work the clock round," he tells us. "She never let a man she had tended die alone."

Florence Nightingale came home from the war a national heroine. The British proletariat adored her, because she valued their men's lives and had faith in their character. At Scutari, she had opened a lecture-and-reading room, and had also organized a service to allow soldiers to send money home. The soldiers responded as she hoped: they stopped drinking up their pay. But Florence could not enjoy her postwar fame; her mood was almost like a Holocaust survivor's. Although she had rescued many men, she had been helpless to save thousands she had seen die of preventable diseases. When statesmen left London to shoot grouse or to fish for salmon instead of attending to Army reform, she felt that she alone remembered and mourned those dead; she recalled their suffering in letters to herself. Florence learned that the death rate from illness in the Crimean War was far higher than it had been in the Napoleonic Wars. Worse yet, enlisted men's peacetime living conditions were so horrible that the death rates from disease in English barracks were higher than those of the civilian populations next door. Soldiers, of course, were a picked group of men in the prime of life, so that a death rate of 17.5 per thousand in Knightsbridge Barracks compared to the figure for Kensington —3.3 per thousand, which includes infants and old people—justifies Florence's comment that the War Office might just as well have taken eleven hundred men a year to Salisbury Plain and shot them. She made it her mission to see that the government established a Royal Commission on the Health of the Army; Vicinus and Nergaard tell us that her own report to the Secretary for War became the basis of the commission's recommendations. Florence toiled without rest, and in the summer of 1857 she had a breakdown. Although she continued to work, she was an invalid for the rest of her life.

Vicinus and Nergaard cite Pickering as their authority when they write, "Nightingale was psychoneurotic, using her illness to shield herself from family, friends, and strangers so that she could focus solely on her work." But in fact Pickering is more subtle and sympathetic. As I read him, Florence was the victim of a neurotic family and of the inadequate medical science of her time. Vicinus and Nergaard refer to her "love-hate relationship with her mother and sister, Parthenope"; Pickering tells us that Parthenope, who was a year older than Florence, was "insanely jealous of Florence's social success," and adds, she "demanded that her sister should become her slave." The family permitted—it looks as if they tacitly encouraged—Parthenope to make Florence's life miserable. When Florence returned from the Crimea, Parthenope and their mother moved into Florence's hotel suite to revel in Florence's celebrity while Florence was trying to work. After nearly a year of living with her next of kin, Florence cracked up. Vicinus and Nergaard believe that her symptoms—heart palpitations, difficult breathing—were "connected with her determination to control people and events." I think she wanted autonomy—a blessing denied women of her class and time. She was never an empire builder. She tried to relinquish responsibility for the forty-five-thousand-pound Nightingale Fund, a sum of voluntary contributions raised in her honor: in 1860, she used the money to found a nurses' training school at London's St. Thomas's Hospital. My guess is that Florence, like many other abused children, accepted, at least in part, the valuation of her abusers, and—particularly when she was angry at her mother and Parthenope—struggled against a guilty sense of herself as the wicked daughter and evil sister.

Unfortunately, physicians of her time treated such symptoms as hers with bed rest; as Pickering makes clear, their management of anxiety increased a patient's anxieties. Florence believed she would die unless she adopted a



To Order Books for Mom: DBS Xpress™ 800-635-0045 Fax: 212-307-7681

NEW YORK ★ BOSTON ★ SAN FRANCISCO ★ PALM BEACH ★ STAMFORD

CHARLESTON ★ LOS ANGELES ★ SAN DIEGO ★ COLUMBUS ★ ANN ARBOR

Happy Mother's Day!

FROM DOUBLEDAY BOOK SHOPS

Mom was always an adventurer.

BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS ★ SINCE 1910 ★

Your Mom never did do things by the book, so why should you? Forget the flowers, perfume and candy; why not pick out a special book for Mom? *We guarantee she will love it!* If not, she can return it and select the book of her dreams.

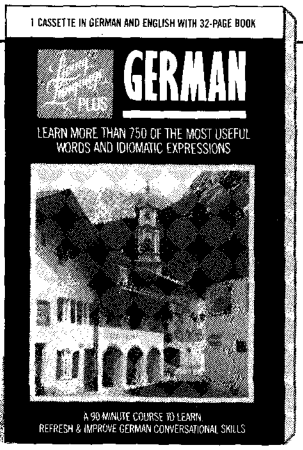
Books Sent Worldwide • Special Orders • Phone and Fax Orders • Free Gift Wrapping

724 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019 ★ Open to Midnight ★ 212-397-0550

Learn German as quickly as you can say

Wiedervereinigung*

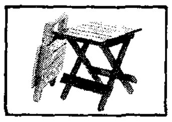
Available: Living Language Plus™
Conversation Refresher, $9.95 (0-517-57581-7).
Also: Complete Basic Program, $18.95
(0-517-55780-0).
Now at your bookstore,
or call **1-800-733-3000**, Dept. 010-05-148.
AmEx, MasterCard, VISA accepted.
Additional $1.50 for postage and handling.
*Reunification


1 CASSETTE IN GERMAN AND ENGLISH WITH 32-PAGE BOOK
Living Language PLUS
GERMAN
LEARN MORE THAN 750 OF THE MOST USEFUL WORDS AND IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS
A 90-MINUTE COURSE TO LEARN, REFRESH & IMPROVE GERMAN CONVERSATIONAL SKILLS

The CROWN PUBLISHING GROUP

Come to Scotland... Come to Ardsheal House

Historic manor house on Loch Linnhe in the Western Highlands, now a small country hotel with superb food and fine wines. Write the Taylors for a brochure. Kentallen by Appin, Argyll PA38 4BX, Scotland. Tel. Duror (063174) 227.



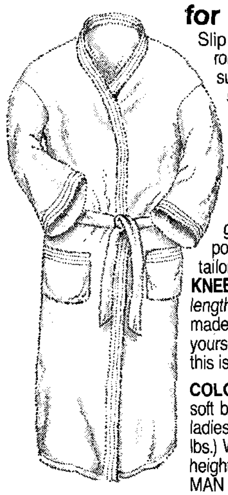
Totally Mahogany.
Totally Useful.

Indoor-outdoor, all-purpose folding table/stool. Forest Green or Natural. (Open 16" x 16" x 17". Folds to 16" x 3" x 20".) $79. 2 or more, $74 ea. Incl. U.S. del. (IL res. add 8%.) Check to: The Schuler Group, Inc., POB 11168, Chicago, IL 60611-0168. Visa/MC orders, call (800) 275-5858 or fax (312) 787-8832.

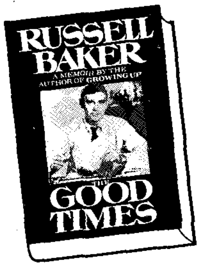
Polar Bears

Join our 1990 Polar Bear Tours in Churchill, Manitoba, Canada and experience the bears at close range from specially designed Tundra Buggies.
Departures in mid-Oct to mid-Nov, $1855-$2695

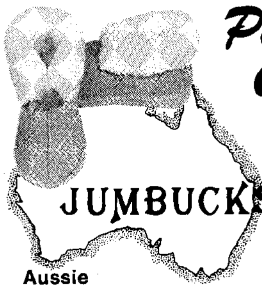
JOSEPH VAN OS
NATURE TOURS
P.O. BOX 655 P, VASHON ISLAND
WASHINGTON 98070
(206)463-5383



SUPER SAVINGS on this STYLISH
100% COTTON TERRY ROBE
for MEN & LADIES
Slip into this KIMONO dream robe and feel the luxury of super soft cotton thanks to special terry loops on both sides for greatest absorbency (not possible with lighter weight robes) and YEAR ROUND COMFORT
★★★★
6 Needle stitching on all garment trim including collar, pockets, sleeves—gives neat tailored look. Generous BELOW KNEE LENGTH (48"), ¾+ sleeve length. This is not an import—it's made in the USA. Compare for yourself. We guarantee you'll find this is truly an exceptional buy.
COLOR CHOICE: Snow white or soft blue. SIZES: S thru XL (fits ladies to 160 lbs. & men to 220 lbs.) When ordering give approx. height and weight AND specify for MAN or LADY.
SPECIAL TIME LIMITED PRICE — Only $35
Postpaid on this 4 lb. shipment.
SAVE EVEN MORE—2 for $64
GREAT FOR HIS & HER GIFTING
Satisfaction Guaranteed—ORDER NOW, while prices include all postage/handling!
WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 531
Hobe Sound, FL 33475 (Ship. to FLA add 6% tax)
Natural Fiber Specialists Since 1955



BOOKS ON TAPE®
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books
• Best Sellers on Cassette
• Full-length Readings
• Call for Free Brochure
(800) 626-3333
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.



Pure Comfort!
WASHABLE AUSTRALIAN SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS
JUMBUCKS
Write or Call 1-800-950-2668 for FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection 825 N.E. BROADWAY Portland, OR 97232

GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send two dollars for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over eighty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y, BOICEVILLE, N.Y. 12412

homemade isolation-cum-intensive-care regime. She went on working from her bed or sofa; she read, she wrote, and she received people connected with her multitudinous projects, which included the medical care of the Indian Army and of several British expeditionary forces; poor-law reform; the construction or remodelling—and in some cases the organization—of barracks, hospitals, poorhouses, hospital nurses' training schools; and training nurses and midwives to work in rural areas. It is from these years of reclusiveness that critics draw the image of Florence as a manipulative virago, but Pickering cites a colleague's reminder that "it was not her personality that changed, it was the circumstances surrounding that personality."

Florence Nightingale was a charismatic leader who rejected eligible suitors (including the man who later married Parthenope) to consecrate herself to God's service; she demanded that her supporters become her disciples, and *they did*. In the sociology of religion, the charismatic leader is supposed to be followed by an institution builder, who turns a fluid cult into a formal church. But Florence built the institutions, too. She thought in terms of systems and of administrative efficiency. Her practical intelligence even in comparatively small matters is dazzling. As recently as 1947, the British Army's medical services were using the cost-accounting system she had devised in the eighteen-sixties. (We know this because in that year a committee scrutinizing government bookkeeping singled it out for praise and asked where it had come from.)

Each generation defines itself by reassessing its forebears, and Michael Holroyd's "Lytton Strachey: A Critical Biography" explains why his subject needed to trash Nightingale. Strachey felt threatened by eminent Victorians; we can see Florence differently. She had more than a social conscience; she had something like a social imagination, which looked ahead—far enough, for example, to work on a savings-and-pension plan for hospital nurses long before the first generation of trained nurses was old enough to retire. In letter after letter and anecdote after anecdote, Florence solves—or forestalls—problems. What Florence saw always seemed obvious after she pointed it out—for example, that it was a good idea to load a supply ship with an unloading plan in mind.

Florence's writing bounces, flashes, and tears; her letters are succinct—sometimes funny, sometimes biting. They show her youthful enjoyment of books and music, and her misjudgments in maturity, as when she argues against women going to medical school. The letters also follow the careers of individual nurses from the Crimean War (when several had to be sent home for drunkenness and one for theft) through the decades in which Florence labored to mold the profession's ethics as well as its standards of competence. Yet always, in her verbal glitter, you feel Florence's driving intelligence. She thinks in sequences of consequences—what we now call "decision trees"—and picks up telling details: "Avoid unnecessary holes & corners in Military Hospitals—additional places to clean (also to skulk in)." When she counsels a village schoolmaster, "It is worth anything to make the children observe," she reads like a modern educator, and she reads like a modern social worker when she insists that in attempts to help paupers the first step is to separate and classify the incapable—the ill, the insane, the imbecile, the aged, and children—and then to treat each of these categories appropriately. Vicinus and Nergaard read several of Florence's letters more critically than I; it may be that, knowing Florence as well as they do, they find her more admirable than likable. She isn't restful company; her demands on the intellect or dedication of her correspondents rarely slacken. Florence deserves the understated but somehow compelling encomium that Henry James awarded Edith Wharton, another high-achieving upper-crust woman whose Victorian childhood was darkened by a disapproving mother: "You may find her difficult, but you will never find her stupid, and you will never find her mean."

—NAOMI BLIVEN

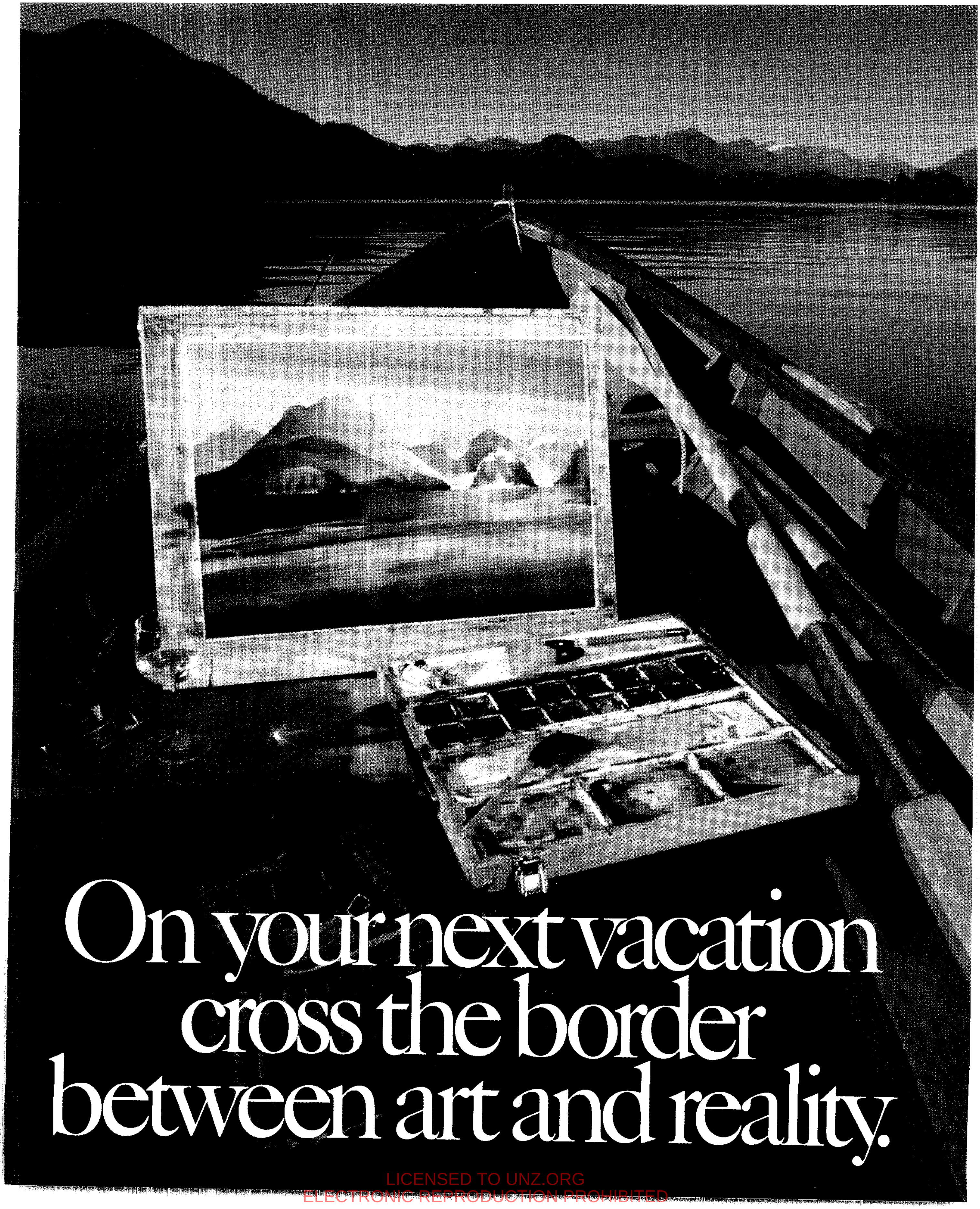
•

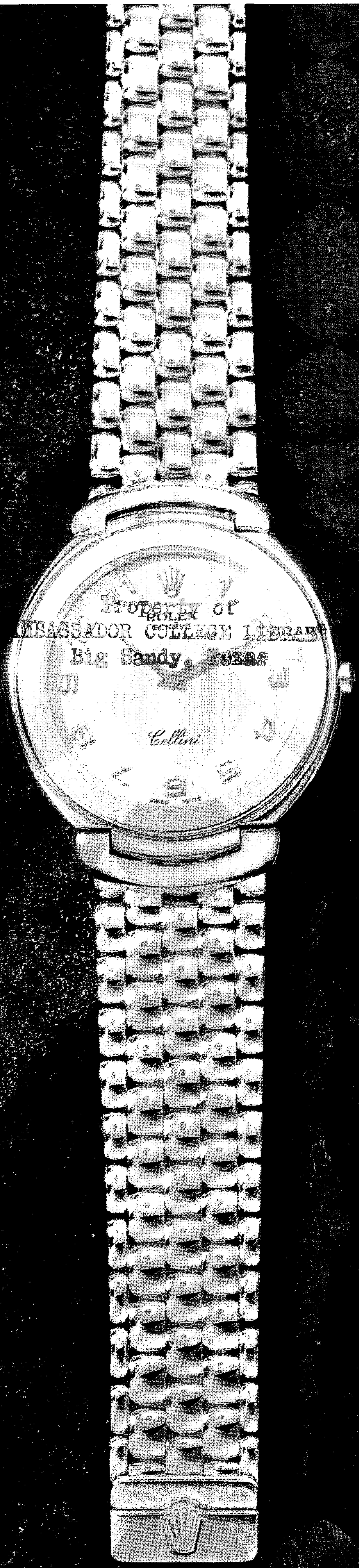
MOST WELCOME CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Tallahassee* (*Fla.*) *Democrat*]

A story in Thursday's paper about a City Commission decision not to sell some downtown land incorrectly quoted Commissioner Bob Hightower as saying "And they would tell me, 'My god, before you dispose of it think about the long-term goals.' " Actually, Hightower said "By golly."

British Columbia offers a new perspective on beauty. As wave after wave of coastal mountains reveal themselves, ou may be moved to get out your camera. Or like artist Toni Onley, open a paint box. The soft pinks of sunset. ancouver and Victoria's deep forest greens. The line between city and country here is very fine indeed. For more olourful words and pictures on travelling our province, call **1-800-663-6000** Tourism British Columbia, Parliament ldgs., Victoria, B.C. V8V 1X4. You'll be inspired. Super, Natural British Columbia CANADA


On your next vacation
cross the border
between art and reality.



Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

CELLINI:
WHERE TIME IS ART

The new Rolex Benvenuto Cellini Collection of dress watches was inspired by Renaissance sculptor and goldsmith, Benvenuto Cellini. Handcrafted by the master watchmakers of Rolex, the soft silhouette of the case highlights the warm glow of 18 kt. gold. Three elegant bracelet styles, all handmade, accent the pure, simple lines of the thin case. Two bracelets "Damier" on the left and "Milanese" on the right are wrought from 18 kt. gold. The center watch features a deluxe leather strap. Protecting each Rolex movement is a scratch-resistant synthetic sapphire crystal. In three sizes and a choice of dials, the new Rolex Cellini Collection revives the art of the Renaissance.

Only at your Official Rolex Jeweler.

ROLEX
Cellini

Write for brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022
Design Patent Pending. Watches are enlarged to show detail